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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

Canada and World Peace

VERY little is being heard in these days about the function of Canada as a leader of the small nations, for the good and sufficient reason that very little is being heard about the small nations and there is very little indication that they will amount to much in the world set-up as designed by the great nations and plotted in the Dumbarton Oaks project. With the extensive writing down of the valuation of China which has been going on recently, the world seems likely to consist of Russia, the United States and Great Britain, with France holding a sort of conditional rain-check for future admission and the rest of the so-called sovereign states listening at the keyhole.

We must no doubt be reconciled to this state of affairs during a number of years of reconstruction in which the possession of immediately available military and financial resources will be the only real ground for claiming a voice in what goes on. But it is quite impossible to regard it as a satisfactory basis for the regulation of international relations for an indefinite future. If the small nations are to be permanently tied into a world society whose behavior is determined almost exclusively by the large ones, each will inevitably seek to attach itself to that one of the large nations which is most likely to be helpful.

In that event the great power which is likely to acquire the largest number of clients, at any rate among nations not too closely adjoining Russia, is Great Britain, which already has a body of very closely associated clients in the shape of the Dominions and which has its available power most readily disposable in any part of the world. Russia can be of little use to nations which need support by sea, and the United States is not likely to develop a strong and consistent foreign policy (except perhaps towards South America) for many years to come.

In a world in which power is wielded in international affairs without much regard to world public opinion or abstract justice, the position of Canada must be one of considerable difficulty. She is pretty well forced by geography to become a client of the United States, although her sympathies and her interests would incline her to a relationship with Great Britain. We feel therefore that the whole energies of this "small nation" should be directed towards breaking down the system of control by three great powers as soon as possible. The best way to attain that end is surely for the small nations to make it clear that they are capable of acting so closely together that their united power is far from negligible. There may be more need for Canada's leadership at this moment than there has ever been.

← **ELEANOR ROOSEVELT**

A new and striking Karsh photograph of the United States' First Lady who will extend her already record-length tenancy of the White House by another four years. The picture, like the article by Corolyn Cox, page 2, was the result of a special interview and sitting granted by Mrs. Roosevelt to Saturday Night.

New Chancellor

NOBODY could be better entitled to close his career in the dignity of the Chancellorship of the University of Toronto than the venerable President who will shortly cease to be the executive head of that institution, and who has for so many years been leaving his mark upon the whole educational system of the province. The office was intended to be one rather of dignity and benign influence than of actual administrative power, but the late Sir William Mulock in his two decades of tenure is sup-

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NAME IN THE NEWS

President's Wife Makes History About as Much as President

By COROLYN COX

YOU can't pin Eleanor Roosevelt down in any little niche in history! She covers too much territory. Also, it is too soon to try. With her husband's re-election to a fourth term in the White House, she is, as it were, signed on for another four years as a Maker of History in a big way. Success of her recent tour, on behalf of the President, through the Caribbean, to visit the "forgotten" forces of this inactive theatre of the war, leads one to suspect she may be used "again and again and again" in this capacity. Certainly her willingness to take on gruelling hard work has stretched far beyond the fields of her special personal interests, to any place or subject in which her experienced hand may be of service to either the country or her husband.

An American has pointed out that in the present incumbent of the White House the United States has achieved that favorite slogan of its advertising houses, "two for the price of one". In Canada for some time past we have followed the somewhat uneconomical (no doubt considered safer) procedure of entrusting our political leadership to bachelors. But here, as below the line, the war has brought on quickening of social development, industry and the armed services are flooded with women, domestic customs changing, women surely, if more slowly, wakening to their responsibilities as voters.

Domestic issues within the United States so often involved in Mrs. Roosevelt's activities are not a matter about which Canadians would expect to express an opinion. Eleanor Roosevelt does not go about telling others what they ought to do either within or without the borders of her own country. As she starts her new period of service, however, she expressed for us some of her observations that should be of interest to both men and women of Canada. It may well be, as some popular poll experts insist, that the female vote in the U.S. was responsible for re-electing Mr. Roosevelt. The women of Canada will, if they budge themselves, swing the next election here.

People are listened to, says Mrs. Roosevelt, according to the power they have in elections. It is a sad thing, she finds, that men are afraid to let women do those things which, had they the courage to try, they are peculiarly fitted to accomplish. Men

—*Photo by Karsh.*

Mrs. Roosevelt's Hand

become internationally minded because their prosperity depends upon it; material success lies in developing the world's resources. Adventure beckons our boys in the services—she saw it in their eyes down in South America, for instance,—to dig minerals out of jungles and mountain ranges, harness water power, open the minds of the natives in far off places to which war brings our various units. Women, on the other hand, become internationally minded primarily to prevent wars, not through hope for economic advancement. But as they become more active in communities, begin to count in public life, become freer partners in larger decisions, they come to consider the economic questions that underlie peace. They understand that if we don't have things at home we don't prosper, and people in other countries must have the same basis of hope. Women, she feels, understand social questions better than men from the humanitarian standpoint, are quick to work out from their own experiences what are the needs of other people.

Eleanor Roosevelt is gorgeously human. She's no "career woman". Planning a career is, for most women, she says, hopeless, since they marry and must adjust themselves to other people's lives. Opportunity to do something happens to come along and you do it. She herself has been through the gamut of the basic emotions and miseries, the round of successes and failures that are the lot of mankind in a troubled world. Out of her deliberate, stimulated courage in meeting trouble has grown her strength in helping others.

Not a Happy Childhood

Born sixty years ago in the circle known as Society with a capital "S" round New York City and up the Hudson, she was an "ugly duckling", she says, in a family that consistently produced "belles". Her beautiful mother, who made her feel she was an inadequate plain-faced child, died of diphtheria when Eleanor was only eight. Her father, whom she adored, never succeeded in getting the better of his weakness for drink, died when she was ten, leaving her with a secret sense of his devotion to her and belief in her that was her inspiration for years after he was gone. Brought up by grandmother, aunts and kindly uncles, she learned about the feeling of insecurity that she was later to comprehend when in the depression thousands wandered over the country with no homes of their own.

Years in a good English school, in which teaching and conversation were done in French, produced the cultured lady who easily "ad-libbed" in the French language over CBC network during the recent Quebec Conference. When she returned to New York City to "come out", she experienced at first the anguish of feeling herself a tall, gawky, social flop among a bevy of butterfly "debs". Living itself was stiff with excessive formality; someone, a maid if no one else was handy, accompanying her everywhere. When she was nineteen, fifth cousin Franklin Roosevelt asked her to marry him and, feeling an "urge to be a part of the stream of life", she agreed at once to do so though she had not at the time, she says, the slightest idea of what being a wife or mother meant. Franklin's mother took him on a cruise to the West Indies to think this hasty matter over! "Franklin's feelings did not change, however".

In order to have her father's brother give her away, they chose March 17, 1905, as their wedding day. For "Uncle" was Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, and he would have to be in New York that day for the St. Patrick's Day Parade, and thus available. Directly after the ceremony was over, "Teddy" moved off into the library, with the wedding guests swarming after him, and bride and groom were soon left standing alone!

Eleanor spent some years exclusively preoccupied with being a wife, having babies one after another—and living in apartments or houses chosen, decorated, "settled" by her competent and executive mother-in-law. When Franklin went into politics, came out for woman's suffrage, Eleanor decided if her husband was a suffragist she would do well to study the question! When, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President Wilson, he first took her to live in Washington in 1913, she embarked upon an orgy of calls and stereotyped social rounds, did "the proper thing" with incredible zeal. Nevertheless, in moving her family about, often alone, she began to achieve independence of thought and action. She accompanied her husband overseas after the last war on an inspection tour of the old war front and army hospitals that put ideas in her head.

It was not till the short period between Franklin's political activities when he resumed law practice in New York in the winter of 1920-21 that Mrs. Roosevelt settled down to learn to cook, take typewriting and shorthand, and go on the board of the League of Women Voters, being responsible for reports on legislation. That summer at Campobello Mr. Roosevelt was stricken with infantile paralysis. His devoted mother assumed he would retire to her beautiful estate at Hyde Park, spend the rest of his life as an invalid. Eleanor and Louis Howe decreed otherwise. With unflagging courage, selfless devotion, they brought him back into politics and into the world where he had a rendezvous with Fate.

While her husband was Governor of the State of New York, Mrs. Roosevelt's schooling in public affairs progressed. Women's Trade Union League, League of Women Voters, Democratic State Committee provided training fields. Current history tells the next chapters of her story. Living "in a goldfish bowl", as she describes life at the White House, she has gradually established the world's number one exhibit of a happily married man and woman successfully developing, each as a public personality, at once complementing each other and working separately. In 1932 she established her weekly women's press conference, primarily to save the jobs of reporters who were being let out. It has become not only a topflight means of educating the reading public about their own Executive Mansion and what goes on in it, but has improved the Washington press, put women journalists on the same footing as men, raised the content of their output. Eleanor Roosevelt has done for women that which makes her belong to the whole world.

It was in the depth of the depression that Mrs. Roosevelt went "with healing in her wings" to the four corners of her country, searched out the hopeless, the despairing "little" people, visited them informally, without escort, as no President could have done, established a human relation between the Government and the people, gave the jobless confidence in themselves. This service has been described by one member of the cabinet in Washington as "the most important single event in the social history of the United States".

• •

OBJECTIVE

IT'S funny, you know, what a man remembers,
The things that a man gets thinking of
In the wide-eyed alien dark, with the grim
Bright stars above.
You might have thought he would think of life,
With all its issues that touch the soul,
Like a patient worker in mosaic,
Checking each fragment against the whole.
Instead, he thinks of the pasture fence,
How it sagged in the middle, sway-backed and lean;
How anything growing seemed beautiful
If it was green;
How incense rises throughout the house
On baking day; how his mother sang
About her chores, and the gusty wind's
Keen, northern tang.
The timeless issues are not for him,
And all that is best of Greece and Rome
No more than pebbles with which to pave
The broad clear highways leading home.

R. H. GRENVILLE

• •

CIVILIZATION

IT IS a clean and shining night outside
With clear-swept sky and vital, racing air;
But here we sit, stupid and ossified,
Huddled by fires with all our hearths quite bare.

GILEAN DOUGLAS

DEAR MR. EDITOR

It's Always "The Other Fellows" Who Cause Quebec Isolation

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR ISSUE of November 11, you say:—"The question of conscription for overseas service is one on which the views of the two sections of the Canadian people, the English-speaking and the French-speaking, are always in danger of becoming irreconcilable. It is for that reason that Mr. King has sought so persistently, and we cannot but add so cleverly, to prevent it from arising in its irreconcilable form".

Why is compulsory service oversea a source of friction between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians?

Is not the cause to be found mainly in the political tactics of Federal Liberals ever since Mr. Mackenzie King in the general election of 1917 helped to line up Quebec against equality of service oversea?

Ex-Premier Godbout, and other leading Quebec Liberals still proclaim Mr. King as the man who has saved thousands of young French Canadians from the war, and guaranteed their "security". During the recent Provincial general election he urged those who had avoided the draft, even for home service, that they would not be severely penalized if they emerged from their hiding places. *La Voix Populaire*, published at Val d'Or, Quebec, has declared:—"The Liberal Party is identical with our Province. There is no other Party on which we can rely".

This is how Mr. King has "so cleverly" sought to avert friction. He has done so by subjecting the will of the majority to that of an organized minority—at the expense of gallant young Canadians, including French Canadians, oversea.

Toronto, Ont. F. D. L. SMITH

Blame for the Tories

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS WITH extreme misgivings that I have followed the Quebec-Ontario feud fostered mainly by certain unwise and grasping individuals, and fanned by a pseudo-British Toronto press to the point where it stands today,—where even the ex-premier Mitchell Hepburn finds it nauseating. It is a great pity that the Progressive-Conservative Party of Canada, which is led by such an upstanding statesman as John Bracken must be besmirched by the antics of the same party here in Ontario. Surely any honest man who is the political representative of a large group of Canadians must realize that National Unity can only be attained through a thorough understanding and a competent analysis of an opponent's views.

Canada will never become a great nation until it can develop leaders who are true democrats, leaders who can put the good of their country before personal gain, leaders who can understand that a country is not made up of Englishmen *or* Frenchmen, but of Englishmen *and* Frenchmen *and* Jews *and* all the other races who are proud to stand together and call themselves Canadians.

It might be well to remind Canadians (and here we include the British Columbia patriots) that ninety percent of all wars are spawned in racial and religious misunderstandings, and nourished by individuals eager to turn these smouldering embers into a fire that will serve their own selfish ends.

Sarnia, Ont. WILLIAM E. STOBO

Organized Industries

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

FOR an answer to the point Mr. Dashwood raises in SATURDAY NIGHT of Nov. 11, I would refer him to Sir Arthur Salter's book *Recovery*. An organized industry would have two functions; the first to look after its own interests, and the second, to give honest and efficient service to the community. Sir Arthur calls the first the "defensive" function and the second the "professional'. Mr. Dashwood himself belongs to an organized profession, that of the law, and he will understand that the two functions are not entirely incompatible, though there are conflicts and imperfections in all human affairs.

Consumers may have their interests protected in two ways: the organized industries will be subject to State supervision and there may still be legislation like the Combines Investigation Act; most consumers are also producers and they will belong to organized industries, each of which will have means of dealing with what it may regard as injurious action by others. This does not imply that there will not remain also a measure of competition to protect consumers. Finally I would say that I do not believe any mere machinery of organization will solve our problems. There is also a need of morality, to use a medieval expression, or etiquette, as the legal profession might say, or codes of conduct as is being emphasized in current discussions in England.

Toronto, Ont. HENRY SOMERVILLE.

Concerning Spain

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MARGARET K. ZIEMAN in the issue of Nov. 11 expresses doubt as to anyone "having full and completely authoritative information on the exact situation in Spain during the Civil War (1936-1939).

Two books shed full light on those tragic days in Spain. The first is "I Must Have Liberty", an autobiography by Isobel de Palencia. The other book, "In Place of Splendor" is by Constancia de la More, daughter of a former Prime Minister of Spain. She was ardently in favor of a democratic form of government, and of having the Church dissociated from politics. When England and France refused to allow Spain to bring in arms, while Italian aviators were slaughtering women and children in the streets, Russia was the only country that showed any sympathy, for Russia sent the starving people a shipload of food, and the same ship took back 2,000 children to safety, until their parents were ready to claim them again.

Both these books show by documentary day to day evidence that it was not a Communist uprising, but a revolt against conditions that refused education to the masses (few of the working classes could read or write) and kept them on semi-starvation wages in a wealthy country. Both these books are in the Toronto Public Library, and can be recommended highly for their vivid picture of Spain's Civil War.

Toronto, Ont. GERTRUDE PRINGLE.

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The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

posed to have gathered to himself a substantial amount of the latter. Dr. Cody, having been President himself, will appreciate better than anybody else that a new President must be left free to work out the destinies of the institution in accordance with his own ideas and ideals. On any other conception the policy of electing, or appointing, a retiring President to the Chancellorship would be open to grave question.

The C.C.F. Ditched

THE C.C.F. is almost completely ditched by the calling of Parliament, which was perhaps to some extent designed for that purpose. The public mind has been diverted from the internal problems with which they are chiefly concerned, by a much more agitating issue on which they are incapable of asserting themselves. The no-conscription-of-men-without-conscription-of-wealth policy will simply get them nowhere. In a January election, even if peace in Europe has been definitely secured, there will not have been time to get the public mind back on the old subject of the hateful capitalist and the outrageous "boss class."

THE NAVIGATOR SPEAKS

"YAWNING, I heard the gray Professor spiel
About the poets of the Eastern Group;
Longfellow, Whittier and the tidy boys
Writing their verse on some New England stoop.
They weren't so hot, as far as I could see.
Majoring in English! Honest, that was me!

"And then he turned to Bryant, and he read
A thing called 'Thanatopsis', fairly long
And gloomy as the devil; full of death,
And how it nips alike the weak and strong.
I had no time for Bryant by the ream.
The coach had told me I might make the team.

"Hell! I was young, and what was death to me?
Only a word. I had a lot to do,
Graduate, marry, have a lot of kids,
Get rich and have my name in Whoziz Who.
And now I'm navigating on a Flying Fort.
—This fellow Bryant was a smart old sport.

"Come over here and get a load of this,
'Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste.'
That's telling them! He knew his stuff all right.
How many times that old gray fog I've faced
And wondered how I brought the crate across
When half my pals were missing—total loss!

"Each time I change a course to catch the beam
I hear that gray Professor reading yet,
And so I bought the darned old book today
And here's the poem—funny stuff to get.
Majoring in English! Honest, that was me!
And missing Bryant till I flew the sea."

—J. E. MIDDLETON

Lots of Despots

THINGS will be rather dreadful in this country if many of our municipal and provincial authorities of various sorts take upon themselves the function recently adopted by the Toronto Police Commission, of deciding what racial origins shall be demanded of people licensed to carry on trades in the municipality. The Commission refused such licenses to two applicants last week solely on the ground of their ancestry. One was a German by ancestry, the other a Japanese. One was an electrician, the other a radio man. The German had been in Canada since 1930. The Japanese was born in Canada, and is consequently a British subject by birth.

This sort of thing can be done by any authority which has the licensing power in its hands, if it wants to do it. A permit to build a residence may be refused in Forest Hill because the applicant is Russian, or in Quebec City because he is English. It might even come in time that nobody who is not a member of the Orange Order can operate a street organ in Toronto, and nobody who is not a member of the Order of Jacques Cartier can run a news-stand in Hull.

Ottawa has had to take on a good deal of added authority in recent years because the nation is fighting a war. The spirit of taking added authority tends to spread. It shouldn't. The Police Commissioners of Canada's second largest city ought to appreciate the dangers of arbitrary action, but apparently they don't.

An interesting feature of the case is that the decisions were arrived at after hearing representations by the Business Men's Associations of the districts in which the applicants desired to trade. We have the deepest respect for Business Men's Associations in their proper sphere, but that sphere is not advising as to what races shall do plumbing and electrical work in Toronto. That question is one of very large national, and indeed international, import, and the Business Men's Associations are not experts on it. Besides it is barely possible that the prospect of added competition is not attractive to them.

WITH THE UTMOST REVERENCE FOR YOUR EXCELLENCIES' FAULTLESS JUDGEMENT, MAY I HUMBLY SUGGEST THAT THE — !! — x !! — !!! - - - - !! JAP IS OVER THERE.
HQ
OPS. AGAINST "THE REDS"
LOW

DIPLOMATIC COURTESY IN CHINA —*Copyright in all Countries.*

People Make Resources

ONE of the results of the war is an enormous increase in both our knowledge of the resources of the remoter parts of Canada and our powers of access to those parts. Some fairly extensive development of those resources is inevitable but if that development takes place without any addition to our population it can be effected only by withdrawing population from parts of the country already occupied.

With the exception of a few agricultural slum areas in territory which should never have been exploited for agriculture it is extremely difficult to think of any part of Canada which is today seriously over-populated, so that unless we admit a substantial amount of new population the gain to be derived from the new resources will have to be purchased at the cost of a considerable loss in the older territories.

In a country such as Canada any addition to the known and accessible resources should be accompanied by an addition to population, and this would tend to be always the case if it were not for the artificial barriers erected to prevent it. On every economic ground an influx of population similar to that which followed the demonstration of the agricultural possibilities of the prairies around the turn of the century is profoundly desirable.

This is No Threat

QUOTING a paragraph from SATURDAY NIGHT in which we made the suggestion that the resentment of English-speaking Canada at not being permitted to enforce effective conscription might become more dangerous for national unity than the resentment of French-speaking Canada at its being enforced, *Le Droit* of Ottawa observes that "These words seem to us to mask a threat. What is it exactly that SATURDAY NIGHT means to say?"

What we mean to say is not a threat, masked or otherwise. It is merely a statement of fact, or, perhaps, rather of our estimate of what the facts may come to be. On the one hand we are told that Canada cannot have conscription for overseas service (which is desired by English-speaking Canada) because French-speaking Canada will resent it. On the other hand there may conceivably come a time (and if it is going to come it is not very remote) when Canada cannot refrain from having overseas conscription, because English-speaking Canada will, even more greatly resent not having it.

This is not a constitutional question. The constitutional right of the majority of the nation to impose conscription on the entire nation is beyond question. The wisdom of doing so or not doing so depends entirely upon the degree of feeling involved in taking one course or the other. The majority has up to the present time been willing to abstain from overseas conscription, although it has accepted that course reluctantly, because it believed that Canada's effort in the war was being more or less adequately maintained by the voluntary method. The majority is finding it more and more difficult to persist in that belief. Whenever it comes to believe strongly that Canada's effort in the war is *not* being adequately maintained by the voluntary method it will demand the abandonment of that method, and will resent its retention far more bitterly even than the minority will resent its abandonment.

And resentment is not the exclusive privilege of minorities. It can certainly be felt by a majority which finds itself compelled to bow to the will of a minority. And the resentment of that majority should be taken into consideration by the minority in formulating its demands, just as much as the resentment of the minority should be considered by the majority in formulating its policies. The task of the statesman is to weigh the two resentments, doing all that he can to diminish them but recognising that they cannot both be wholly eliminated, and to strike that balance which will be most in the long-term interests of the nation.

When *Le Droit* speaks of a "threat," does it think that the resentment of the majority, to which we refer, is a figment of our imagination, that we are conjuring it up merely to induce the minority to abandon its insistence on the maintenance of the voluntary system? If so, we can assure it that it is very gravely in error. What we are afraid of is that *Le Droit*, and many journals and political leaders who share its views, do not really care how strong is the feeling in the majority and are not prepared to take that factor into consideration at all. There has, of course, long been an element of what one may call professional conscriptionists among the majority who have been equally unwilling to take into consideration the feelings of the minority, and they include many who, by reason of belonging to the party which enacted conscription in 1917, feel committed to support of the same policy today. But we can assure *Le Droit* that it is not these who are today influencing the views of the majority, but rather the men who have supported the voluntary system right up to the present, but are now convinced that it cannot adequately maintain Canada's final effort in the war.

The Passing Show

THE Russians are using reindeer to pull mobile schools. This is obviously a deliberate Communist attempt to undermine Christmas by creating the idea that Santa Claus is a schoolmaster.

•

The Senate, it now appears, does not have to be summoned by the Governor General like the House of Commons, but can assemble itself whenever it likes. This is because it was feared that the Governor General might forget about it some time and nobody would notice its absence.

•

Toys in Britain are said to be expensive and poor. The rising generation of British children will have better imaginations than their predecessors.

•

British sausages are to be spicier,
Which will presumably make them nicier;
But if they could only make them a bit meatier
They would be considerably eatier.

•

We hear a lot about the Germans planning for the next war, but none of their plans seem to include Herr Hitler.

•

Do your Christmas shopping early. Remember the poor Germans, who could have done it in Paris if they had begun early enough.

•

In Argentina military training is to begin at twelve years of age for both sexes. Italy and Germany will be able to provide a lot of second-hand uniforms for the little Argentinians.

•

Hitler, it is said, is kept from going mad by being supplied with fantastic tales of great victories. Well, it's a wonderful thing to be sane.

•

Quebec Isolation; Who Caused It?

"Who? ME?" the Tory's face grew red,
His tone was loud and tense,
"I warned them if they made their bed
With Liberals, alive or dead,
They'd take the consequence."

"Who? ME?" the Liberal replied,
"I merely told them straight
That all their friends were on our side,
That Tory speakers always lied
And were inspired by hate."

"Who? ME?" exclaimed the clergyman,
"I never said a word,
Save that I saw a Catholic plan
To put my freedom under ban
Until it was interred."

"Who? ME," A Catholic oped his eyes
And cried "Ridiculous!
I merely said it was unwise
To trust fanatics who despise
The very best of us."

J. E. M.

•

In Rossland-Trail, B.C., the sitting member of the Legislature, Mr. H. W. Herridge of the C.C.F. has been nominated by the local organization and supported by the local miners' union, but the C.C.F. provincial junta has ruled against his candidacy.—News despatch.

You'd better forget your Mr. Herridge,
My daughter, I'm going to forbid the merriage.

•

We like the story in Bennett Cerf's "Try and Stop Me" about the abbreviated university courses of this wartime period. It appears that a Princeton student left the room to go to the washroom and missed his entire sophomore year.

•

A contributor to last week's SATURDAY NIGHT says that all his American friends voted for Dewey. We have sent him a copy of Dale Carnegie's little book.

•

Remember when they were saying that Mr. King ought to get out of the way and let General McNaughton run the country?

•

We doubt if the disappearance of Hitler will make much difference. The Germans have got so that they can behave like beasts now without having to be worked up to it by speeches.

•

"After the Controls, What?" inquires the Winnipeg *Free Press*. Might try the self-controls.

•

The Allied schedule is said to have "called for the collapse of Germany in October". Yes, but not loudly enough.

Magnesium Is a "War Baby" With a Future . . .

Dominion Magnesium, Ltd., Haleys, Ont., $3,000,000 government-financed plant, Canada's first large-scale producer of magnesium, famous light metal used in aircraft manufacture.

Near the plant is this outcrop of dolomite rock, basic raw material in production of magnesium. The rock is quarried, handled by power shovel and hauled to crushing plant.

Magnesium-bearing dolomite is a crystalline limestone rock. Above: a typical lump as it comes from the quarry.

By Margaret K. Zieman

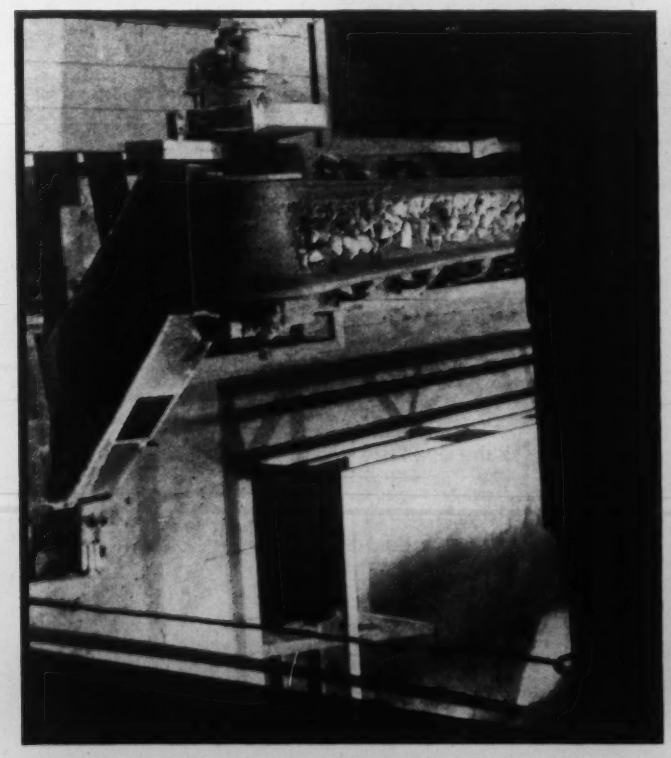
THE average Canadian's most familiar association with magnesium (if he does happen to recognize it as such) is in the brilliant pyrotechnic displays of former Dominion Day celebrations, when star-shells burst into a shower of many-colored lights, filling the night sky with a blinding white glare. Soldiers of the last war remember it similarly in the floating star-shells over the trenches —in its use for flares and tracer bullets, while this war's fliers recognize its two-fold use in incendiary bombs, both as the light metal casing for the inflammable thermite mixture, and as an ingredient of this mixture, for magnesium as a *powder* burns with terrific glare and heat.

In this war, however, the emphasis is placed upon the use of magnesium, not as a powder, but as a structural metal in the production of airplane parts. Magnesium's extremely light weight, combined with strength, makes it the ace of the light metals now in general use. Almost as light as wood, and forty per cent lighter than aluminum, magnesium provides the most rigid structure with the lowest weight of any metal. It is possible therefore to build bigger planes by utilizing 40 per cent larger magnesium castings, without a corresponding prohibitive increase in weight.

In the Light Metal Age predicted for after the war, metallic magnesium, it is claimed, will be used for portable machine tools, farm machinery and such things as typewriters, step-ladders, bicycles, washing machines, refrigerators, kitchen ranges and perhaps even metal furniture of the light portable type. This kind if made of tubular magnesium, is capable of being quickly taken apart and carried almost in a brief case. Telephones and radios may also employ the new metal, though here plastics will rank as potential rivals. In any case, extensive use of magnesium will depend upon its comparative cost in relation to such metals as aluminum, nickel-chrome steel, as well as plastics.

However, whatever is "cooking" in the light-metal age of the future, you can be sure magnesium won't be used for kitchen cooking utensils; for while magnesium as a metal can withstand the intense heat of a blow-torch without changing, water boiled in it does absorb some of its chemical ingredients. You'd get a fine dose of laxative salts, according to Dr. Lloyd M. Pidgeon, prominent Canadian physicist, who evolved the commercial process for extracting metallic magnesium from dolomite rock—now employed in the new $3,000,000 government-financed plant at Haleys, Ontario.

Today, due to the increased wartime need for light metals, North America produces 100 times as much magnesium as the total world output in 1938. The plant of Dominion Magnesium, Ltd., at Haleys, Ontario, is the first large-scale Canadian producer of magnesium from dolomite by the ferro-silicon process, which Dr. Pidgeon developed in intensive research sponsored by the National Research Council in Ottawa. Production of the metal in the pilot



First the dolomite is crushed into 4-inch lumps, then carried to a hammermill for still further reduction.

In these huge rotating kilns, one-half the weight of the dolomite is driven off as carbon dioxide . . .

. . . The calcined rock that remains is now 24 per cent magnesium. Above: heating the rotary kilns. Coal is used for this purpose.

. . . And Canada Has a Head Start in This Field

Furnace room showing water-cooled ends of retorts in which briquets, made of mixture of ground calcined rock mixed with ferro-silicon are processed. Magnesium is driven off . . .

. . . as a vapor, crystallizing as it cools. In these open melting pots, the condensed magnesium is melted under a protective flux to keep the molten metal from taking fire.

Photos by Malak

laboratory in Ottawa commenced as early as June, 1941.

Ontario, as well as other parts of Canada, possesses almost unlimited supplies of dolomite, a crystalline limestone rock, which is one of the most abundant sources of magnesium, forming 12 per cent of the dolomite deposit. In the Haleys' plant, 165 tons of dolomite are processed daily to produce 15 tons of pure magnesium. Dolomite rock is easily quarried, handled by steam shovel and hauled to the crushing mill at a rate of about 7,000 tons monthly. Here it is broken up in a large jaw crusher to approximately four-inch lumps, and still further reduced to one-quarter inch pieces in a hammer mill.

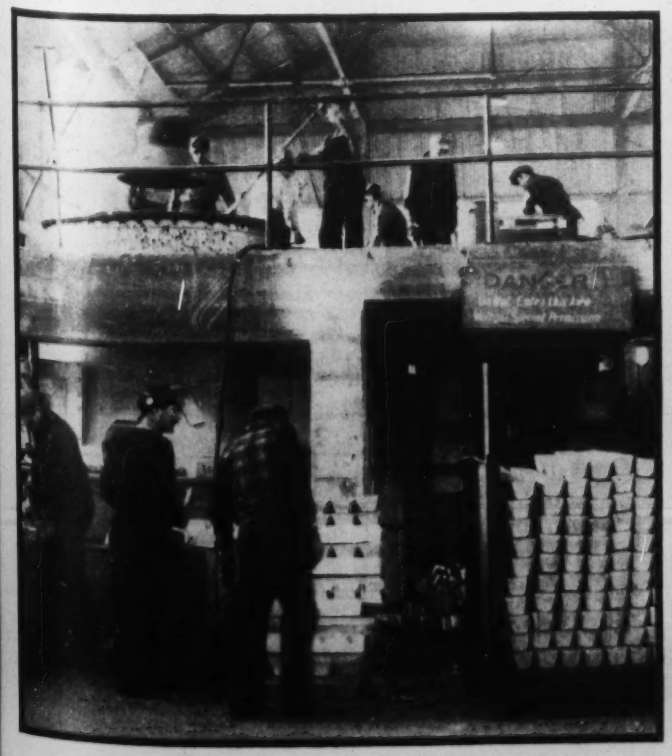
Actual processing or reduction of the ore begins when the ground dolomite goes into huge rotating kilns, great steel tubes, lined with brick, 120 feet long and eight feet in diameter (wide enough for a man to stand upright in). Here one-half the weight of the dolomite is driven off in the form of carbon dioxide under heat and pressure, and the 50 per cent residue of calcined rock (in powder form) is now 24 per cent magnesium.

Mixed at this stage with ground ferro-silicon (a steel alloy material) and pressed into small briquets, these are preheated, then go into nickel-chrome steel retorts, resembling huge test tubes. Kept in these retorts for eight hours under a vacuum, at temperatures reaching 1,100 degrees Fahrenheit the metal becomes a glowing incandescent mass, and the pure magnesium is driven off as a vapor.

EACH retort has a water-cooled sleeve, into which the magnesium vapor is drawn, in order to cool slowly. As it cools it crystallizes like frost and the encrusted magnesium is now in the form of gleaming, silverlike crystals. These are chipped off, melted in round open furnaces under a protective flux to prevent the molten metal from taking fire, then poured into moulds to make the magnesium ingots. The process is entirely safe, for the magnesium while still in vapor form never comes in contact with the air or any inflammable gases.

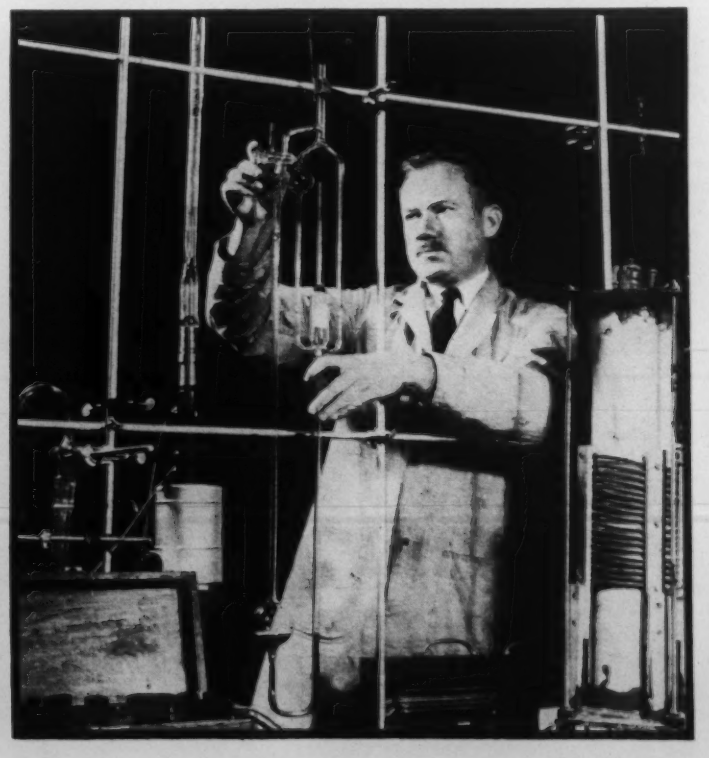
Whether Canada will be able to supply magnesium on a commercial basis in competition with other light metals depends largely upon a relatively low cost of production. At present the cost of producing the metal at the Haley's plant is the lowest in the British Empire. Greatest item in present cost is the considerable volume of electric power required—175,000 kilowatt hours are consumed daily in the batteries of the furnaces which heat the plant's 400 retorts. About 30 tons of coal are also used each day. But the abundance of raw dolomite Canada possesses, its advantage in already operating this plant with its staff of 370 trained workmen give us a head start in this business of producing magnesium for post-war use. But in the final analysis, the more ways we can find to use magnesium will be the deciding factor in reducing the cost of its production and making it available in even a wider degree.

Pouring molten metal into ingot moulds. Second man dusts moulds with sulphur to prevent oxidation of magnesium.



A view of the melting room, showing steel melting pot and below, magnesium ingots as they come from the moulds.

The ingot bars, inspected, weighed and stamped are now ready for shipment to Russia, China and Great Britain.



Credit goes to Dr. Lloyd M. Pidgeon for developing this large-scale method of extracting magnesium from dolomite.

What Keeps "Zombies" From Going Active?

By ERIC KOCH

What are the motives prompting "Zombies" to refuse active service in the face of a generally disapproving public opinion? They are not less intelligent, less courageous physically, nor less amenable to discipline than the soldiers who have gone active.

Why then do they stay in the Home Defence Army?

The writer outlines some of the reasons.

WHO are the "Zombies"? Why won't they go active?

While our newspapers are full of arguments for and against conscription, there is very little discussion of these questions. If the public were better informed about the background and attitudes of "Zombies", they would not assume, as they largely have done, that they are all French-Canadian. It is therefore time to consider these questions dispassionately.

Unfortunately, no Gallup Poll has been conducted in our Home Defence Army. The only official figures available are those given out by Mr. King and Gen. McNaughton. According to these, 25,000 out of 60,000 draftees are French-speaking, a figure only little larger than the proportion of French-Canadians to the total population.

Who then are the remaining two-thirds? Do they come from the poorer or less educated sections of the Canadian public? Are they less intelligent, or is there anything wrong with them mentally? Are any racial groups particularly widely represented among them?

As for their intelligence and educational level, Army examiners are not prepared to say that there is any difference between them and active men: their average I.Q. is exactly the same. Nor do Army psychiatrists attribute their attitude to a lack of mental balance, although some have found more neurotics among draftees than among active men.

As far as the racial composition of the N.R.M.A. personnel is concerned, many people who realize that they are not all French-Canadian believe that those who do not come from Quebec are invariably "New Canadians", i.e. immigrants, or sons of immigrants, from Central and Eastern Europe. Opinions differ as to the predominance of this element. If it is true that there are too many unassimilated Europeans among the "Zombies," it is not difficult to explain.

In the countries they come from there is a totally different attitude towards the Army from that prevailing in this country. It is considered a kind of purgatory: undesirable but inevitable. There is little glory attached to the military life. These men have great respect for authority and discipline, as is shown by those who have gone active: officers agree that they are particularly good soldiers. On the other hand, they are not used to being asked whether they want to fight or not: they are accustomed to conscription.

In some cases even members of the second generation do not speak proper English, and they have no consciousness of Canada as a nation. If the authorities had brought to their notice their rights and duties as Canadians at the time of their immigration, they would be much keener now to go active. But no attempts were made to assist their assimilation. This is a strong argument for decent citizenship training for immigrants. The Americans are very good at that.

A Fair Cross-Section

It is claimed that since the entry of Russia into the war the "right wing" of the Ukrainian, Hungarian, Polish, and Yugoslav press is not ardently pressing its readers to go active, while the left wing is urging full support of the war effort. There are no Central and Eastern Europeans who are in sympathy with the Soviet Union among the draftees.

A consensus of opinion among officers indicates that the attitude of "Zombies" can definitely *not* be attributed to their racial background. Far the most interesting thing about the "Zombies" is that they represent a fair cross-section of the whole Canadian public. They are, on the whole, neither less intelligent, nor less educated, nor less "Canadian".

Nor are they lacking in physical courage. Their training officers do not think so. They are just as good soldiers as anybody else. Their record in tough assault courses, which really test a man's "guts", has been unimpeachable. Moreover, their conduct in the Niagara district, where they have been assigned the job of guarding canals, has been particularly good. This is a very monotonous job, and the men are lucky if they get leave once every ten weeks. Even so, there are less A.W.O.L.'s than in many an active unit. This may be, of course, because any breach of discipline is more severely dealt with in the Home Defence Army than elsewhere. But this is only a partial explanation for their very good record.

In the Kiska campaign the large majority of "Zombies" taking part made absolutely no attempt to shirk their duties. On the contrary, most of them asked for more training.

On the whole, "Zombies" are just as courageous as other Canadians. Why then won't they go active? What are their arguments for retaining a status of which the public at large disapproves? The answer is that they have a different conception of their social duties.

No Sense of Duty

Perhaps the most typical case is the "Zombie" who denies the existence of any kind of social duty altogether. "Whatever I am I owe to myself", he says, "and not to the government." This case is very common, and is usually caused by memories of the depression. "They certainly didn't care ten years ago whether I had anything to eat or not, or whether I slept on newspapers in the cellars of police-stations. I needed help then and nobody cared. Now the government needs help and I don't care."

Depression memories are often extremely strong, and the bitterness stored up during those years lingers on. This is particularly the case where a man got the first job of his life in 1938 or '39, married and settled down at the outbreak of war. To many men ideas such as "duty to one's country" have absolutely no meaning. "What's the difference?" they ask. "We'll be bossed around by somebody else if the Germans win, that's all."

This attitude is often found among farmers, especially in the West. It is understandable that a man who has never had strong social contacts has no conception of political realities. But fortunately there are not many as cynical about the war as that. A more frequent case is the "Zombie" who objects to going active on moral grounds.

"Why should one group in the coun-

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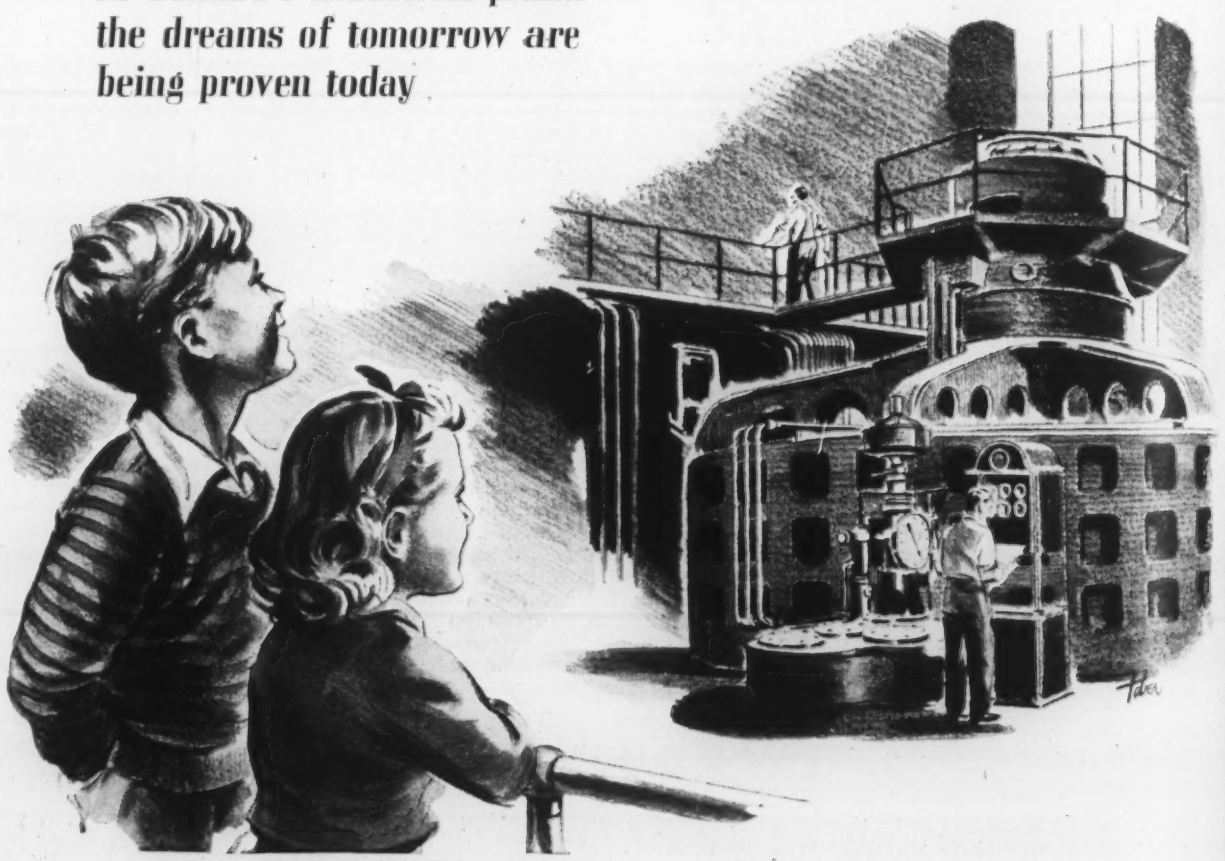

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try have a perfectly legitimate right to stay at home, while the others go out to fight?" they ask. "If anybody is going to reap the advantages of this policy, it might just as well be me." They may even be aware of the moral shortcomings of this attitude; however, they feel that the government's policy is so unfair that their own stand is justified. There is no doubt that such men would not have the slightest objection to going active if compelled to do so.

"Pays to Be Zombie"

Then there are the men who do not take a moral stand at all. They just believe that "it pays to be a Zombie". Their reasoning is as follows: "For one thing, it's a safe way to stay alive. For another thing, you stay near your family. Furthermore, you have nothing to worry about. What do you get for going active, anyway? Plenty of men have come back from overseas and they now sit around in camps washing dishes." In some cases there is a distinct advantage in not going active, e.g., some courses (especially in Radar, i.e. the radio location of planes) are *only* open to "Zombies", and not to active men.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many men, especially married men, prefer not to go active. It is particularly interesting to note that many "Zombies" do not go active because they have given solemn promises to their wives and mothers not to do so.

"There are plenty of single men around," they say; "let *them* do the fighting."

The following case is particularly revealing. A young accountant has been in the Army for two and a half years. He is now a corporal. By reason of his great skill as an accountant he is greatly desired by an active unit, and his officers are constantly trying to persuade him to go active, in which case he would be sure to get a commission. He has a very low category, and it is completely out of the question that he should be sent overseas. He *wants* to go active. However, he has an old mother who would be sure to get a stroke if he changed his status. He is understandably reluctant to cause his mother's death. The case is complicated by two highly nervous sisters who scream at him every time he mentions his intention to go active. They tell him that if anything happened to mother, he would be responsible: they just refuse to listen to his arguments.

Every officer who has had anything to do with "Zombies" knows how many of them are being influenced by their women folk. It is clear that in many cases women use their influence over men to allow personal loyalties to prevail over social duties.

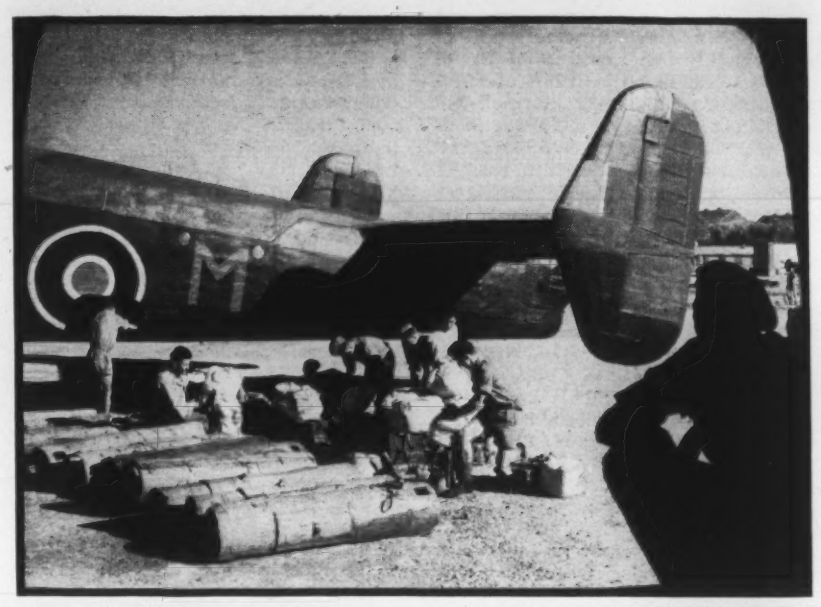
Can't Use Skills

But there are many other reasons why so many men prefer to remain "Zombies". Many of them feel that the active army cannot make proper use of their skills. There is, for example, the case of the skilled welder who was offered the job of truck-driver in the active army. He declind, thinking it better to be a "Zombie" than a truck-driver. Then there are a number of tradesmen who do not see "how they can be useful in the Army". So they remain "Zombies".

The whole problem boils down to this: "Zombies" do not go active because they don't have to. They cannot see any motivation for this war in general, nor for their contributions to it in particular. To persuade them, the Government must provide that motivation. It is at bottom an educational problem.

It is quite clear that many active men have no more consciousness of the meaning of this war than "Zombies". Many of them have been in the Army for four years, and have never realized the dangers of Fascism until they arrived in Italy and saw its effects with their own eyes.

The government's recruiting appeals are only too frequently poohpoohed as "propaganda". Politicians are generally suspected of having ulterior motives. That is one reason why they have so far failed to inspire sufficient enthusiasm for the war in so substantial a number of potential fighting men.



R.A.F. planes, operating from bases in Italy, have played a large part in keeping Partisan Groups in the Balkans well supplied with guns, ammunition and other vital material. British and Jugoslav troops are seen here transferring supplies to a Halifax of the Balkan Air Force.

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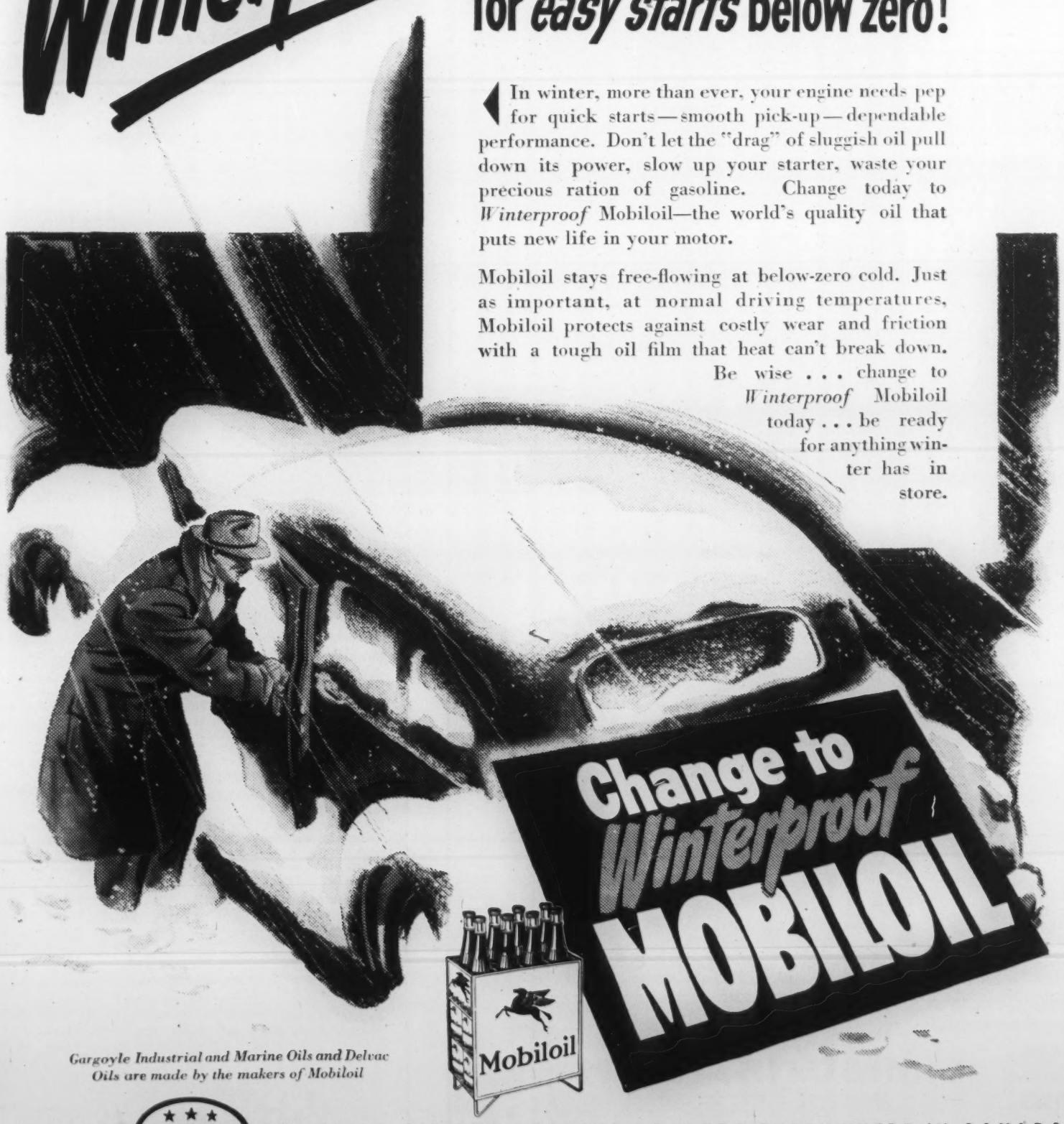

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Well, the Opposition Has Helped Mr. King Out of Many Holes

By G. C. WHITTAKER

WE WRITE in an awkward interval. The event, overtaking the speculation, may confound it before it even reaches the reader. Considering the ways of the House of Commons, however, there is a good chance that you will still be waiting and wondering at the end of the week. Even those legislators who will profess the keenest concern for the time factor in the dispatch of reinforcements overseas probably will neglect to economize in time by avoiding reiteration in their voicing of that concern. We may even be writing to you again before the argument of tongues gives way to the arbitrament of the tally.

And this prospect of unrestrained articulation has a bearing, as it happens, on the contribution we wish to make towards clarification of the question which has been puzzling the pundits ever since Mr. King had the House of Commons summoned—the question of why he did it, of what he hopes to get out of doing it. Several answers have been suggested, varying in plausibility. One that we think calls for consideration has been overlooked.

The occasion of Mr. King's calling in of the Commoners is, of course, clear. It was the refusal of the country to accept his plea for a further trial of the voluntary system of raising reinforcements in face of the emergency that had arisen. The refusal had become more emphatic after Colonel Ralston had thrown additional light on the situation as he had submitted it to the Cabinet, which light revealed two things in particular: that the emergency was more immediate than the Prime Minister had admitted in his plea, and that the Cabinet as a whole did not consider, as he (Colonel Ralston) considered, that the government was committed, by Mr. King's post-plebiscite statements in Parliament, to impose conscription for overseas service in such a situation.

In view of this refusal Mr. King had to do something. There can be little doubt that the compulsion to do something was even greater than appeared on the surface. It is not venturing very far into the realm of supposition to assume that cabinet ministers who believed that Colonel Ralston's recommendation for the use of the home defence draft army as reinforcements was a proper one but who were not prepared at the moment to risk the possible consequences to the government of their resigning with him must have allowed the Prime Minister in recent days to understand that they could not ignore indefinitely the attitude of the public. Whether or not they served notice on him in so many words to this effect—and it would be strange if they didn't—Mr. King would have recognized the untenableness of their position. That position threatened the very existence of his Government.

Let the Opposition Do It

But what could he expect to gain by throwing the issue into the hands of the House of Commons? There is, we think, one thing he may have seen a chance of gaining and which has not generally been counted among the possibilities. That thing is relief for these ministers, and consequently for himself, *through the good offices of the Opposition.*

Don't dismiss the proposition as unreasonable merely because it is not ordinarily the function of Oppositions to come to the relief of Governments in distress. Remember rather that you have a Prime Minister who is very shrewd and resourceful and an Opposition that is anything but shrewd and resourceful. Remember too that it would not be the first time that the Prime Minister had contrived to have the Opposition serve his ends, or seen it serve them without the necessity of his contriving.

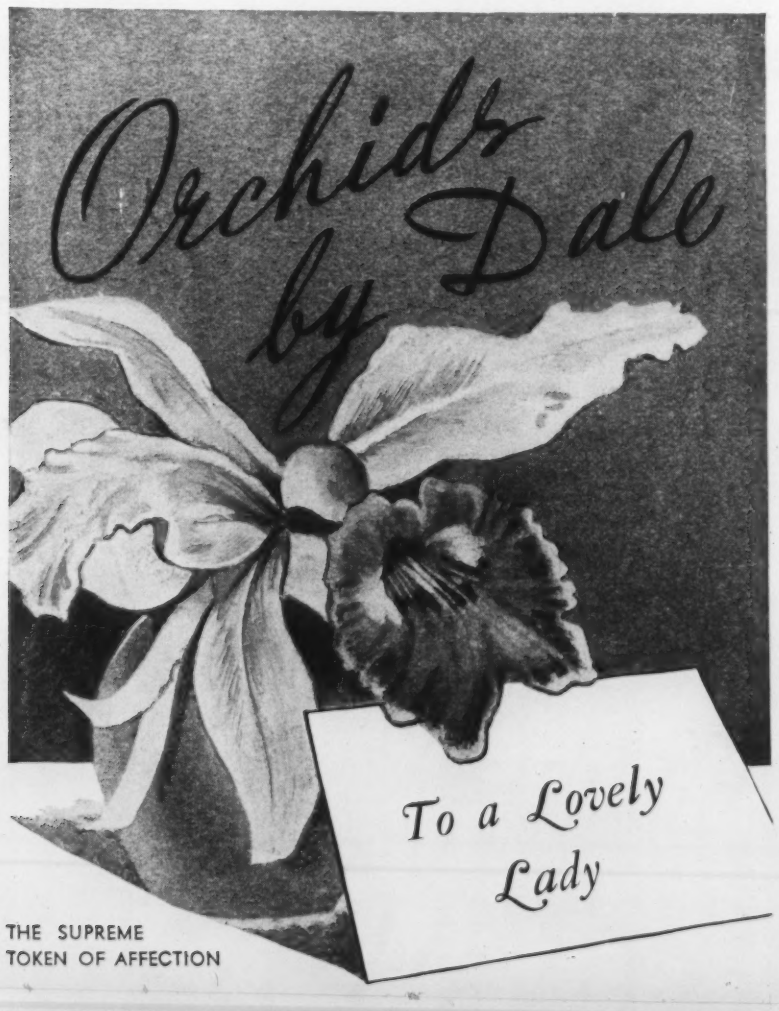
The reason Mr. King, this time, could neither persist in a defiant attitude towards the crisis nor sit back in the hope that it would blow over, the reason some of his ministers were in a position which compelled him to do something to relieve them, was that it was a public crisis, not a party-political one. The pressure on the Government, and especially on the ministers who are supposed to have agreed with Ralston's recommendation, was non-partizan pressure. It was not manufactured or drummed up but was the spontaneous reaction of the public to the issue which developed in the Cabinet itself.

Make it Political

In these circumstances it would seem highly dangerous to have the Government meet Parliament. The presence of Parliament in Ottawa would intensify and point public sentiment all the more. Any tendency of ministers to waver, with fatal results for the Government, would increase correspondingly.

But, if the characteristic of the crisis which made it so serious, which made the position of ministers so untenable, their surrender something that had to be reckoned with, could be altered, or could be made to appear to be altered—what then? If from being a public crisis it should appear to become a party-political crisis, might not ministers stiffen in their reaction to it, and humble private members take their cue from ministers? And if the public should see the issue degenerating into a partizan squabble, with party men having party ends to serve taking over the argument, with tirades against the Government sounding above solemn expressions of concern about reinforcements, might it not become confused, lose interest, turn away in disgust, or even take sides partizanly? Might not the pressure be relaxed? Might not the Government be saved?

The most likely way to change the complexion of the crisis was to let the Opposition in on it. And the way to bring in the Opposition to the best advantage was to have the House of Commons meet. Without the House in session it would be Mr. Bracken and Mr. McTague who



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STATEMENT AS AT 31st OCTOBER, 1944

ASSETS

Cash on hand and due from Banks and Bankers		$160,242,919.67
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks		31,355,042.18
Government and other Public Securities	Not exceeding market value	666,511,305.82
Other Bonds and Stocks	Not exceeding market value	12,566,146.78
Call and Short Loans	(Security held of sufficient marketable value to cover)	33,104,781.37
Total Quick Assets	(80.21 per cent of Total Liabilities to the Public)	$903,780,195.82
Loans and Discounts	(After full provision for bad and doubtful debts)	230,548,706.80
Acceptances and Letters of Credit for Customers	(See below)	24,921,080.18
Bank Premises		12,798,951.62
Deposit in Circulation Fund, held by Dominion Government		500,000.00
Other Assets	(including refundable portion of Dominion Government taxes amounting to $196,728.20)	6,098,488.90
Total Assets		$1,178,647,423.32

LIABILITIES

Notes in Circulation	$ 6,880,524.25
Deposits	1,095,013,865.33
Acceptances and Letters of Credit (See above)	24,921,080.18
Total Liabilities to the Public	$1,126,815,469.76
Capital Paid Up	30,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	20,000,000.00
Dividends declared and unpaid	469,137.35
Balance of Profit as per Profit and Loss Account	1,362,816.21
Total Liabilities	$1,178,647,423.32

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Year Ended 31st October, 1944

Profits for the year ended 31st October 1944, before Dominion Government taxes but after appropriations to Contingent accounts out of which full provision has been made for bad and doubtful debts		$4,708,479.76
Less:		
Dominion Government taxes (of which $62,789.00 is refundable under the provisions of The Excess Profits Tax Act)	$1,709,962.91	
Transfer to Pension Fund	601,545.18	
Written off Bank Premises	350,000.00	2,661,508.09
Net Profits after the foregoing deductions		$2,046,971.67
Dividends		1,800,000.00
Amount carried forward		$ 246,971.67
Balance Profit and Loss Account 31st October 1943		1,115,844.54
Balance Profit and Loss Account 31st October 1944		$1,362,816.21

S. H. LOGAN, *President*

S. M. WEDD, *General Manager*

It's a lot tougher for soldier hitch-hikers in the Middle East than it is in Canada. So hitch-hiking has been organized on a military basis there, and shelters like this have been built at points on the main desert traffic routes, where soldiers wait until they find a truck going their way.

would speak for the Opposition. They might not help him. But why shouldn't Mr. King count on the trusty Conservatives or Prog. Cons. of the House to rise to his rescue? They had been doing it ever since Mr. Bennett abandoned them to their own devices. The nice thing about Bourbons is that you can depend on them not to change.

You can see how Mr. King might expect it to work out. Mr. Howe, away out in Chicago, has supplied us with an illustration. Engrossed in the practical business of the numerous departments of government for which he is responsible and in the more immediate task of trying to bring the clashing postwar aviation policies of the British Empire and the United States to a compromise in the United Nations Air Conference, the Minister of Munitions and of Reconstruction and of Air Transport and whatnot has had no time or inclination to bother about the army reinforcements crisis. In his innocence (if you are content to call it that) he has assumed, or has allowed himself to be easily persuaded by the Prime Minister, that it was just another political demonstration. He told Canadians in Chicago, in an address to the Canadian Club there, that this was so, that they needn't worry but could forget it. It seems a pity that these former Canadians should be deceived by Mr. Howe's simplicity into believing that their native country is so lightly engaged in the war as to take time out for a political diversion, that the evidence of our concern for the condition of our armies at the battle-fronts is bogus, but that is beside the point. The point is that if Canadians in the United States could be thrown off the scent in this way, Canadians at home might be also—with the generous aid of the Opposition.

Consider a further sign. In his anxiety Mr. King thought only of the Commons. It was there in recent years that the Opposition had been most helpful to him. But came a bellow from Mr. Ballantyne about the Senate being ignored, to remind him that in the Upper House also were Tories impatient to do their part—echoes, like Senator Ballantyne, of Mr. Meighen and 1917 conscription. So the Senate is in session, on a belated call.

Of course, it may not work. The public seems in a mood for concentration. It might cut through the artificial fog the Tories can be depended on to lay down and concentrate on Colonel Ralston and his version of the unembellished issue he raised in the Cabinet. Therein lies the danger for Mr. King. Wavering ministers and private members might sense a refusal of the public to be diverted from its fixation, might waver further in the wrong direction.

Two Courses

Mr. King could leave himself an opportunity for adjustment to such a situation by waiting to size up ministerial, parliamentary, and public reaction to the opening discussion before defining his course in the House. He would then have at least two alternative courses open to him. If his ministerial and party ranks showed signs of closing and stiffening under incautious assault by the Tories he could seize the opportunity and re-affirm his no-conscription stand, risking the life of the Government on a vote of confidence. If the outcome looked too doubtful he could avoid the risk by tossing the issue on to the lap of the House, forcing it to make the decision without a commitment by the Government. He need not be deterred from the latter course by reason of its departure from the principle and practice of the British system of responsible government. He has made that departure before.

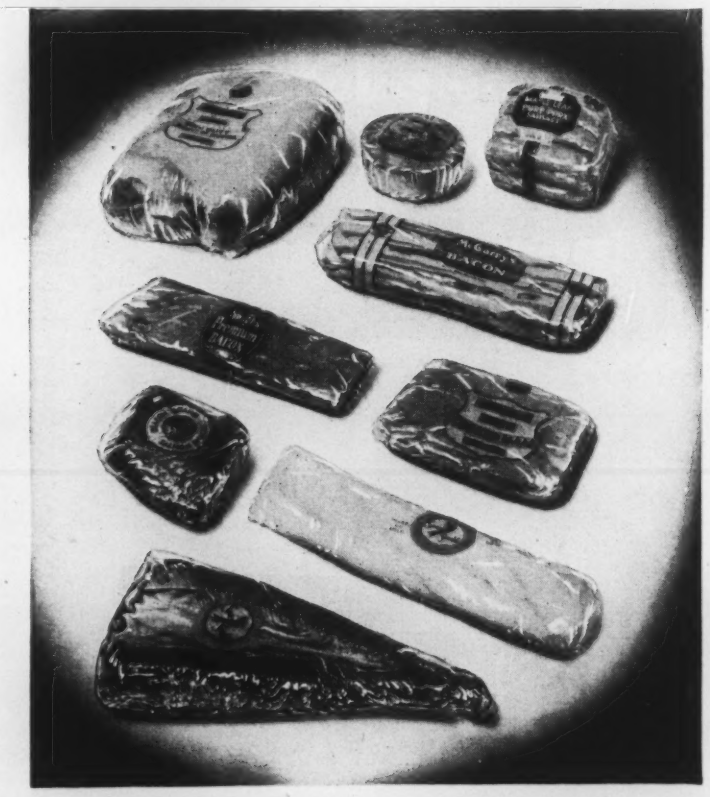
The first alternative would gain him the greater profit, if it succeeded. He would have the approval of Parliament for his policy, and he would have his cabinet and his party tied solidly to it for the purpose of an election whenever he chose to bring it on. If it failed, it would, of course, be fatal, because failure would be through a split in his party which would almost certainly involve a split in his Government. If any considerable number of ministers deserted him he couldn't even ask for dissolution, but would have to resign and recommend that some one else—perhaps Colonel Ralston or Mr. Ilsley—be called on to form a Government. Whoever accepted the task probably would succeed, conscription would be imposed, and there might be no need of an immediate election. If he should take the second course there might very well be a majority decision for conscription, with which he would comply, the responsibility being on parliament.

HOW SHOULD MEAT AND FISH BE SOLD?

Market study indicates large proportion of housewives prefer these products in "Cellophane"

After five years of wartime shopping and budgeting, Canadian housewives have an especially keen realization of the advantages of proper packaging. That's why the results of a study we made covering packaging of meats and fish will be of especial interest to grocers and stores operating meat and fish counters.

What we found was this: 50% of all Canadian housewives *want* meat wrapped in "Cellophane" cellulose film. Of these women, 45% prefer the "Cellophane" wrap because of sanitary reasons. Others mentioned they liked "Cellophane" because it enabled them to see the meat they bought, while some frankly stated that the product looked more attractive in "Cellophane."



The visibility and protection afforded by "Cellophane" are two important reasons why shoppers prefer to buy meat and fish packaged in this transparent, hygienic film.

Frozen fillets are presented to the public in their most attractive form when wrapped in "Cellophane."

In connection with fish, housewives showed generally the same preference. Sanitation, freshness and general protection all received high mention while a substantial number liked fish in "Cellophane" because this wrap eliminated odours.

Results of this study indicate a definite trend in the thinking of shoppers—a strong consciousness of the value of visible packaging and protection in "Cellophane". Grocers are well aware of these advantages—they will be interested to know that their opinions are shared by those astute judges of packaging—the housewives of Canada. "Cellophane" Division, Canadian Industries Limited, P.O. Box 10, Montreal 1, Que.

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Repeat Business

A higher percentage of the subscribers to SATURDAY NIGHT renew their subscriptions on expiry than for any other periodical of general appeal in Canada.

Profit Big Factor In Russian Collectives

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

Collective farms are so popular in Russia, Mr. Davies says, because for the first time they have made it possible for the Russian peasant to take an adequate living from the land.

At that the collective didn't get an immediately favorable reception, but only in the long run, after it had proven that it was more profitable than small-scale farming, was it accepted.

Today the collective has so improved the lot of the farmer that it is one of the main reasons for his morale being so high.

THE secret of enormous Russian vitality in this war to no small degree derives from the passion with which the average soldier fights against the enemy. And this average soldier is a *farmer*. Whence his passion, his overwhelming urge to defeat the enemy, to save the land now and, he hopes, forever?

A key to this problem is offered by the village Sanskoye which lies in the Shilovo county of the Riazan Province, southeast of Moscow.

Before the Revolution of 1917 the inhabitants of Sanskoye were nearly always poverty stricken. The landowner Podlazov had twice as much land as 918 peasant households. Each peasant household owned on the average a quarter cow, half a pig, one sheep. More than 82 per cent of the peasants were illiterate. The village had no school, no library, no hospital. But it had . . . six saloons.

In 1917 the new Soviet Government gave the Sanskoye peasants Podlazov's lands — altogether 5,500 acres. Podlazov himself disappeared. Life became easier, but not too easy. Even in 1926 most of the peasants only had bread until Christmas. There were no seeds, few horses, almost no machines. Many peasants, although they had obtained land when Podlazov's estate was divided, found that they could not work it, and rented it to the few rich peasants—"kulaks". The tiny strips of land did not permit modern methods of work. Crops were low; peasant labor non-productive.

Pool for Prosperity

Although satisfied with the gift of land at first, the peasants grumbled. They sought a way out. This way was suggested in the Government decree about collectivization. "Pool your lands together," the Government said, in effect, "and you will become prosperous." In 1929 an agricultural *artel* (co-operative) was formed in Sanskoye. Soon most of the peasants had joined. They gave their co-operative the name "Kirov Collective Farm."

Those who have visited Sanskoye recently say that the village is a far cry from its former self. The newspaperman, V. Karpinsky, who works for *Komsomolskaya Pravda* describes it in these words:

"In the center white structures shine: the collective farm club with seats for 600, library and reading room with 5,000 books, hospital, nursery, middle school, radio station. There is a special house devoted to defence training. Visible from great distance in the flatlands are silos and water tower. Like soldiers 18 cattle barns stand all in a row with room for 1,500 head. Then there are grain bins, a flour mill, smithy, and other buildings."

Today the collective farm lands of Sanskoye are worked by tractors and combines. The collective farm owns its own machines and automobiles. Crops are such as never have been seen before here: grain, for instance, a hundred to two hundred poods per hectare (27 to 54 bushels per acre).

What has this given the farmers, former peasants, in terms of money? Reports indicate that even in 1935 the Kirov Collective Farm earned more than a million rubles (about $200,000 at prewar rates). At that time the farmers earned 7.7 pounds of grain per working day, 28.5 pounds of potatoes and, in addition, vegetables, feed for their own cattle, and money.

In 1920, local records recall, the village could not feed itself and nearly starved during the famine. But in 1942 the Kirov Collective Farm sold the Government 2,644 bushels of grain, more than 480 tons of potatoes, about sixty tons of meat, and also wool and honey. After the government was supplied the farmers received enough for themselves to last them the whole year and for sale on the open market. Today every household has its own cows, pigs, sheep, chickens.

Education, too, has caught up with the farm. All children now attend school. The formerly illiterate village has given the land nine engineers, 27 technicians of all kinds, 13 agronomists, 33 teachers, six doctors, five artists, many government employees and Red Army officers.

What more might be added? Unfortunately I haven't the figures for the population of Sanskoye. In any case it must be a sizable community to judge by the quantity of land and the income. Also lacking is the figure for war contribution: how many men given to the army; how many killed; how many wounded; how much was contributed in war loans. But from the information available one can easily conclude that the men and women of Sanskoye have something to defend, something for which to fight.

Standards of Living?

What would be the comparison of the Sanskoye standards of living with ours? It is unquestionably lower. In our average western community the size of Sanskoye there are more baths per capita, more movie houses, more shoes, more silk stockings, more radio sets.

But the chances are that in our settlement there are also more financial worries per capita: loans, railway payments, problems of grain disposal. Also, undoubtedly, we have a bigger stock of grain. This is one worry the Russian farmer never has. His market is practically limitless.

Today we can see why the Russian farmers finally accepted the collective farm system and why they fought for it. But it was different in 1929. In the long run the collective farm won because it proved more *profitable* than the tiny strip farms of the individual farmers.

In 1928 three-fourths of all Russia's vast farm lands did not employ any agricultural machines whatsoever except for the most rudimentary wooden plows. Twenty-seven per cent of all the farms had neither machines nor draught animals. When strip farms were pooled a new situation was created. The case is cited of the brothers Oskin, nationally-known combine operators employed at the Ilek Motor Tractor Station in the Chkalov (formerly Orenburg) Province. This year the two Oskins operating two combines linked together and drawn by one powerful tractor gathered 13,095 acres of grain.

To do this work by simple machines would have required 1,637 workers (under Russian conditions, of course), 373 horses, 25 harvesters, 25 thrashers, 25 winnowers, 40 sorters. By hand this work would have needed 3,323 laborers. So machines won out. It is true that the Oskin brothers do not earn the equivalent of the wages of more than three thousand men and women. But they do earn a great deal.

What happened to farming during the war years cannot yet be told. But it is already known that this year 22,000,000 more acres were under grain than before the war in the regions unoccupied by the enemy. Whereas during the first world war the area under crops fell by 1917 by 25,000,000 acres, this time the overall area under grain increased by three per cent, rice by 22 per cent, millet by 37 per cent, barley by 78 per cent. In terms of individual farms in areas untouched by the enemy the following picture is typical:

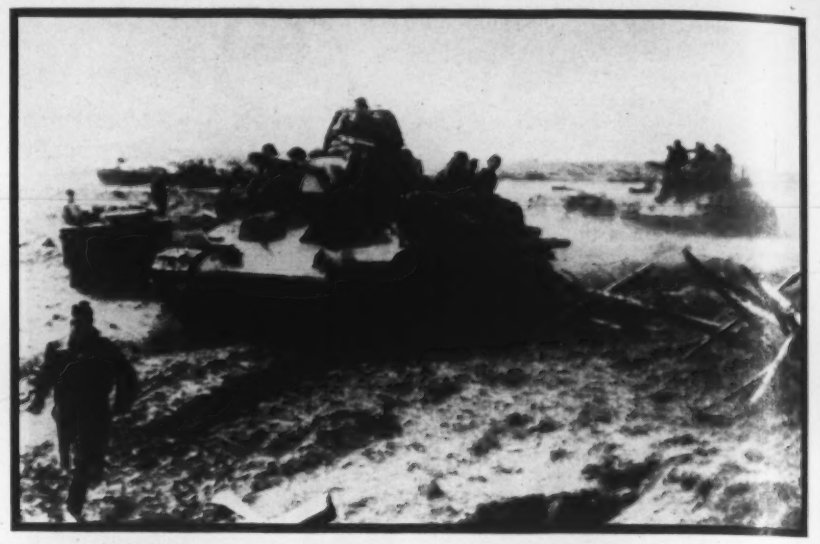
The Gorky Collective Farm in the Altai in Central Siberia before the war had 2,400 acres under grain. In 1943, despite the acute lack of labor and transport, the farm gathered a rich crop from 3,750 acres. Before the war the Gorky farm had 120 head of cattle; now 226 head; then 300 sheep, now 715; then 12 pigs, now 78. The farm gave the Red Army 45 of its best horses, but the number of horses at present is greater than before the war.

Farms Freed From Nazis

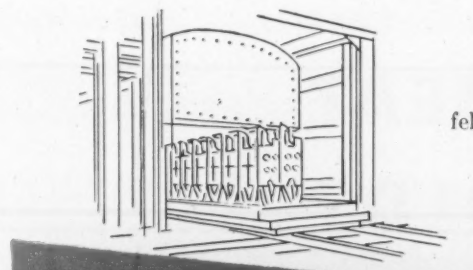
Very well. But what happened to farms liberated from German occupation? How are they standing the test of the difficult times?

Take the Collective Farm "Red Bogatyr" of Mikhailov County, Voronezh Province. The Germans robbed all they could here. The first difficulties on liberation were extreme. Land could only be plowed in the spring and there were only 12 horses and about 30 oxen that could be collected for the work, and that with difficulty. Cows were put to work. More than 1,150 acres were plowed by cows. The farmers took to spades.

Much work was put into doing as good a job as possible. The grain was weeded three times. As a result the fields which under German occupation gave them only four bushels of rye from an acre of land and only two bushels of wheat, now blessed the farmers with 16 bushels of oats per acre, 20 bushels of wheat and 22 bushels of millet. The collective farmers sold the Government 3,040 bushels of wheat, 2,420 bushels of oats, 50 tons of sunflower seed, 12 tons of potatoes and so on. There's the difference in working for oneself and being forced to work for the enemy.



Russian assault forces, spearheaded by tanks, are driving the Germans into hard-fighting retreat on a 100-mile front northeast of Budapest.



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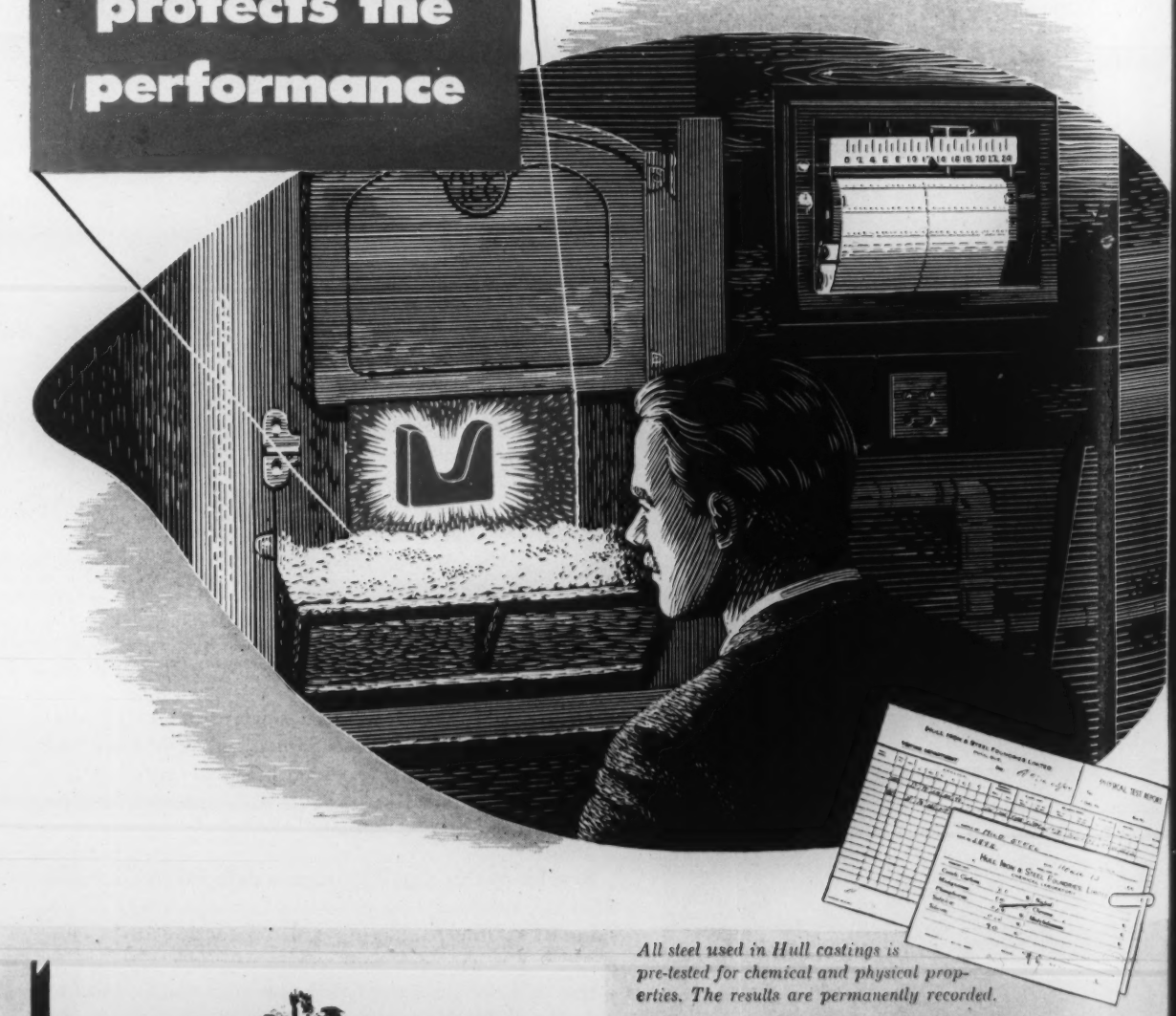

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THE HITLER WAR

Success of Western Front Drive Depends Greatly Upon Weather

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

HOW high should we build our hopes on this big winter drive into Germany? It has started well. We have seen, in the French breakthrough into Alsace, and in the success of General Patton's left wing, that the Germans cannot be strong everywhere. But we have also seen that, in the sector around Aachen, which is surely deemed the decisive one—for in it we have packed the bulk of three armies—the enemy is very strong, and ground is being gained only by the yard.

We have had samples, too, of the great hazards imposed by the uncertain weather of this time of year. Air support has been spotty, and our best gains have been made only on the clear days when our fliers were out to pound enemy gun positions and dug-in tanks, strafe his infantry and harass his supply transport. And Patton's armor, which has broken into the outer rim of the Saar basin, was held up four days by a sudden flooding of the Moselle.

The Role Of Chance

Our armor, our lavish mechanization of all arms, and our air power are our great advantages over the enemy. A spell of good weather which allowed us to use these might mean break-through, exploitation, and victory. Clogging mud—the one thing which will stop any offensive—and murky skies could spell stalemate. There is room here for one of Mr. Churchill's quotations on the grievous chances and unexpected delays which beset all war planners, and of which he has had rich experience.

If we had only been able to seize Tunis and Bizerta in December 1942, instead of being turned back at the very gates. . . If only the Germans had not taken over the Rome airfields the day the Italian capitulation was to be announced, and prevented us from carrying out our airborne operation. . . If our invasion of France had not had to be postponed from May, with its endless succession of perfect days, to June, which brought a great storm to wreck one of our pre-fabricated ports and bad flying weather which closed down our air support. . .

If we had just succeeded in getting to Arnhem, instead of just not succeeding. . . If the Hun had not interpreted our St. Nazaire and Dieppe raids as showing our intention to begin by seizing French ports, and set himself to make these impregnable. . . The *ifs* make a long list in warfare. And they may not be quite finished in the European War, even yet. We had better allow for them in our hopes. And *if* everything should come out perfectly this time, that will be all to the good.

Indeed, if the Germans are not actually at the breaking point, it would be a great deal to hope for final victory from this offensive, vast as it is. The French break-through to the upper Rhine, which they are already, according to Swiss reports, attempting to bridge, would lead into the Black Forest country, a ridge longer and deeper, and as rugged, as the Vosges Mountains. Having bicycled up and down its towering hills and narrow defiles, I should think it about the least promising opening for an invasion of Germany. And great distances cover any vital spot in this region.

The country which is absorbing the first impetus of Patton's offensive, Alsace-Lorraine, is obviously expendable territory for the Germans. They will hold it as long as possible, or as long as is profitable, and then try to fall back in good order to the Siegfried Line, behind the Saar border.

Capture of this coal-producing area would be a shrewd blow to the German war economy, and would tell in time. But beyond it we would have to traverse 75 miles of the rough Pfalz country, and even then the Germans would have the Rhine for a further stand. There is every indication that, provided they can keep their people in line, the German leaders intend to make a major stand on the Rhine.

Fight For Every Foot

This should be kept constantly in mind while watching the development of our main power drive east of Aachen. Here the enemy has far less expendable teritory, only a 25-mile band covering his important lower Rhine communication centres of Cologne, Duesseldorf and Duisburg, and many of his vital war industries. For every foot of this he is fighting like mad, throwing in an endless succession of counter-attacks as we grind forward a thousand yards a day.

But ultimately, this teritory too is expendable. He still has a prepared line on the Roehr River (not the Ruhr) four or five miles behind him, and if he has not blunted our attack by the time this is reached and expended, he has the Rhine here too—and a much broader Rhine with great cities like Cologne and Duesseldorf to be turned into rubble fortresses. Not the most surprising development in German propaganda would be a slogan "Remember Stalingrad!"

Though certainly an advance to the Rhine bank between Cologne and Duesseldorf, slashing the west bank road and rail arteries and allowing us to shell the east bank communications, would be a serious blow to the enemy, particularly if we also took the Saar.

One of the great hindrances, besides the hazards of winter weather, to turning a break-through on the Aachen front into victory on the Caen-Falaise model, is the lack of depth for maneuver. We are normally far more mobile than the enemy, with the combination of our mechanization and the air power to keep him off the roads during daylight. But there isn't the depth between Aachen and the Rhine in which to exploit a break-through, that there was between Caen and the Seine.

Doubtless our High Command has thought of this too. By rolling back the edges of the breach, in classic blitzkrieg fashion, they may hope to snare a large part of the armies close-packed in this sector. The British, turning sharply northward, might attempt to roll up the enemy's front facing Holland along the Meuse. The American armor might sweep down in the opposite direction, around behind Duren.

Victory West Of Rhine?

To counter such moves the Germans must be holding their few good SS Panzer divisions ready. Above all, they will try to retire gradually, with their front intact, to the Rhine. I shall be happy if this turns out to be too pessimistic a forecast; if our High Command has some big surprise in store to upset such German plans. And if the weather gives our armor and air power the breaks.

Taking the cautious view, however, it now seems likely that we shall have to fight through the winter, and that the great might of our bombing power used against the German cities will be needed to loosen the ferocious grip which Himmler has taken on the normally obedient and disciplined German population.

If so, future generations of Germans will bitterly regret these added months of resistance. With our monthly bomb discharge now four times what it was a year ago, all the main centres of the Reich can be

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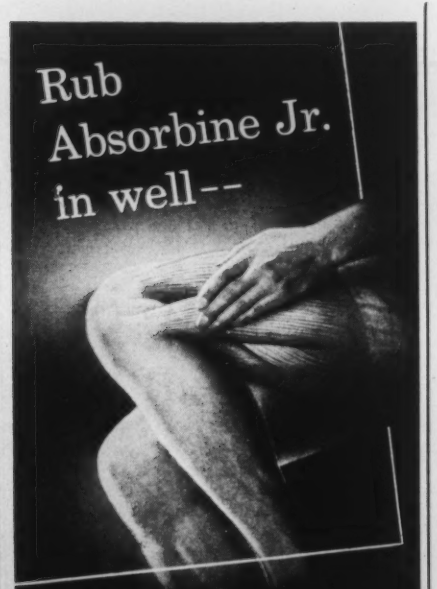

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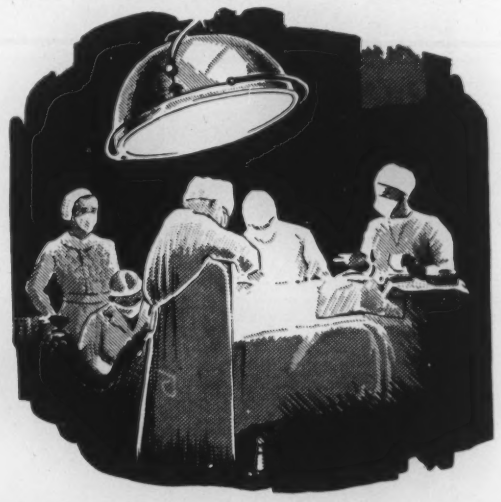

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levelled this winter, and there will not be much need for any Morgenthau Plan for the elimination of German industry.

On the other hand there is the blood cost. I spoke this week with a British officer who has been through the entire Desert campaign, Sicily and Italy, and the Western Front up to Brussels. He emphasized how, aside from the prisoners we take, the attacker suffers much the heavier casualties (though he himself was unscratched!).

And he is firmly convinced that for the past two years the Germans have had as their chief aim the infliction on us of the highest possible casualties, so that a day would come when our public would say: "This is costing too much, let us make a compromise peace." A careful reading of the Nazi propaganda clearly portrays this hope; and prisoners taken recently have repeated it almost word for word. That is what the Germans are fighting on for today.

Reinforcement Crisis

And that is the program which has created the Canadian reinforcement crisis. Ever since the actual landing our infantry casualties have run consistently above our estimates. We can accept from Colonel Ralston the statement that the supply is critically low, and that, according to present estimates, an actual shortage will exist by the end of December, before replacements from the draftee army could reach the front, if they were dispatched today, according to the normal procedure of embarkation leave and refresher training in Britain.

We can hearken to General McNaughton's plea to give the volunteer system a last chance to prove that it can provide the necessary men. But in the long run I don't see how we can dodge the simple questions: "Are we giving our men, fighting over there in cold and slush against a brutal and fanatic enemy, all the support we can? Is anything less than our utmost enough at this great crisis of human destiny? If we have trained men actually waiting here at home doing nothing, can we withhold them?"

The notion that, while we have these reserves, we can get out of our predicament by reducing the number of our divisions overseas, is really unthinkable. Could we face the scorn of the Americans over such an expedient, when they have four armies in this offensive in France, and other great forces fighting all over the world?

Use The Sixth Division

Judging the situation from the technical, and not the political point of view, the thing to do is to break up the Sixth Division on the West Coast, and use it as reinforcements —as its commanding officers boldly suggested in a press conference a few days ago. The troops are mainly draftees—which is the political angle—but they are also "almost completely trained and a fine fighting force" according to one of their brigadiers—which is the military consideration which ought to dominate.

While our attention has been absorbed by the reinforcement issue, the Presidential election and the new offensive on the Western front, there has been a notable development in the Battle of the Philippines. The Japs have poured some 60,000 fresh troops into Leyte, and both the Tokyo Radio and the Domei Agency have made the blunt statement that "Japan's future" will be decided there.

This Jap challenge is under the leadership of the able General Yamashita, conqueror of Singapore and Bataan, who arrived on the scene with the bombastic declaration that he had come to demand MacArthur's unconditional surrender, and all he wanted to hear from him was a plain answer "yes" or "no"!

As far as the Battle of Leyte goes, it would seem that the confident Yamashita begins with two strikes on him. The Jap plan to fight out the American bid for the Philippines to a finish on Leyte must have been coupled with the great raid by their fleet on the American convoys and Kincaid's Seventh Fleet, in Leyte Gulf; and the disastrous failure of that effort must seriously compromise the chances of Yamashita's land forces.

His short-term reinforcement prospects within the Philippine archipelago, where the Japs are believed to have over 200,000 troops, may be favorable. But the Americans have now had plenty of time to bring up reinforcements of their own, and they already control much the best two-thirds of the island, and have their air-power well-established ashore. A hard battle, of perhaps many weeks, is promised here, and the plan for pressing on with the conquest of Luzon and Manila may be delayed somewhat. But the actual outcome on Leyte can hardly be in doubt.

In the big political world there have been a number of important developments, which can only be briefly touched on in the remaining space. General de Gaulle has been invited to Moscow, and may be there by the time this is read. While this is another tribute to the strong French revival, so heartening to all her friends, it would be unwise to suddenly over-rate France's importance in present big power politics.

De Gaulle can, after all, place as counters on the green-covered table in the Kremlin only six or eight divisions and the hope of 20 by next summer; only a small air force (which, however, is providing the entire support for the French First Army operations on the Rhine); and the remnant of a fleet. And again, he can only speak of the hope of restoring French communications, getting imports of raw materials and restarting his industry by next spring.

France's Part

France will become a very important factor again in European affairs, if she scarcely hopes to rival the three giants as a world power. But for the present her chief importance is in bolstering Britain's bargaining power in the coming Big Three conference.

Significant preparation for the next Churchill-Roosevelt meeting with Stalin can be seen in the forging of a Western European bloc of Britain, France, Belgium and Holland (with among them, most of the colonial territory of the world), and the possibility of a very strong combined naval and air force, a sizable army and a strong bridgehead in Western Europe; and in Roosevelt's call for peace-time conscription, which would assure a continued strong American armed power.

The bargaining with the Russian colossus promises to be sterner next time than it was at Teheran, when anxiety to keep Russia in the fight against Germany to the end dominated all other considerations.

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"The Balkans Must Be For Balkan Peoples"

By DIMITRI J. TOSEVIC

In the light of the recent discussions between Churchill and Stalin on the Balkan question, accompanied as they were by the suggestion of the London "Times" that the region be divided into spheres of influence of the two great powers, Mr. D. J. Tosevic, well-known Yugoslav journalist resident in Canada during the war and author of the book "Not Nazis But Germans", raises the impassioned cry: "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples!"

RIGHT after World War I some of the European politicians voted the opinion that the domination over Europe would belong to that political power which would win the necessary trust and voluntary consent to control the Balkan nations. Both Mussolini and Hitler tried to gain this control of the Balkan Peninsula yet they didn't succeed in gaining it by voluntary submission of the respective nations and now at the end of World War II certain influential circles in Great Britain are recommending that the Balkan States be divided between the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain. Would the respective nations accept this recommendation voluntarily today?

Geographically the Balkans embrace that territory from the north of Transylvania to the Aegean Sea, and from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. The whole Balkans are a chain of mountains or of stony plateaus. Politically, they have been for generations, and still are, an open arena for the diplomatic contests of ambitious European powers on the one hand, and the bitter struggles of small but intense nationalities for autonomy in the land of their fathers, on the other.

The Balkans are the most sensitive spot of all Europe. The Balkans were one of the most important subjects of the political conferences of Quebec and Teheran and no doubt were discussed again during the recent meeting in Moscow of Premier Churchill with Marshal Stalin, Foreign Secretary Eden and United States Ambassador Harriman, and important decisions reached as to the future welfare of the Balkan nations.

Through its strategic position the Balkan Peninsula controls the territory of the delta of the Danube, the Black and Adriatic seas, as well as the Aegean and the Dardanelles. There is and will remain one fact—that the Balkan Peninsula represents a bridge between Europe and the Near East, that has tempted many great powers to "help" to open financial institutions, business companies, schools and made them compete to increase their power and domination of the Balkans.

In the relatively small Balkan Peninsula, 400,000 sq. miles, the racial situation is quite complicated. Its location had made it since ancient times a "dumping ground" and an unsuccessful "melting pot" of diverse European and Asiatic racial elements. Successive waves of immigration from Western Asia and northern Europe inundated the peninsula and, receding, left their influences.

Four Racial Groups

For purposes of simplification I shall first point out the four racial groups which successfully aspired to their own independent political states in the nineteenth century:

1. The Serbs, Jugo-Slavs, or Serbo-Croats, are Slavic in origin. They came into the peninsula in the seventh century A.D. and settled chiefly in the central portion, south of the Danube. They later populated the district around Belgrade which came to be known as Serbia, but these peoples extended over into Montenegro, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

2. Perhaps the most intense racial consciousness and pride existed among some eight or nine million Greeks, or Hellenes, as they proudly called themselves. They are actually the descendants of Slavs who came into the country and married with the native Greeks. They dwelt chiefly in the southern portion of the Balkan Peninsula and along the Macedonian coast. In the scattered isles of the Aegean Sea the Greeks can fairly claim pure Hellenic blood.

3. The Rumanians, or Vlachs, proudly claimed that they were descendants of Roman colonists and soldiers in the ancient province of Dacia. Their language does show a Latin influence, but racial admixtures of Slavic blood have left them hardly Roman. The Rumanians settled principally north of the Danube in Moldavia, Wallachia, Transylvania and Bessarabia.

4. The Bulgars are a mixture of Slavs and Asiatic Bulgars. It was not until 1878 that the Bulgarians succeeded in establishing their autonomy and later a free state.

Other Races

Besides these four major racial groups—Serbs, Greeks, Rumanians, and Bulgars—there were several scattered races, which bulked large in numbers but lacked geographical compactness. Most important of those were the Albanians, thought by many to be the oldest and purest of the Balkan peoples. Settling chiefly along the eastern coast of the peninsula on the Adriatic, they enjoyed an excellent location but were slow in developing national consciousness and solidarity.

The great numbers of Greeks, Bulgars, and Serbs in Albania tended to prevent this development, while a majority of Albanians lived among other peoples in Greece, in Serbia, and across the Adriatic in Italy. Scattered over the Balkan peninsula was also a considerable number of Jews and Armenians.

At this point it should be stated that the situation was complicated by the presence in every district of racial minorities that refused to become assimilated into the nation that came to govern them. This is true to such an extent that in many parts of the Balkans there is a mixture of three or four races with one only slightly predominant, the others constantly feeling themselves oppressed by the governing majority.

The growth of nationalism tended to intensify and complicate this situation, as it was impossible to unscramble races and establish boundaries that satisfied everybody. As a result, when the Balkan peoples were not fighting their common enemy, then, for better exploitation of the Balkan Peninsula, ambitious European powers divided the Balkan groups and made war between them, so that they fell to fighting each other.

The rise of nationalism among the various groups in the Balkans during the course of the nineteenth century has been pointed out. Literary, religious and political appeals were made by zealous patriots in each little racial group to rally their fellows for a struggle, to free themselves from the hated Ottoman Turkish rule, to set up as large an independent state as it was possible to secure, and to "free" fellow-members of their race who dwelt under other governments.

Various Viewpoints

This movement in favor of Balkan nationalism with its resultant anti-Turkish corollary was viewed in various ways by the different states of Europe, whose interference in the Balkan situation we shall now briefly survey.

The great powers of western Europe decided that Balkan problems were of international concern and must be settled by joint action. Great Britain was especially interested. It

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regarded with anxious eye Russia's encroachment in the Balkans because here lay the route to India, a vital link in the chain of empire. Its fear that Russia would seize Constantinople, key city of the Eastern Mediterranean, caused it to ally its interests with those of Turkey.

Russia, on the other hand, had for centuries felt that it should possess an outlet to the Mediterranean, since the lack of it in time of war would paralyze its southern defense. It was determined, therefore, to command Constantinople and the Bosphorus—just as determined as Great Britain was to prevent it from commanding them. This opposition of Russia and Great Britain is the crux of European intervention in Turkey during the nineteenth century.

In the period immediately before World War I, Germany with Austria-Hungary tried to destroy in the Balkans the Russian and British influences and to force upon the Balkan people their Pan-Germanism. Germany even before 1914 planned to unite Central Europe with Central Africa and thus put the Germans in a position which would have enabled them in a few years to wage war against the rival great powers and to attain for Germany supremacy over the world.

German Aggression

During the whole 19th century, South-Eastern Europe including the Balkans was heavily overshadowed by Russian and British influence. The Germans, however, immediately after the Congress of Berlin, 1878, started to crowd out both these influences and endeavored to fill their positions. Germany hoped that she would become undisputed master of the Balkan Peninsula and that she would be able to proceed with her plans in the Near East and North Africa. Germany's plans were culminating during the last war, but were frustrated by her defeat in 1918.

In the era 1918-1933, through the provisions of the Versailles Treaty, it seemed that an atmosphere of peace and order was established. The advent of Hitler to power in Germany and into the political scene of Europe signalled a sharp deterioration of Balkan conditions. At the same time the League of Nations, already weakened through the non-cooperation of the United States and Russia, two of the largest countries in the world, was unable to function according to its original conception.

A further outcome of the weakness of the League of Nations was the endeavors of the Balkan States to unite in one group under the slogan "The Balkans for the Balkan Nations." During this period Russia had little influence on the Balkans, because of her Communistic radicalism. There was little to collectivize here, as the Balkan countries are not capitalistic, and only slightly industrialized. The people are mostly agricultural and the soil owned by small farmers, the opportunity for education being offered to rich and poor alike. There is no aristocratic class, no social differences in the Balkans. This is a very important factor in appreciating the Balkan attitude towards Communism.

On an island in the Adriatic within sight of their homeland, young Jugoslav patriots are training for the day when they will help to liberate their country from the Germans. Some of them have already taken part in lightning raids on the mainland. Singing, these boy and girl Partisans march to the schooner which will take them to Jugoslavia for a raid on German communications

France's Interest

Great Britain was very much interested in the Balkan countries, but after World War I, she dropped her interest, I believe in favor of France, as she did not want to compete with her ally of 1914-1918. France was endeavoring earnestly to supply the necessary capital to help in promoting the economic life in some Balkan countries which offered a reasonable stability. She gave her moral support to the idea of a defence system against the possible aggression of Germany: the Little Entente—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania; and the proposed Balkan Entente—Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece and Turkey—in further co-operation with Poland.

Unfortunately even this powerful France, who held the trust of the majority of the Balkan and Central European states, did not have the necessary self-confidence, was unable to consolidate her strength, and she lacked a solid political line. After the death of Briand the foreign policy of France began to lose its influence and weight in the Balkan countries. Eternal bickering and the numerous changes of the French government were causing ideological political chaos not only in France, but also in the various Balkan countries, whose traditions and policies were closely interwoven with the fate of France.

While the numerous French political parties never could agree as to the responsibility of France to undertake the defence of democracy, the pan-Germanic plans of Berlin were being cast for the day of subjugation of the free European nations.

The small states of Central Europe and the Balkans began to declare their neutrality in the face of the coming conflict of the great powers. The Little Entente was not influential enough, as such states as Poland, the Baltic States, Austria and Hungary stood aloof.

The Balkan Entente was also imperfect, as Bulgaria and Albania did not adhere to it. All this was in favor of Berlin and Rome, which powers were in open opposition to the Little Entente and the Balkan Pact, and also against the French policy. Germany and Italy backed the irredentist elements in Bulgaria, Albania, Austria and Hungary, and they succeeded in winning over these states under the influence of their aggressive policies.

Murder of a King

Until 1934 France had a strong policy in the Balkans backed up principally by Yugoslavia. But when, in October of that year the Yugoslav King Alexander was assassinated while paying an official visit to France, Yugoslavia began to lose her traditional confidence in that country.

After the assassination of King Alexander in Marseilles there began the infiltration of German and Italian propaganda directed against French influence in the Balkans. These plans made good progress, as Italy on her part won over Albania and succeeded in influencing the Bulgarian royal family through the marriage of the Italian princess to King Boris, and also won some support in Greece.

Germany through her capital endeavored to influence Rumania and Yugoslavia. Both Hitler and Mussolini rejoiced over the fact that the proposed eastern defensive system, which French diplomacy had attempted to build up around the states of the Little and Balkan Ententes, was totally destroyed by the Munich Conference.

You may often hear from American newspapermen: "These Balkan countries are like hell—paved by the bad intentions of the great powers." The Balkan states have a population of about 55 millions, with Turkey 73 millions. (Turkey is partly also a Balkan state, with 18 millions of inhabitants.) These nations have been for centuries the subject of intrigue by great powers. One nation is being told to fight the other, neighbor to fight neighbor—for no valid reason—but from incitement and propaganda. The Rumanian is to hate the Bulgar and vice versa; the Bulgar is to hate the Greek, etc. When you begin to study the roots of these enmities, you will be surprised to find out that the real cause has usually been the incitement of some great power.

"He who dominates the Balkans, rules the Dardanelles, controls the Near East, the Mediterranean and the Arab countries, including the Suez Canal," said Clemenceau, the distinguished French statesman.

It is a serious indictment of human and political society that it allows — and wishes — these small states to have endless quarrels, which then embroil other nations in wars and lead the Balkan Peninsula to the massacre of peaceful populations. Ugly struggles in Balkan politics, almost incomprehensible to the western reader, have influenced and will continue to influence the future peace of Europe and the whole world—as long as the great powers will not realize and practise what the famous British Prime Minister Gladstone advocated:

"The Balkans for the Balkan nations—that is the only hope for good relations between the great powers of Europe."

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Draftees Make as Good Soldiers as Others

By MAJOR H. G. L. STRANGE

In the last war the author had opportunity to observe closely the battle behavior of soldiers of many countries. He decided that the popular notion that volunteers were better fighters than drafted men had no basis in fact. Occasionally a man's nerves might give way, or he might rise to almost superhuman heights of heroism, but this apparently had no relation to the circumstances of his becoming a soldier.

THE question of reinforcements to the Canadian Army Overseas, as we all know, is agitating the minds of the members of our Government and of all of us. It appears to be a highly complicated matter involving such things as politics, unity and the training of the men. Great differences of opinion have been expressed about these phases of the question. There is one other point, however, that is being discussed upon which I believe I can throw some evidence; it concerns the opinion expressed by some that we should be reluctant to send draftees overseas to reinforce our army for the reason that drafted men would not, it is alleged, make as good fighting men as those who have volunteered; and that dissatisfaction might be created in our army, now composed of volunteers, if drafted men are sent to reinforce them.

I have myself had fighting experience in the Boer War and in the last war. Then because of the special nature of the work in which I was engaged, i.e. the discharge of gas and flame, I had the opportunity of working with, and of observing rather closely, the different national armies in France—the Belgians, the British, the Canadians, the Australians, the New Zealanders, the French, the Americans and the Portuguese.

Boers All Draftees

In the South African War the Boers were all drafted men. Men between the ages of 16 and 60 were commandeered by law to serve with the fighting Commandos. The British on the other hand were all volunteers. When we landed in South Africa we were told that one volunteer was worth three conscripted or drafted men. We believed this, but after our first action against the Boers "We were soon cured of all that damned nonsense", as one soldier put it in those days. The drafted Boers and the volunteer British were equally brave and equally courageous, but the Boers knew the country better, so they were better fighters in that area. After awhile we caught up with them in experience, and towards the end of the war there was no difference between our respective abilities as fighters.

In the last Great War the French were all drafted men. The American Army was composed mainly of drafted men, but included a fair percentage of volunteers. The British Army were all volunteers up to a certain date, and then were reinforced by conscripted or drafted men. The Australians were all volunteers. The New Zealanders like the British consisted of volunteers up to a certain date, and after that were reinforced by drafted men. The Canadians, too, consisted mainly of volunteers but towards the end of the war, as with the British, the New Zealanders and the Americans were reinforced by drafted men. Our enemy, the Germans, were all drafted men. In the last war, therefore, we had every possible combination of volunteers and drafted men fighting in the different armies on the Allied side.

My own definite conclusion which I expressed immediately after the war when it was quite fresh in my memory was that there was no difference whatever in the gallantry, courage and devotion to duty of the soldiers in any national army, whether Allied or enemy, in France. Soldiers all did their tasks as well as they could, and when necessary they stood their ground, fought and died. No more than this could be asked of any man. It was generally thought then that one might make an exception of the Portuguese, for their infantry as a group definitely was poor, but the Portuguese artillery, also drafted men, was considered to be among the best artillery in any army. Any infantry unit was content if it were supported by Portuguese artillery, but even among the two divisions of Portuguese infantry, and which in general made a poor record, there was one battalion at least that stood out and was considered to be the equal of any battalion in any army.

This refers to the fighting ability of men in groups. There were naturally individual instances that differed greatly. Under the extreme stress of battle occasionally a man's nerves gave way, and occasionally a man rose to almost superhuman heights of heroism and unselfish devotion to duty. These instances, however, occurred equally with drafted men and volunteers. They were caused by the make-up of the individual man and had nothing whatever to do with whether he was a volunteer or a drafted man.

Courage Common Attribute

This experience then would seem to deny the statement we hear now that volunteers are better fighters than drafted men. Apparently they are not, for almost all soldiers, I have found, behave well in battle. Courage, I conclude, not only from my own experience in two wars, but also from my reading of military history, is a most ordinary human attribute. Soldiers in battle seem to be readily influenced by the example of those around them. A soldier soon realizes that his own life to a great extent depends upon the support his comrades give him, and, of course, it soon dawns on him that the lives of his comrades, too, depend on his own actions, and so soldiers rise to the occasion, and usually do their duty in battle faithfully, courageously and well.

In my own unit I had both volunteers and drafted men. There was nothing whatever in their respective conduct or behavior to indicate who was drafted or who was a volunteer. Their records showing whether they were volunteers or drafted men appeared only on their individual files in the Orderly Room. These records were seldom if ever known outside the Orderly Room, and a fellow-soldier's status was never discussed or even thought of by either officer, N.C.O. or private. A soldier is much more concerned about whether his comrades do their share of the necessary work to be done than he is about inquiring into the pre-war history of his mates, or of how they became a part of the Army.

Resentment Doesn't Figure

Whatever, therefore, may be the reasons which will decide whether our Canadian draftees should be sent overseas or not, one thing is certain: the argument used by some that draftees would not make good fighting men, or that our volunteers already over there would resent draftees appearing on the battle front, can be written off as being of no consequence. That opinion at least, I believe, can be deleted from the discussion.

One other point may be of interest. Most people who have not had experience in war and battle conclude that soldiers are forever fighting, forever going into action, and that their feelings are wrought up at all times to a high pitch of fighting excitement. This most definitely is not true. The bulk of the soldier's time is taken up in preparing for battle and this preparation period occupies by far the greater part of his time. The soldier is actually but a short time in battle itself. To obtain sufficient good food, and to get sufficient sleep, under conditions that at least supply him with a minimum of comfort, is always of great concern to fighting men. Then the soldier looks forward to the opportunity of going back to rest away from both battle and the preparation for battle.

One serious source of discontent and grumbling with soldiers is always when they have to spend what they consider too long a period in the battle lines under disagreeable and most uncomfortable conditions because of a lack of reinforcements. This question of rest, I suggest, is one other important point to be remembered. Soldiers, too, would much rather be reinforced by men from their own country than by men from the armies of other nations. I am sure that our Canadian Army would much rather be composed of all Canadians than be composed, as it is today, of Canadians, Poles, British and Americans; which brings up one other point:-

Can five Divisions, which constitute the total Canadian Army Overseas, even though they were all gathered together (that is three Divisions in France and the two in Italy) really and truly be termed an Army? This then brings to mind a matter not often discussed these days, and which goes further than the need for reinforcements to our present-size army. Is the present Canadian army large enough to enable Canada to do her full part in this war? Should our army not consist of more divisions than the five which are now there? The very minimum which I have ever heard a fully-equipped army to consist of is three Army Corps, with three Divisions to each.

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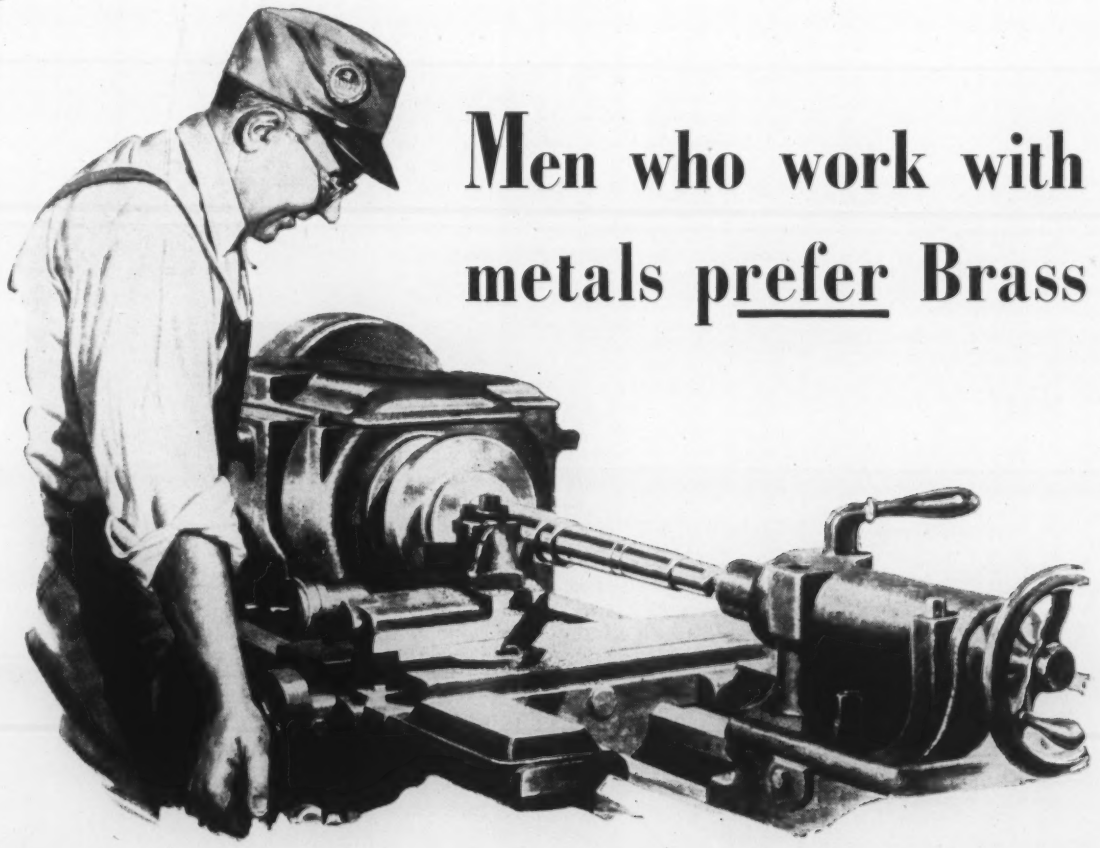

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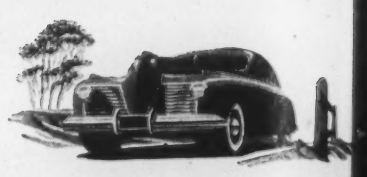

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

When Better Flowers are Grown Colchicine Will Grow Them

By WILLIAM E. DICK

London.

THE autumn crocus possesses the strange power of being able to enhance the beauty of flowers already more beautiful than itself. A drug called colchicine gives the autumn crocus its poisonous character. This substance which has long been used to dose people who suffer from gout, provides the scientist with a new technique for breeding flowers, trees, vegetables and cereals.

Recently I visited the John Innes Horticultural Institution where research that foreshadows a revolution in the craft of plant breeding is being carried on. In a greenhouse I saw an evening primrose that had been treated with colchicine and I was able to compare it with an ordinary plant grown from the same sample of seed. The flower of the treated plant was twice the normal size, with every part of it also in perfect proportion. Even in the pollen grains there was this difference in size.

There is nothing particularly difficult about administering colchicine to produce these effects, although care and patience are required. All that had been done with the evening primrose seeds was to germinate them on blotting paper soaked in a weak solution of the drug. The tiny root which grows out of the seed gives the first hint that the colchicine has done the trick. Compared with that of an ordinary seedling it is short and stumpy.

With this technique seedlings chosen for potting are those that look most retarded. They give the best results. All that remains is to wash away the last traces of colchicine and plant the seedling.

The change which the drug brings about proves to be deep seated and permanent. The plant's heredity has been radically altered. Under the microscope it can be seen that every cell of which the plant body is composed has undergone transformation.

Chromosomes

For a long time it has been known that the ultimate basis of heredity rests upon certain rod-shaped structures in the cell nucleus, known as chromosomes. Every species of plant has its fixed number of chromosomes. There are 14 in the evening primrose, 16 in the snapdragon, and 18 in the radish. The evening primrose with the abnormally large flower had 28, twice the natural number of chromosomes, and it was the colchicine which had induced that multiplication.

Such doubling sometimes occurs in nature. Because these polyploids, as the scientist calls plants with more than the usual ration of chromosomes, have greater vigor and reach a greater size, our ancestors noticed them long before anyone thought of subjecting plant tissues to microscopic examination.

Very wisely they picked them off and used them for breeding new and useful hybrids. There is no doubt that natural polyploids have played an important part in the evolution of the plants which now cover our farms, orchards and gardens. With colchicine treatment the synthetic polyploid is made possible, and this opens up the prospect of the plant breeder producing in a few decades results that would have taken our forefathers thousands of years.

Polyploids are usually more sturdy and robust, the flowers and fruits they produce are bigger. For instance the polyploid pear known as Seabrook's Improved Fertility has fruits about twice the size of the variety from which it was derived. The vitamin content is frequently improved, while the plant may also be more resistant to frost.

Colchicine also presents us with a means of overcoming the sterility of valuable hybrids. This phenomenon is common among plants. It becomes possible to apply the colchicine treatment to a hybrid that does not seed and restore its power to reproduce its kind.

In Sweden where the science of genetics and the craft of the plant breeder are more closely integrated than anywhere else in the world, colchicine is being widely used in an intensive drive to improve such crops as barley, rye, potatoes, flax, sugar beet and clover. The Swedes also aim to breed faster growing timber trees, such as larch, pine, fir and redwood, and here again the drug is being used.

Britain also is likely to be well to the fore in this field of research. Dr. C. D. Darlington, who directs one team engaged in developing the colchicine technique, tells me that it is likely to speed the production of new and useful plant varieties and yield spectacular results in the next ten years or so. In particular, the farmers of our tropical colonies will benefit.

In conclusion, it is necessary to issue a warning to any amateur gardener who feels tempted to make his own experiments. Colchicine is very poisonous and must be handled with extreme care. Also, it is at present very scarce, supplies being required for medical purposes.

I should also add that colchicine is no "boom food" or super-fertilizer. So please do not send me money and ask for enough colchicine to treat your five-rod allotment, as one scientist was recently requested to do.

Medical officers with the R.A.F. in Belgium are helping out civil medical services by running clinics for civilian refugees. While a mother gets treatment for an eye injury, an airman orderly holds her baby.

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Middle-Class Japanese Not Like Samurai Barbarians

By W. E. HARRIS

Two kinds of Japanese exist; the chauvinistic inheritors of the samurai tradition, ruthless and without honor, save among themselves, and the middle-class folk, cheerful, patient and courteous, but unstable in opinion. With these, the writer believes, postwar co-operation with the Allied Nations might be possible. How far the war-spirit roused by the modern samurai has contaminated the middle-class no one knows.

The author lived for many years in Japan, teaching in the Military Academy, the Military Staff College and other schools and knowing intimately people of all sorts from Royal princes down to traders, peasants and rickshaw men.

FOR winning a war it is not advisable to ponder the more amiable traits, if any, of our foe. All legitimate means which may add vigor to our blows are necessary. But once the war is definitely won we are confronted with the alternatives of utterly exterminating him or living with him peacefully. For the latter it is well, as far as possible, to understand him.

Newspaper readers whose liveliest ideas of the Japanese have been derived from the many atrocity stories reaching us from across the Pacific may reasonably ask, "How on earth can we be ultimately friendly with such monsters?" I, too, must confess myself shocked. In their war with Russia the humaneness of the Japanese soldiers and their kindness to their prisoners won the praise of the world; yet then the country was fighting for its life. Strange change in less than forty years! During that time I lived with the people, intimately, and never noticed it. Yet the stories are, at least in many cases, perfectly well authenticated. How is this to be explained?

In dealing with Oriental races—with all races, in fact, other than our own—there is one truth which we are likely to overlook. When we observe a Sikh, a Chinese, an Esquimaux or a Scotsman we notice, if we belong to none of these races, a small or marked difference in complexion, features, height or some other physical characteristic from ourselves, and imagine this difference must extend to every part of him, inside as well as out, and we stamp it as racial. The truth is, of course, that as far as social and moral, as distinct from physical and mental, traits are concerned there are no such things as racial characteristics; the former being conditioned entirely by tradition, environment, and (in less proportion) *individual* heredity.

Certain qualities and actions are extolled by tradition: the people will admire and endeavor to practise them; not always with great success, any more than we do the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. Certain traits result from social circumstances which will vary as time progresses. I have known Japanese brought up from babyhood in England who were absolutely indistinguishable, in their instincts, ethics and reactions to life, from English boys of their own class; until they were taken by their parents to Japan.

A Composite Nation

This present nation is a fusion, more or less complete, between two absolutely different sorts of people, with different ethics and tradition; the samurai under their castle-barons or daimyo, and the great mass of common folk. This samurai class dates back only to the tenth century A.D., during the period of lawlessness following the decline of the great Fujiwara family which for three hundred years had usurped the Mikado's powers. Great land-owners hired bands of mercenaries for self-protection, and the leaders of these *condottieri*, each secure in his strong castle, in time divided the whole land under themselves as feudal lords, known as daimyo.

The samurai was, from birth, the creature of peculiar, rigid, austere and pleasureless training, in which the softer virtues had little part. Courage and loyalty were his twin polestars—loyalty to his master the daimyo, not to any such far-away abstraction as the Emperor. His ideas were moulded by Confucianism and the ascetic doctrines of Zen Buddhism; both imports from China. His word was his bond—when given to a fellow-clansman. Of all things commercial he professed utmost contempt; the very ability to count money was considered despicable. To avenge lord or parent was a sacred duty with which no consideration of mercy, pity, truthfulness or the rights of others must interfere.

A Milder Outlook

To the jolly commoner or "heimin", life was a thing to be made as pleasant as possible, consistent with the exigencies of earning a living and not running foul of his superiors. He too was a Buddhist, but of a kindlier, softer sort. Mixed with his Buddhism was a vague ancestor-worship in which were included the ideas of a shadowy Mikado and his Sun-Goddess progenitress, and propitiation of the more immediate of the myriad native deities. His moral and commercial codes were lax, but he was frugal, temperate, fair-minded on the whole and extremely law-abiding—from fear of the consequences.

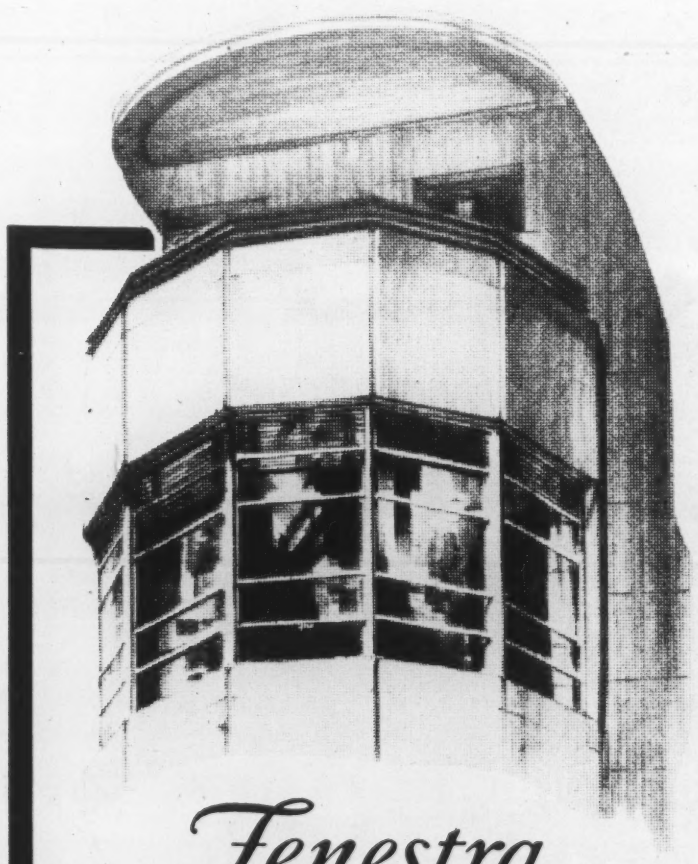
The feudal system which kept these two classes apart ended with the restoration (nominal) of supreme power to the Mikado. Samurai and heimin might intermarry, and did so largely. Very many samurai, from their utter ignorance of commercial ways, fell into poverty or saved themselves by alliance with the plebs. Some shrewder ones founded large businesses and did very well. Sometimes a "shizoku" family (this word is the modern equivalent for samurai, the distinction of classes being nominally preserved) adopted a son of base degree, who restored their fortunes. Many of the great commercial firms of Japan arose in these ways, though some date back for centuries.

And the result of this mixture? Well, if you could go and live intimately with these people, in city or country, you would find them, once the little superficial peculiarities had been puzzled over and had sunk into perspective, very little different from those in Europe or America. The influence of Western moral, social, political and (indirectly) Christian ideas and ideals upon Japan has been enormous, especially in her cities and towns. This influence, since about 1912 (the end of Meiji) was gaining increasing tempo till gradually halted, after 1930, by successive reactionary governments.

When Reaction Began

The weight of that reaction, most unwelcome to the private citizen everywhere, increased strongly after the beginning of the war with China. Christmas trees and celebrations generally were frowned upon, practically banned. Scores of dance halls which had sprung up in and around every large city were forced out of business by police restrictions. Attempts were made to weed out many of those Anglo-Saxon words that had crept into the language, English teaching was curtailed in the schools and schoolbooks were revised on a strictly nationalistic basis.

For the three decades prior to this the popular attitude toward foreigners had been completely friendly. Visiting the country first in 1903 from China, where I had lived for some years, I noted this among my liveliest impressions. Have the chauvinists had time to build up anti-foreignism and hatred in the younger generation of Japan in the last three years as they have certainly done in Germany during the last twenty? I strongly doubt it; and for thirty-five years I have been teaching classes of all ages, from beginners in a city middle-



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school to cadets in the Military Academy and captains in the Imperial Staff College.

I have repeatedly seen it stated, by writers, whose sources of information were nil, that Japan's plans for world-conquest date back fifty, a hundred, or even two thousand years! The crass absurdity of these statements, to anyone who has studied Japanese history, is their own refutation. Under the Tokugawas, *de facto* rulers of Japan for three centuries prior to 1868, her government wished as little contact as possible with the outside world. True, Hideyoshi sent an expedition in 1592 to invade Korea, unsuccessfully. I believe England has, in the past, done similar things to France. Definite plans to control China were probably first envisaged by the military clique about 1915, faded for a time, were revived ten years later, extended to hegemony of all eastern Asia, and, at about the start of World War II, to dispossession of England, France and Holland from their Oriental holdings.

As I attended the General Staff Office two or three times a week after my hours at the Military Staff College I had unusually good opportunities for judging these matters. More grandiose ideas of world conquest and domination arose with Japan's initial successes in the war (though they may have been previously nourished by a few fanatical officers) and were zealously disseminated throughout the nation; but I query if they have taken any real root.

But about the atrocities? They are the sort of things that really interest readers; how reconcile *them* with your picture of a normal, pleasant people? Well, I must qualify, to some degree, my foregoing description. Like ourselves in many ways, those islanders are more like, in others, our ancestors of three or four centuries ago, when bear-baiting and bull-fighting were common pastimes, men were still hanged, drawn and quartered, and witches and heretics burnt alive. Remember that they emerged from feudalism some 75 years ago.

By no means cruel-natured, they show an insensibility to the sufferings of animals. Boys will harry and chivvy stray dogs and cats and tease caged monkeys and other creatures mercilessly without reproof from their elders, and teamsters brutally beat their horses, though a movement was started recently to correct this. When I first came to Canada after my long stay in Japan I was struck with the trusting, almost impudent friendliness of the cats, dogs, robins, and pigeons one passed in the street. A popular sport in some Japanese Service colleges was to loose a pig in a large hall where a few hundred "players", students and staff alike, beat it with their bare hands as it rushed frantically among them until it died. This was to toughen the nerves and palms of the participants.

Imitating the Nazis

The samurai code was as ruthless as Joshua to the private or public enemy. Abstract truth was never a virtue, but it was virtuous to deceive, bamboozle and lull the enemy of your liege lord until you could destroy him at a blow. The fanatical reactionaries now in power have done everything to revive these mediaeval ideas throughout the nation, much against the passive disapproval of liberal-minded sections. In 1904 Russia was the reactionary: Japan, under a liberal regime, wished to show the world how modern-minded she was. Now, following her Nazi tutors, (she has never shown real independence of thought) her leaders shake abroad the bloody ensign of revolt against effete Anglo-Saxon ideas of decency and humanity: also, for her co-Asiatics' benefit, against subservience to the white man—and woman. Young Japanese are at once teachable and very changeable. A youth will swing in a month from blind Marxian devotion to extreme chauvinism. The new course of army training easily awakes that sadism lurking in each one of us.

Such is a picture, then, of the Japanese as a nation. The next immediate question is: how long will they hold out against us?

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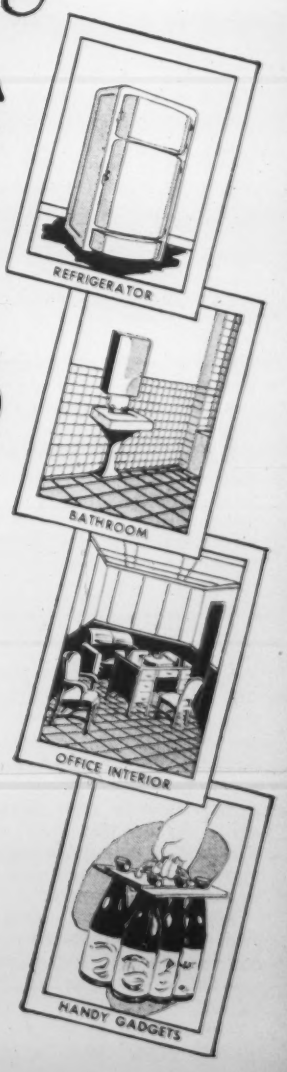

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Soldiers Will Return With Many Legends

By JOHN MITCHELL

In their visits with the people of Europe Allied soldiers undoubtedly are picking up much quaint folk lore.

Normandy particularly is full of legends and Mr. Mitchell tells some of them, varying from the Boy Bishop of Bayeux to the people of Vire who wanted to have continual moonlight.

THE Allied troops will bring back from Europe some astonishing stories of the survival of legends, traditions and myths and many of them will come from Normandy. No part of the European Continent is richer in folk lore than the French province where the United Nations made their first attack on Hitler's "fortress".

Bayeux, scene of some of the bitterest fighting, has long had a Boy Bishop ceremony, in connection with its cathedral. Similar ceremonies take place at a few spots in England and Wales, but attached to the Bayeux ritual is a curious story.

It tells how, hundreds of years ago, a young chorister fell down the well in the cathedral. But three days later he appeared on the sea off the coast. Not only was he quite unharmed, but the candle which he had carried at the cathedral service was still alight in his hand!

He told an amazing story of entering a beautiful chapel at the foot of the well, and stated that a company of Saints had ensured his safety. The story so impressed the episcopal authorities that the boy was enrobed and placed in the Bishop's chair, and right down to modern times it has been customary for Bayeux Cathedral to have a Boy Bishop for a few days each year.

Dream Painter of Tilley

Tilley, another hotspot in the war news during recent months, has been the scene of reputed miraculous happenings—some of them during the last twenty years. Allied soldiers may have heard of the visions which are stated to have been seen there by pilgrims.

Efforts were made, exactly 100 years ago, to discredit these tales, but only a few years ago a new example arose to puzzle and thrill all Northern France.

A peasant girl, taking part in a pilgrimage to Tilley, fell into a trance. While in a state of coma, she asked for a pencil and paper. Then, still in a trance, she began to draw.

A sketch swiftly took shape on her pencil-pad. Before the astonished gaze of her companions there took shape a picture of a wonderful church, complete in every detail. When the sketch was shown to a noted architect, he declared that it was perfect in every way. Yet the peasant girl had never received a single lesson in drawing, and indeed had never attempted to draw seriously before.

Little wonder that Normandy cherishes its legends and superstitions, for similar examples are numerous. A few miles from Caen, according to another tradition, a shepherd one day noticed a sheep scratching a hole in the ground instead of nibbling at the grass.

The animal continued its digging day after day, and never paused to eat the nearby grass. When news of this phenomenon reached the dignitaries of the local church, they took up the task and enlarged the hole. Several feet underground they found a statue of the Virgin Mary, and to commemorate the discovery a pilgrim shrine was built on the spot. The edifice has since been one of the most popular objectives for pilgrims in Northern France.

The Cherbourg area has some ghost stories of its own. One legend concerns a ghostly monk who lures unwitting seamen to their doom. Often, it is said, he pretends to be drowning, but as soon as a would-be rescuer grasps him, he disappears beneath the sea dragging his deliverer with him.

Nazi troops stationed on the Normandy coast were reported to have been victims of this terrible wraith, and it is said that only dire necessity prompted some of the German soldiers to venture off-shore in boats, for this very reason.

Sea folk lore is particularly strong in the coastal villages of Nomandy. Fishermen's wives believe that the return of their menfolk can be ensured by burning a broom. This they believe will attract the wind, and so waft the ships safely back to port.

Devil's Blood-Marks

There's a particularly appropriate legend which purports to account for certain red streaks visible in some of the rocks on the Normandy coast. According to tradition, these are blood-marks made during a fierce duel between the Devil and St. George, hundreds of years ago.

Just as St. George of England—as represented by the British soldier—is today fighting to free mankind from the evils of Nazism, so did the legendary St. George wage victorious battle against the Evil One in the past. The rocks, say the French fishermen, give proof of the fierceness of the fight.

But perhaps the oddest legend concerns the people of Vire, the township in the Department of Calvados, where there is a castle built by Henry the First of England. Like the people of a certain English village, who sought to retain perpetual summer by building a wall round the cuckoo, the inhabitants of Vire wanted to have continually moonlit nights.

So, one fine evening when the moon was at the full, they laboriously hoisted a huge wolf trap to the top of the highest tower, fondly thinking that by this means their desire could be fulfilled.

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Prussians Have Been Germany's Bad Boys

By THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE

Dean Inge agrees with Emil Ludwig that the Prussians haven't been the great men of Germany. They have held the political influence in a nation where politics and "the spirit" never meet.

The future of the nation, this noted student believes, rests with the skilled German workman, who, in his opinion, is very patriotic but not militarist.

I have been reading again Emil Ludwig's brilliant book, The Germans, which really ought to have been called The Prussians. Ludwig hates the Prussians, he would be a very odd Jew if he did not hate them; and if love is blind hatred is not. A more damning indictment was never brought against a nation.

How does he account for the splendid achievements of Germans in music, philosophy, scholarship and science? In two ways. "The German Reich and the German nation are two different things," said Schiller. Ludwig puts it a little differently. In Germany "the spirit" and politics never meet. The German intellect, dreamy, abstract, unworldly, is unpolitical and has no influence on public affairs. The disastrous severance of public from private morality is already prominent in Luther. Bismarck never thought of making the acquaintance of Nietzsche. Thus there is a deep rift in the national character.

Secondly though Germany since Bismarck has almost come to mean Prussia, hardly any of the great names in German history have been Prussian. "Gutenberg from Mainz, Kepler, from Swabia, Luther from Saxony, Goethe and Schiller, Lessing and Holderlin, Bach, Gluck and Haydn, Mozart and Schubert, Schumann and Wagner, Strauss and Brahms, Richter and Novalis, Leibniz and Schopenhauer, Hegel and Schelling, Fichte, the Schlegels and Grimms, Schliemann, Mommsen, Liebig, Bunsen—South Germans all of them."

Beethoven and the Humboldts were partly French, Kant half Scottish, Nietzsche was a Pole. Even of their generals, Tilly was Dutch, Wallenstein half Czech, Scharnhorst, Blucher and Moltke were not Prussians. Mendelssohn, Heine, Einstein and several other great names are those of Jews. Handel was really a Saxon. Who is left? Bismarck, a typical Junker.

There is a long list of exiles, who could not stand living in Prussia—Klopstock, Herder, Winckelmann, Einstein, Thomas Mann, and many more.

One of Ludwig's cleverest devices is to quote what Germans have said about themselves. Two examples will suffice.

Goethe writes: "Germany? Where does it lie? How can we find the whole? Learned Germany's one, but the State has a different soul." Again: "It is a brazen tribe of men that lives in Berlin. Delicacy does not go far with them." "The German arrogates to himself the achievements of every other nation, insisting that they are all descended from himself."

How Nietzsche Felt

Nietzsche wrote: "When I imagine the kind of man that runs counter to all my instincts it always turns out to be a German. I cannot abide this race, with whom one is always in bad company. The Germans lack all conception of their own viciousness, and that is the ultimate in viciousness. Never have anything to do with those who take part in this mendacious race illusion."

Yet those who know the South Germans, especially the Austrians, always like them. They are quite different from the Prussians, whom they heartily dislike. The Viennese, who made their city the most charming capital in Europe, used to call Berlin Parvenupopolis. They were fond of this quatrain: *"Es gibt nur eine Kaiserstadt. Es gibt nur ein Wien; Es gibt nur ein Raubernest. Und das heisst Berlin."* (There is only one imperial city, there is only one Vienna; there is only one nest of robbers, and its name is Berlin.")

I hope the Austrians will be given the chance of claiming their independence if they want it. After seven years of jackbooting there is not much doubt how they will vote.

As usual after reading a furious diatribe I began to think whether there is anything to be said on the other side. There is not very much, but there is something.

Character Can Change

To begin with, there is no such thing as permanent national character. Climate and geographical position are permanent and count for much. Alleged racial differences count for very little; we are all mongrels. But climates of opinion vary from age to age.

Britain's own national character has changed again and again. Goldsmith wrote: "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, I see the lords of humankind pass by." Do we behave like that now?

Matthew Arnold's weary Titan with labor-dimmed eyes staggering on to his goal does not suggest the modern English laborer. Tacitus says of the Germans, "in peace they are sluggards, given over to sleep and gluttony." Could anything be more unlike the Prussian of today? In point of fact. Tacitus's Germans were the ancestors of the Anglo-Saxons, but not of the Prussians, originally a Wendish tribe, not Germans at all.

The Germans have long had a bad name for cruelty. As late as 1813 women were burnt at the stake, a man was broken on the wheel in Berlin in 1838. There is no extenuating this odious propensity.

But when we call attention to the habit of the Germans to bully their inferiors and truckle to their superiors it no doubt seems to us a most despicable fault. So it is, but it is the percussion of two qualities on which the Germans lay great stress. These are Duty and Discipline. They are not the most popular virtues, but no nation can be great without them.

The future of Germany and of Britain depends mainly, in my opinion, on the attitude of Labor. The skilled German workman has many sterling qualities. He is very patriotic, but not militarist. Left to himself he would probably vote for the Social Democrats, who in England would be the Right Wing of the Labor Party. He is very steady and industrious, and very intelligent.

He will always be a most serious competitor in trade, but I do not think he will allow his government to prepare for another war. If our politics become simply an auction of the worldly goods of the unrepresented minority, while the German workman puts his country before his class, the Germans, who have deserved to lose the war, may win the peace.

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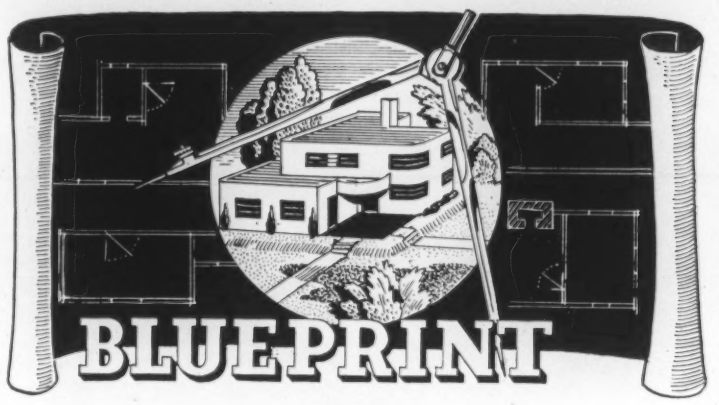

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Ontario's Pubs Breed Bad Drinking Habits

By C. J. DONALD

The writer deals with a question which is important, in varying degree, in all sections of Canada.

Temperance supporters have made it their aim to keep public beer rooms as few and as cheerless as possible. Mr. Donald, using Ontario as an example, points out that by doing this they are defeating their own ends.

In Ontario, where the temperance forces are probably most active, the beverage rooms are notoriously bad and drinking habits equally unwholesome. And the hotel operators apparently are taking advantage of the situation.

More licenses and more freedom of competition would probably react to the benefit of all.

FIGURES released by the Liquor Control Board of Ontario recently reveal a situation which may have proved startling to many people. This is the fact that a majority of the adults in the province are owners of permits for the purchase of beer and liquor. When you add the number of people who frequent the beverage rooms, but do not own permits, it seems as if the future is quite rosy for those who make their living by satisfying the thirst of the people of Ontario.

If that is true, then the future appears gloomy for those who advocate prohibition. The non-purchasers of intoxicants cannot win their point unless they are able to win the support of a number of people who are now in the camp of the enemy.

But, before the hotelkeepers and beer distributors rush into the business of shaking hands with themselves and setting up another round it might be advisable for them to pause briefly and take stock of how well they have been treating the people upon whom they depend for support. A frank appraisal is likely to convince them that they have not done a very good job.

As any merchandiser knows, the only way to continue to do business is to supply a product which your customer wants, and to treat him so well that he will want to continue to do business with you. That is as true of selling beer by the glass as it is in any other selling field. The trouble has been, however, that it has been said so often that drinking is not respectable that even the drinkers have come to half-believe it. Letters-to-the-Editor columns in newspapers are full of denunciations of the "liquor curse", and hardly ever does a drinker bother to write upholding his right to a friendly glass. Drinking people have long been accustomed to the fact that tap-rooms are not the pleasantest places in the world. But it is only recently that they have begun to resent the present way of conducting such places.

The average drinker is a quiet, respectable person. He is not a "guzzler", and he is not a low specimen of humanity. He likes to have a beer, or two or three beers, in pleasant surroundings and among friends. He likes quiet, and cleanliness and respectability. Perhaps he likes subdued music, a game of checkers or of cribbage. But that is not what he finds in the beverage rooms of Ontario.

Our Beverage Rooms

Strangely enough the abolitionists and the hotelkeepers have been in agreement in producing the kind of taverns we have. The abolitionists have insisted that there should be no amusements or attractions in beverage rooms. The hotelmen, seeing that they could save money by not providing facilities for enjoyment and could speed up the consumption of beer by not providing counter-attractions, have fallen in line readily enough. At one time, they used to provide music and broadcasts of sports events for their patrons. But the anti-saloon faction objected to this, so the tavern owners were content to dispense with them. Together, these seemingly-rival groups have produced the situation where beer parlors are merely human filling stations run on the principle of "pack 'em in, fill 'em up, and shove 'em out."

Suppose we drop into the average beer parlor at rush hour—what do we find? Even before we get in the door we are conscious of the smell of stale beer and stale air pushed out into the street by an exhaust fan. The smell isn't pleasant, but we go in — into a dark, smoky room where men are crowded around tables, where the floor is wet with spilled beer and littered with unswept grime and cigarette ends. At the same time, we are conscious of the peculiar beverage room din, a noise composed of shouting and wrangling from several directions, overlaid by the conversation of a large number of people who find they must talk loudly in order to be heard by their companions a foot or two away. If we wish to talk, we find we must talk loudly, too.

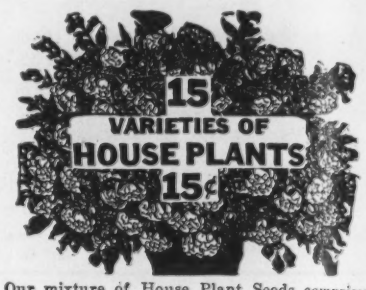
These things are more than a little unpleasant. But the beer is good! So we put up with the unpleasantness for awhile. Perhaps, however, we may discover the disgusting side. Over at the next table may be some "rubby-dubs" — people who bring along a bottle of native wine or something with a similar kick, lace the beer with it, and get quite a reaction from the mixture. There is a good possibility that they will succeed in making themselves sick—in the tavern, the washroom, or the street. Actually, sickness is quite common in these places. Quite likely we will see a fight. There are not really so many knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out affairs, usually they are just cases of a lot of pushing and jostling and shouting, with maybe an overturned table or two.

English System Better

Of course, not all taverns are like that, even in Ontario. Sometimes the management is so strict that it keeps conversation down to almost whisper level, keeps out the wine-hounds, and shows the door to those who laugh or show any symptoms of unruliness. Better than the other kind—these taverns are rare. But they are depressing also. People do not enjoy such solemnity.

Better is the English system, where the pub is a community centre. The men and women in England like music and song and games with their beer. The beer is not an end in itself over there. John Bull goes to his pub for the conviviality—and he goes home sober.

But the prohibitionists do not want our taverns conducted in the English manner. They do not approve of beverage rooms, and they certainly do not want them to be made attractive and enjoyable. If people are low enough to drink beer—then let them do it in unpleasant surroundings! And the tavern keepers agree with them. "Crowd them in, fill them up, and push them out" is a wonderful formula for making a lot of money in a short time. And the average hotelman is definitely in-



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ASSETS

Deposits with and Notes of Bank of Canada	$ 31,969,676.52
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks	14,292,538.34
Other Cash, and Deposits	8,451,573.88
	$ 54,713,788.74
Government and Municipal Securities and Loans	188,340,296.06
Other Bonds and Stocks	1,215,349.43
Call Loans (Secured)	5,155,572.00
	$249,425,006.23
Commercial Loans and Discounts	67,866,389.61
Bank Premises	4,944,026.85
Other Assets	160,790.39
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit	4,110,786.20
	$326,506,999.28

LIABILITIES

Notes in Circulation	$ 1,410,842.50
Total Deposits	304,861,944.59
Letters of Credit Outstanding	4,110,786.20
	$310,383,573.29
Dividends due Shareholders	141,163.85
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits	15,982,262.14
	$326,506,999.28

The General Manager,
Imperial Bank of Canada,
Toronto.

We report that we have examined the above condensed Balance Sheet as at 31st October, 1944, and have compared it with the books at the Head Office and with the certified returns from the Branches. We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank. In our opinion the above Balance Sheet discloses the true condition of the Bank, and is as shown by the books of the Bank.

A.B. SHEPHERD, F.C.A.
of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.

W. D. GLENDINNING, F.C.A.
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Toronto, 14th November, 1944.

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Prince Edward Island	19,590	6,873
New Brunswick	93,479	34,161
Quebec	647,854	335,482
Ontario	902,291	535,391
Manitoba	165,249	87,106
Saskatchewan	190,137	89,808
Alberta	175,744	120,337
British Columbia	198,362	134,685
Miscellaneous	.....	52,695
TOTAL	2,516,726	1,451,545

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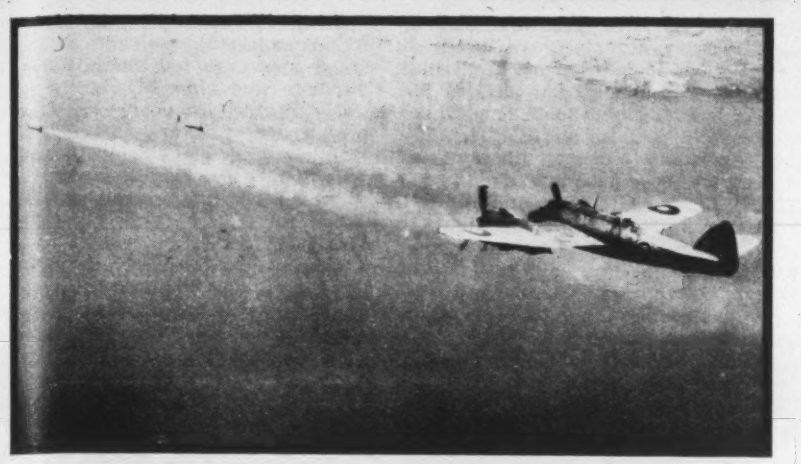
THE *Magazines of Canada*

GIVE ECONOMICAL NATION-WIDE COVERAGE



Reports of the war at sea rarely hit the headlines, but enemy shipping off the Dutch and Norwegian coasts is stalked and attacked daily by Beaufighters of R.A.F. Coastal Command, equipped with rocket projectiles. As the rockets speed toward their targets, trails of vapor from the rocket exhaust stream out behind. The rocket is a favorite weapon against small vessels of shallow draft, which are hard to hit with torpedoes.

terested in making as much as possible as fast as possible.

More than once a hotelman has told me "This is a dirty business I'm in and I don't intend to stay in it long. Give me three years and I'll have made enough to sell out and get out. When I do, I'll never want to see another beverage room as long as I live. I won't care a particle if the places are abolished." The suggestion that people may vote to close beer rooms doesn't bother the average proprietor a bit. He believes that he will be able to sell out at a profit before that time, and he doesn't care a particle what happens after that.

War Didn't Cause It

At the present time, it is popular to blame everything that is wrong on the war. But the war didn't cause this situation, although it did aggravate it. Ontario tap rooms were dismal places before the war, and there are many pleasant taverns in the province of Quebec right now, and the pubs in England are still much as they used to be.

Licensed hotels could be pleasant even in wartime, if the proprietors cared to make them so. Since they don't, many people feel that they should be forced to do so.

How to do it? Government inspectors are employed to police them now and they do not succeed in keeping them up to a high level. Perhaps a different inspection system might do the trick. But that seems rather doubtful. Besides, it is questionable whether an expensive policing of hotels is the best way to spend the taxpayers' money. Better, perhaps, would be a plan whereby the brewers' association would take over the task. After all, individual hotelkeepers may not care a whit if they are driving the tap-room out of existence. But the brewers should be interested in maintaining this useful outlet for their goods. They should be interested in keeping hotels up to a high standard which would be approved by most of the people in the community. They would be the principal losers if sale by the glass were abolished.

Perhaps that is all that can be done in wartime. But it is going to take more than that to make taverns what they ought to be. One great trouble with the business is that it is a near-monopoly. Any man who can obtain a building and procure a license can make a lot of money running a beverage room in Ontario. Granted he must have a few bedrooms to qualify as a hotelkeeper. But he doesn't need to fill them. As long as he sells beer, he will have lots of customers. In other fields competition forces those who would stay in business to provide good service and pleasant surroundings for the customers. Many people will disagree with this, but I believe that increasing the number of licenses, by increasing the competition would increase the standards of service and decrease the amount of drunkenness. A reasonable amount of the profit extracted from the sale of beer would then be put back into making the beverage rooms more presentable.

Why Not Games, Music?

Further, I favor taking a leaf out of the English book and encouraging songs, music and games in the public houses. Wherever this is done, the places become quieter, the people less quarrelsome, and drunkenness becomes rare. This was true in Ontario when taverns used to turn on broadcasts of hockey matches, baseball games, and so on.

Many people who have been patrons of the hotel ever since repeal have got to the point where they feel it is high time that a decided change was made in them. They are decent people, and they feel that they have been kicked around for just about all the years they can stand. If things are going to remain the way they are these people feel that they can get along without licensed hotels. And they feel that it is up to those who are financially interested in the business to supply the remedy.

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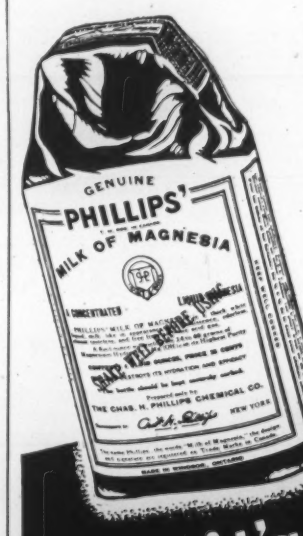

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Veterans Can Settle Down If Business Will Help

By STANLEY CALDWELL

The problem of the readjustment of veterans to civilian life at first glance seems alarming. It is recognized, and experience so far has shown, that great changes in attitude are involved and that until the adjustment has been made, absenteeism, inability to concentrate and other failings are common with the ex-soldier going back to work. The adjustment is even greater with the disabled soldier.

Highly responsible medical authorities who have investigated this problem say that with full co-operation it can be solved. The writer outlines a number of steps that business can take to help.

This is the second in a series of two articles by Mr. Caldwell. The first was in last week's issue.

GOVERNMENT aid to veterans should be generous and comprehensive. It should be made available as quickly as possible and expanded in whatever direction is necessary. A good national plan for the physical and vocational rehabilitation of cripples is the need and obvious right of any man or woman who has been wounded in the fight against tyranny.

Yet the rehabilitation of veterans goes far beyond the provision of federal aid. It is a problem of personal readjustment calling for good will, sympathetic guidance and, in many cases, vast tolerance on the part of friends, relatives and employers—especially employers. "We need the co-operation of management," insist veterans' welfare officers. "Legislation and the machinery for rehabilitation are not enough. There must be public interest and support. The problem of finding jobs for men and women discharged from the services will never be solved without the sincere interest of personnel managers and other executives."

This need is recognized by employers. Management is already being confronted by serious problems in its effort to help veterans readjust themselves after the dislocations of war. Former schoolboys, for example, are coming back to Canada with characters forged in the heat of battle. And they want jobs if they do not resume their studies.

"Many of these lads are different from those who mature under the influence of civilian life," says one personnel supervisor. "Some of them are torn between a need for discipline, and a resentment of it. Others have an intense yearning for security."

Then, too, the young man who left his job for the controls of a plane or the sights of a gun is apt to be changed by the demands and the code of warrior life. He may be sick physically, or mentally. He may be irritable and restless—like young Pete, for example, who worked in a Montreal printing shop before the war. Pete suffered head wounds while fighting over Malta. He was unconscious for three weeks. The doctors didn't expect him to live, but he pulled through and was able to go back to work.

Couldn't Take Responsibility

Now, Pete was in a responsible position before the war. He worked out all right in his new job for a short time, but when he was given more responsibility, things started to happen. Pete would wander away from his job and start talking to a group of fellow employees, or get interested in something entirely different from his work. "Pete just couldn't concentrate," said his plant physician. "He needed a lot of guidance from management and the medical department."

For psychiatrists explain that the veteran is not capable of "automatically reverting to his pre-enlistment social state." He must be trained. He must be helped. "It is fairly generally believed that he will be much the same fundamentally," says Dr. D. Ewen Cameron in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*. "This is not so. Being a soldier involves most considerable changes in attitude."

Brigadier J. C. Meakins, Deputy Director-General of Medical Services for the Army, recently told a Winnipeg conference on social work that there are five main variants of ex-servicemen:

1. The serviceman who has received a serious physical disability such as a major amputation, loss of eyesight or a crippling injury which prevents the complete use of one or more limbs.

2. Those who have contracted a severe systemic illness such as tuberculosis.

3. Psychiatric disabilities of a more or less serious nature.

4. Prisoners of war with or without disabilities.

5. Those who have escaped without any obvious wound or disability.

"It has been shown by careful surveys," said Brigadier Meakins, "that the disabled man struggles against a fair number of difficulties, both in the outside world and in his own inner world. About 50% are in a state of emotional maladjustment. The disabled man is either frankly depressed or hides his grief behind a wall of psychological defences."

Brigadier Meakins pointed out that little attention has been paid to the reaction of the uninjured serviceman in his return to civil life. "He may be adverse to mixing with civilians whose intention he may tend to distrust. He tries to surround himself with serving men." When a man is extremely depressed, he may turn away from the community altogether. Others become impatient and disgruntled. Some may start on a roaming, aimless existence.

What then can management do? How can employers help Johnny and his co-veterans resume a happy civilian life?

The chief problem is readjustment to civilian employment. Legislation, making it compulsory for industry to hire a certain percentage of disabled persons, is not enough. Nor are altruism and charity, for the physically disabled know that they can be productive workers after proper training and placement. Generally speaking, they seek recognition for their services, and on that basis alone.

Industry's Part

Industry can then play—is now starting to play—a realistic part in the physical and vocational rehabilitation of veterans. Working through their personnel and medical departments, an increasing number of firms are giving specific help to veterans' welfare and placement officers. One small plant, for example, has just started a school for workers. Lec-

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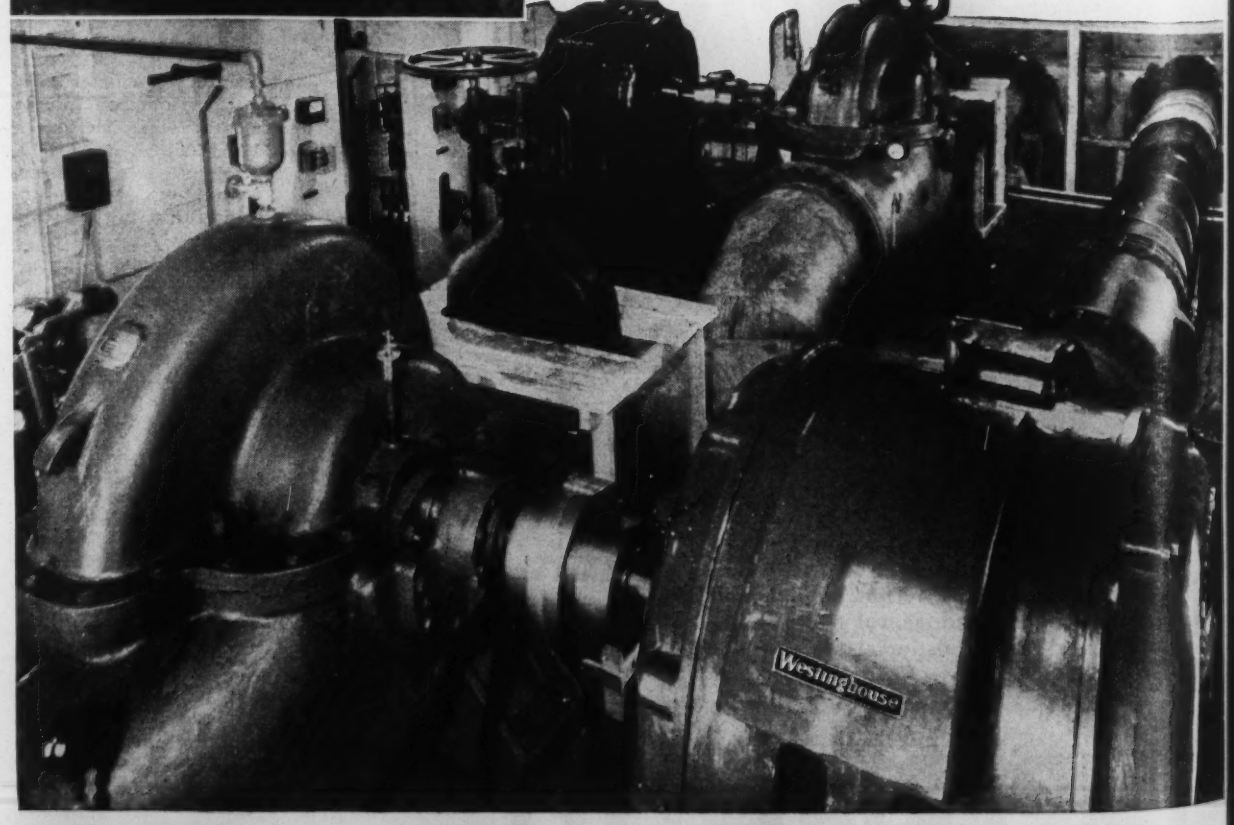

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TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER

tures are held right in the shop. The object is partly job training, partly to develop the interest and enthusiasm of new employees in the firm and its products. As ex-servicemen are hired, they start attending the lectures at once. They mingle with the employees and soon come to feel that they "belong". And they learn more about the firm and the requirements of their jobs in a shorter time.

"This is a sound idea," say veterans welfare officers. "We hope that more plants will do the same, for it helps the veteran to resume the tempo of civilian life more rapidly."

Some employers are concerned about absenteeism. But this should not cause undue alarm; a certain amount of absenteeism may be expected at first. Readjustment takes time. As a matter of fact, many of the problems which seem serious at first will disappear as ex-servicemen become adjusted.

Understanding Needed

As one personnel manager said recently: "We can't expect men whose training and business is killing on a 24-hour-a-day basis, to be magically transformed to the humdrum routine of a work-a-day world by simply doffing a uniform. Unquestionably there will be a lot of difficult cases which will require a generous shot of plain Christian charity upon the part of the supervisor."

Chronic absenteeism is another matter. This is usually a symptom of poor placement, or of faulty personnel relations. The man may not be suited to his job; it might help to try him out in another department. In any case, he should be encouraged to talk over his problems with the personnel and medical departments.

If absenteeism persists, the man can be referred back to veterans' welfare officials.

Already, several large plants are planning to fit the man to the job by assessing his abilities in the light of job requirements. This is an effective step—effective, that is, if one danger is avoided. It is a mistake to segregate a group of factory operations and label them as "handicapped jobs". This procedure may result in potential leaders going to seed at routine tasks. Today in industry, many men are doing what is theoretically impossible with their disabilities. There are captains and majors and squadron leaders who were scarcely out of their teens when they enlisted. Such men, having commanded large groups of men in critical situations, deserve an opportunity to use their capacity for leadership when they return to civilian life.

Since wise placement is essential, the personnel supervisor must be well qualified and have a sincere interest in the problems of men and women discharged from the services. It is up to him to see that the disabled veteran is handled as an individual with ambitions and abilities of his own.

"Individual case work," say the experts, "is the secret of effective placement."

It is therefore clear that rehabilitation work on the part of personnel managers will be effective in many cases only with guidance and advice of doctors. An industrial physician with an interest in mental hygiene will be invaluable to management. Furthermore, both the personnel official and the medical director of the plant will find that consultation with a good psychiatrist is not only extremely helpful but, in some difficult cases, absolutely essential. The services of such an expert are not always available in all communities, but wherever they are, it is recommended that management make full use of psychiatric advice.

Health Programs Beneficial

Obviously, a health program for workers—factory medical service—is a godsend to any plant grappling with the problem of hiring and placing ex-servicemen in congenial jobs. A health program's first objective is to ascertain, by examination, the physical and mental conditions of applicants for work—*and by so doing to place men and women in the jobs best suited to them.* It provides continuous or follow-up health supervision by either part-time or full-time doctor and nurse, depending on the size of the factory. It keynotes pre-placement and periodic physical examinations.

Last month, a Toronto manufacturer started a health program for his workers. "It seems to me," he said, "that our medical department's going to be mighty important during the next few years. I'm counting on it to solve a lot of the problems which will confront us after demobilization—both in the factory and in the home."

He's right, too, for community health is also involved. War spreads disease. Yet what better way to check the spread of disease than to supervise health at work? Federal and provincial health departments, along with such voluntary agencies as the Health League of Canada, stand ready to provide technical help and advice to any employer who wishes to start a health program for workers. Medical science has devised the weapons of prevention for health work in industry.

And surveys have shown the benefits of this medical-industrial teamwork: good placement, less absenteeism, better health for workers, greater efficiency and improved employer-employee relations.

"It has been my experience," says Dr. C. D. Selby, medical director of General Motors Corporation in Detroit, "that there are relatively few who cannot be safely employed where competent medical service exists."

That statement means a lot to Johnny and his co-veterans. It is profoundly significant to those planning for postwar industry.

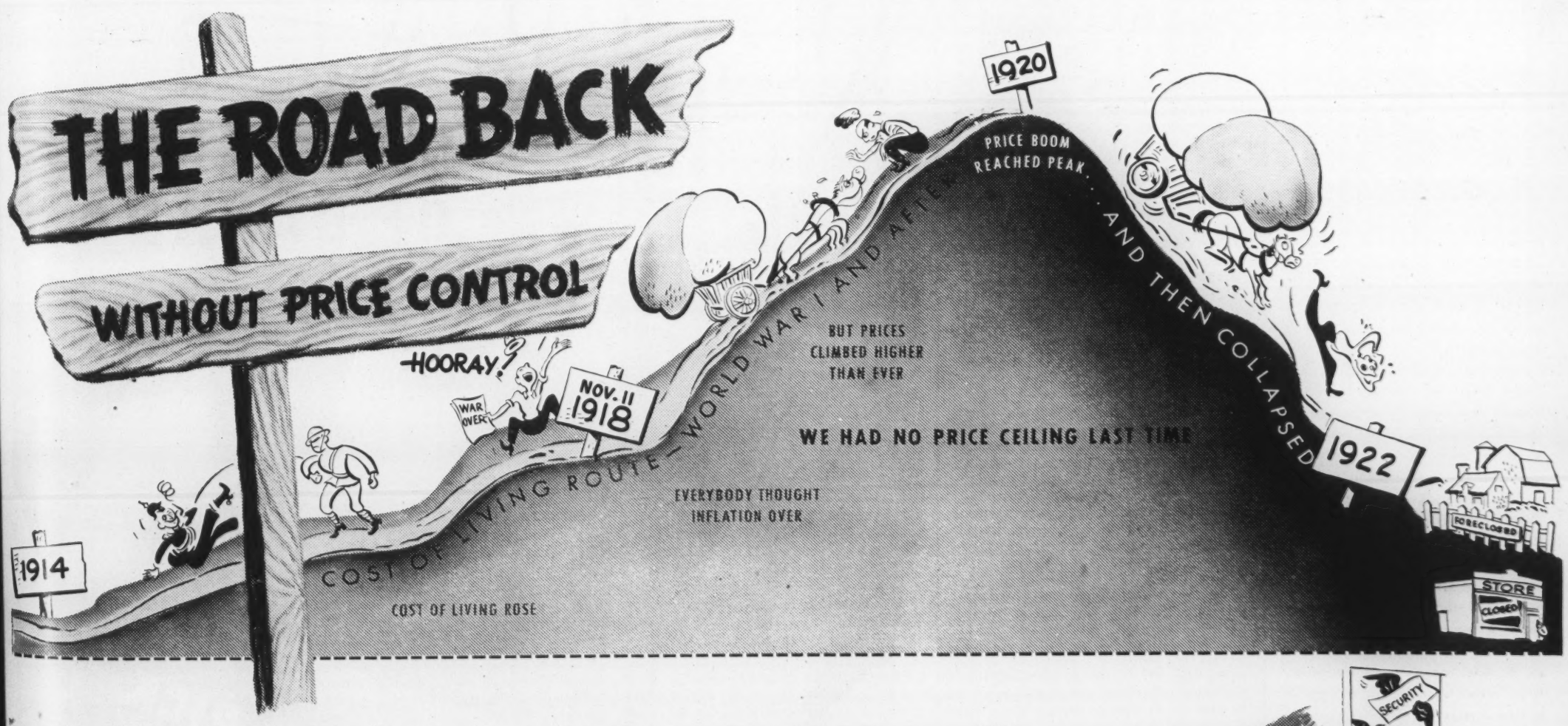
"Under average conditions," reports Dr. W. A. Sawyer, medical director of Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, "not more than 5 per cent need to be rejected because of physical defects."

Brigadier Meakins: "Upwards of 95 per cent of all returned servicemen can have their problems solved in time by the combined efforts of physicians, surgeons, psychiatrists, industrial psychologists, sociologists and the leaders of labor and industry."

And the Journal of the American Medical Association declared recently:

"There is a growing realization in industry that handicapped persons are more often assets to a plant than otherwise. There is mounting evidence that they are absent less, that they have fewer accidents and that both the quality and the quantity of production compare favorably with those of normal co-workers. It is not what the man has lost, but what he has left, that establishes his value in a specific job. Industrial physicians long have realized that after medical treatment has minimized a disability the most important factor in successful rehabilitation is selective placement, matching physical ability with specific job requirements."

Wounds can be healed, physical and mental disabilities can be corrected by modern techniques. With close co-ordination between government officials, personnel and medical departments, along with psychiatric advice when necessary, management can prove to its own satisfaction that "it is not what the man has lost, but what he has left, that establishes his value in a specific job."



The worst inflation came AFTER the war the last time . . . to be followed by disastrous deflation, unemployment and confusion. For Canada to manage successfully the change back to peace, maintain employment, and meet the world's competition . . . we *must continue to have stable economic conditions.* To protect the individual from rising costs of living and later unemployment *we must continue to prevent inflation.*

To prevent a repetition of the conditions following the last war

PRICE CONTROL MUST BE MAINTAINED

AS LONG AS INFLATION THREATENS US.

This can only be done if production is efficient and economical, costs are kept down and consumers refuse to pay more than ceiling prices.

One person can start it!

When one person demands more for goods or services he compels others to do the same and Price Control goes out the window.

THIS IS ONE OF A SERIES ISSUED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA TO EMPHASIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF PREVENTING A FURTHER RISE IN THE COST OF LIVING NOW, AND DEFLATION LATER

Glassco: Adam Beck of Winnipeg and West

By A. VERNON THOMAS

The Winnipeg City Hydro when it was started dropped power rates from ten cents to three and a third cents a unit. That was in 1911. Since then by progressive methods the City Hydro has prospered. The man who has been mainly responsible and who has been at the helm for thirty-two years and now is retiring is John Girdlestone Glassco.

JOHN GIRDLESTONE GLASSCO is the father of cheap electricity in Western Canada. He has just relinquished the managership of the Winnipeg City Hydro, whose destinies he has guided for the past 32 years. During practically all that time he has had a fight on his hands with interests which regarded, first with ridicule and then with wrath, the advent of a public competitor into the field of a private monopoly.

When Glassco, then a young fellow of 30, was offered a job on the municipal plant, which was under construction, he was working for the old Dominion Power & Transmission Co., Hamilton. He told his boss, the late W. C. Hawkins, about the offer. Mr. Hawkins looked at him and said he would be plum crazy to take it. "Mark my words," he said, "if you go, those politicians in Winnipeg'll cut your throat before you've been there twelve months, and then you'll be back here asking for your old job."

Mr. Glassco laughs as he tells this story and says he's still waiting to have his throat cut. He can afford to laugh, for he has seen the Winnipeg Hydro grow from scratch into one of the most successful electrical systems on the continent. Under his leadership the utility has hung up record after record in low rates and high consumption. Indirectly it has induced low rates in other Canadian cities. And if some 60,000 Manitoba farmers are today within hailing distance of cheap electricity they can thank John Glassco for it.

Americans Amazed

American housewives, who regularly visit Winnipeg from a score of States below the line, are amazed when told the extent to which electricity is used in Winnipeg homes, and they are still more amazed when told the cost. If you want figures these will tell the tale: last year each of the Hydro's 44,000 domestic customers used an average of 5,289 kilowatt-hours at a cost of less than a cent a unit. This, the Hydro claims, is an all-world record.

Jack Glassco's first gainful occupation was picking dandelions on his father's lawn. He considered the pay pitifully poor and thought his father unfair to dandelion-pickers. At 22 he got a job in the meter department of the old Royal Electric Co., Montreal, afterwards absorbed by the local power octopus, of which it became an outstanding tentacle. But the job didn't keep him long, for McGill, his alma mater, offered him $90 a month to lecture and demonstrate.

McGill didn't keep him long either. After a year of academic calm Glassco set off west, as far west as he could go, and took a job in the Los Angeles meter repair department of the powerful Southern California Edison. But he couldn't stand the almost perpetual summer. After fourteen months of it he longed for "a real Canadian snowstorm that would hit me right in the eye."

Young Glassco's next step was also a long one, this time back to his native Hamilton. It was a toss-up whether he should return to Canada or go to Mexico. The coin came down Canada. In Canada he worked for four years for the old Dominion Power and Transmission Co., and it was when leaving the latter that his boss warned him he would get his gullet slit by the politicians if he went to Winnipeg.

He Went Anyway

Glassco took the chance. On a beautiful May day in 1909 he stepped off the train and got his first sight of the city in which he was destined to achieve a national reputation. At that time the new designing engineer was unknown. Three years later this quiet, gentlemanly fellow, of athletic build and as handsome as a demigod, was head of the new City Hydro.

A kindly providence put the Winnipeg River with a dozen good power-sites within 80 odd miles of Winnipeg. It was down this river that Sir John Franklin, Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Garnet Wolseley and other famous men passed on their various missions. The Winnipeg Electric Co., pioneer utility in the Winnipeg district, developed the first site on the river and brought the power into Winnipeg in 1906.

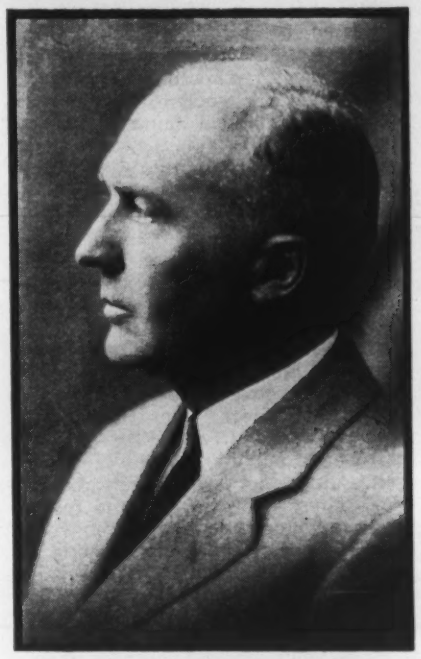
These were years in which Winnipeg was aspiring to be "the Chicago of Canada." But this meant cheap power and the rates of the private utility were high.

Winnipeg at this time had a stubborn city engineer, the late Col. H. N. Ruttan, who insisted that the City could develop power on the Winnipeg River and sell it for 3 1/3c a unit to domestic customers against the 10c which the private utility was charging. This was ridiculed by the company and its friends.

Far-Sighted Mr. Cockburn

The City also had at that time a public-spirited and far-sighted alderman, the late J. W. Cockburn. Quietly Mr. Cockburn went down to Ottawa, explained the situation to the powers that were, and finally departed with the title to one of the best power-sites on the river in his pocket. This was in due course turned over to the City. The power from this site, at Pointe du Bois, came into Winnipeg in 1911. A second site, Slave Falls, was developed by the City and the power brought in in 1931.

All efforts to get the private utility to reduce its rates had proved unavailing. And when, finally, the



John Girdlestone Glassco

question of building a municipal plant was submitted to the ratepayers it carried by six to one. Five years later the municipal power was brought in and sold at 3 1/3c a unit. The company dropped its 10c rate to meet this figure.

Need it be said that the company did not love the young municipal upstart that cut so seriously into the ample harvests garnered by the private utility through the gay nineties and into the twentieth century? During most of his managership Mr. Glassco has had to fight. If the City Hydro had been content to progress leisurely friction might have been avoided. But Mr. Glassco held the view very strongly that if a public utility stood still it went backwards. He believed in advertising,—advertising in newspapers and magazines, by billboards, moving pictures and the radio.

Furthermore the Hydro went in for up-to-date merchandising. It put on special campaigns for the sale of electrical apparatus. All this was, of course, treading on corns, on many corns. At times the opposition waxed exceedingly hot. "Fire Glassco!" was more than once the categorical imperative which rose to angry but impotent lips. Opposition was often indirect, taking such forms as a movement for a city manager, or for a Hydro commission, under which, of course, Mr. Glassco would have been placed.

Among nature's good gifts to Glassco are a cool head, leonine courage and a generous measure of

Repetition makes Reputation

Repeated feats of endurance, under almost unbelievable conditions, provide conclusive evidence to back up every claim made for Rolex accuracy and dependability.

Since the war started, many letters have been received from service men all over the world. ★ ★ ★ Some have described hours in the water when every other so-called waterproof watch stopped excepting their Rolex. ★ ★ ★ One such remarkable letter came from a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. ★ ★ ★ Another from a man who considered the lives of his party, floating on a raft, were saved by his Rolex wrist watch. ★ ★ ★ Such letters, written in thanks, represent the practical experiences of Rolex wearers under conditions far more gruelling than the severest scientific tests carried out by the world's leading observatories.

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One of the World's Most Accurate Wrist Watches

WHITE ROSE

INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS

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common sense. Scores of times I have seen him in action at committee and other meetings, but I have never seen him flustered. Many times half the aldermen would be shouting while Glassco remained as cool as the proverbial cucumber.

Another gift of the gods to Mr. Glassco is his easy approach to all sorts and conditions of people. Hundreds of excursions to the City's power plants in the wilderness have been held during his regime and Mr. Glassco is invariably on hand to act as guide, philosopher and friend to the Hydro's guests.

On one of these occasions a party of Minnesota engineers were being entertained. As the train, composed of open cars, rumbled through forest, rocks and muskegs, a bear crossed the track in full view of the party. Two or three years later Mr. Glassco was stopped on the streets of Minneapolis by a lady, who said: "Mr. Glassco, my husband and I were on that excursion to your power plants. I think that bear crossing the track was the cleverest thing you ever did." And nothing that Mr. Glassco could say would convince the lady that Bruin's appearance was entirely unrehearsed.

Will Stay in Winnipeg

Winnipeg is glad to know that Mr. and Mrs. Glassco do not propose to shake the city's dust off their feet, but will continue to reside in Winnipeg. Accompanied by his faithful spaniel "Danny," Mr. Glassco's athletic figure will still be a familiar sight on Winnipeg's streets. In his youth Mr. Glassco was a prominent athlete and he still loves to watch the Saturday afternoon cricket matches in Assiniboine Park, or mix with the crowd at football, hockey or baseball.

He was a member of the McGill intermediate football team which won the Canadian junior championship in 1896. On the same team were P. F. Sise and his brother C. Sise, now respectively president of the Northern Electric Co. of Canada, and chairman of the board of directors of the Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

The Glassco home on Evergreen Place has throughout the years maintained the highest traditions of family and civic life. Mrs. Glassco, who has been a tower of strength to her husband throughout his career, was for some years president of the Winnipeg Humane Society. Mr. Glassco was one of the founders of the Good Neighbors' Club, formed at the height of the depression to bring some cheer into the drab lives of single unemployed men. With the war it has turned its efforts to the care of homeless, and for the most part unemployable, old men.

Will Still Hear Dynamos

From the Glassco's summer cottage at Pointe du Bois you can see the churned waters of the first Hydro power-house as they emerge from the turbine pits. You can hear the hum of the whirring dynamos. To a Minneapolis executive who sent greetings on his retirement Mr. Glassco wrote:

"We have a magnificent summer climate in Winnipeg, and there is no finer spot on this continent than my summer home on the Winnipeg River."

Here, undoubtedly, Mr. and Mrs. Glassco, their six children and numerous grand-children, will spend many a happy holiday as the years go by. The power-house which Mr. Glassco can see from his balcony, nay Winnipeg's whole Hydro-Electric System, are his monument. He and his loyal aides have built it through long years of persistent effort.

Whether Winnipeg will one day erect a memorial to Mr. Glassco similar to the one which Ontario has erected on University Avenue, Toronto, to Sir Adam Beck, father of the Ontario Hydro, is a secondary matter. True it most certainly is that outside of Sir Adam Beck no man in the Dominion of Canada has done more to bring cheap and abundant electricity into the homes of the people than John Girdlestone Glassco.

TRUE STORIES OF CANADIAN WAR HEROES

By GORDON SINCLAIR
Internationally-famous journalist and author of several best-selling books on war and travel.

THE TANKER THAT *Wouldn't Die!*

Caught in mid-ocean by a German surface raider the British tanker *San Demetrio* was set ablaze and her convoy escort sunk.

In darkness many ships escaped, but the blazing tanker was a beacon visible 90 miles.

Considering her doomed, the Nazis sped in search of other prey without spending another shell.

Among the crew ordered to abandon this flaming wreck was Oswald Preston of Montreal, who had been rejected for enlistment in the RCAF and was now working toward Britain in the hope of being accepted by the RAF.

Preston argued against abandoning ship because, he said, she might be saved. Through two days and nights of icy drifting on an angry sea, he and his shipmates stolidly watched their tanker burn, but not sink.

Red hot plates bulged like twisted wire, she was low down at the bow and flames leaped higher than her mast, and yet she floated.

Preston, the rookie, talked survivors into climbing aboard again and there they battled flames into submission, started the pumps, shored up gaping holes and with no charts to guide them, sailed the *San Demetrio* to England, where thousands of barrels of oil were reclaimed from her tanks.

For his determination to see this voyage through, Oswald Preston was given the ship's battered ensign by grateful buddies.

Medically rejected by the RAF, he signed aboard another tanker for the homeward voyage, but has never been seen or heard from since.

A movie based on the *San Demetrio* and her gallant crew is being shown throughout Canada.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER! The day the Nazis finally admit the defeat that's already inevitable may be a few weeks away, or it might take a few months. There's no thought of relaxing the war effort over there, and over here, management and men of U.D.L. are continuing the all-out production of high-test alcohol for vital war materials in this war-geared plant—twenty-four hours of every day in the year.

In 1924, U.D.L. commenced operations at its present location on the banks of the Fraser River. Today, after two decades of consistent progress—with seventeen acres of modern buildings and equipment—it is one of Western Canada's most important industries.

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THE LONDON LETTER

Archbishop of Canterbury Brought Religion to the Hearts of Men

By P. O'D.

IT SEEMS such a short time ago—actually just over two years—that Dr. Temple was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. And now suddenly he is gone; the big, genial man, whose strength and energy seemed equal to any task for many years to come. But, if his vitality was great, he was prodigal in spending it. He never played safe—in this or in any other respect.

Few Archbishops of Canterbury have so quickly become national figures. But then Dr. Temple had the advantage of York. He owed this, not so much to his high ecclesiastical rank, as to the warmth and vigor of his personality, and especially to the enthusiasm and courage with which he threw himself into all sorts of social causes. He was a most unconventional archbishop — probably the first ever to be officially enrolled as a member of the Labor Party.

Critics there have been in plenty to deprecate the way he plunged into the discussion of political, financial, and social problems. They insisted that he very often talked out of the fullness of his heart rather than out of the fullness of knowledge. They intimated that it was undignified in the Primate of All England to engage in such controversies. But this last was an argument that never had any weight with Dr. Temple. He never worried about his dignity. He didn't have to.

The great thing that Dr. Temple did for the Primacy, even in his short tenure of office, was to bring it actively and forcibly into the general current of national life. He made mistakes—naturally he made mistakes—but even his mistakes enhanced the esteem and affection in which he was held. They were the mistakes of a large-hearted and large-minded man, to whom nothing human was alien, and who was passionately concerned for the betterment of the average human lot, not only spiritually but also materially.

He never regarded religion as something remote from the rest of life. It was his purpose to bring it actively and constantly into the hearts and homes of men, and from this noble task he let nothing turn him aside. He was a great archbishop, and also—what is not always the same thing—a great and lovable and most human person.

Can't "Evacuate" London

London is too big. We all know that. Every Londoner, while producing excellent reasons why other Londoners should go away and stay away, has an unconquerable aversion to doing so himself. So far as he is concerned, London is still "the flowre of cities all", and he has no intention of living anywhere else if he can possibly help it.

During the war the staffs of many companies have been forced to move to the country—"evacuated", if you like, though I hate the word, with its suggestion that they have all had the stomach-pump applied to them. An evacuated city, right enough, but surely not an evacuated man! Anyway, there they are; and there they most distinctly do not wish to stay. Their one idea is to get back to dear, dirty, crowded old London as fast as they can. And there is no good talking to them about the charm of country life—not unless you want them to be rude to you.

According to a report recently issued by the National Council of Social Service, which has been conducting polls among these exiled Londoners, the overwhelming majority want to return. Why? Because London, they say, gives a greater choice of employment and accommodation, because it has more and better schools, because it offers more varied society and a better chance of getting married (according to the girls), and then, the last and probably strongest reason of all, because of London's "unequalled interest, prestige, and glamor". Because, in short, London is London. To the true Londoner that is all that really matters. He may grumble, as a man grumbles about his wife. But try to come between them, and—well, God help you!

Beecham at Bat Again

What an exhilarating life Sir Thomas Beecham must lead! He is one of the greatest conductors of his time, a wit, a man of culture and a "bon vivant", a distinguished social figure, and in addition, wherever he goes, fights spring up around him with a spontaneity that would have delighted the mighty Finn McCool himself. Never a dull moment! He had hardly got back to England the other day before he went to the mat with the Hallé Society, of which he had been the President for the past nine years. The Society, it seems, had suddenly dropped him from the Presidency—without saying anything to him about it! Or almost nothing.

"I think it is a demonstration of atrocious manners," said Sir Thomas. "No reason has been given to me for this decision. I take no further interest in the Society. I have nothing further to do with it."

Naturally the Society has hastened to explain. They say they wrote to him, that he never answered, that they never know when he will be or won't be in England, that it was absurd to go on year after year electing a President who couldn't act, and didn't bother to tell them what he wanted. And there the matter rests—if it can be said to rest. Few things do with Sir Thomas. He is no believer in appeasement.

His first concert in Albert Hall since his return was a tremendous success, a great personal triumph. The audience went on applauding and applauding, until finally he agreed to give them an encore. By way of showing what he thought of their musical knowledge, he said he would give a stick of gum to everyone who sent him a postcard with the correct answer. He then played the Larghetto from Elgar's "Serenade for Strings". About a thousand people sent him postcards—to the dismay of the local Post Office. People are now wondering where he will get all the gum. His entire stock is said to consist of five sticks.

Weather Reports Now O.K.

Weather is in the news again. For the first time in more than five years it is now permissible to say in public print what the weather is like in any part of Britain—the day before yesterday! Yesterday's weather is still hush-hush. And news of snow or flood is even husher, for that must still be at least five days old before you can publish anything about it.

This may not seem a very great concession, but until now there has been a ten-day restriction on all weather news—except in the Straits of Dover, which the Germans were in a position to know as much about as ourselves. Now, oddly enough, that may be barred, as soon the Germans will know about it only what we may choose to tell them—precious little!

Pipe FOR THE PROUD
This hand-carved Meerschaum Pipe was once the proud possession of a "gay-nineties" business executive. It is a fine example of mid-Victorian craftsmanship.
McBRINE CRAFTSMANSHIP
...a source of pride for the travel-wise
The McBrine reputation has its roots in the era when fine craftsmanship was the essence of true quality. For over 50 years McBrine craftsmen have maintained those same high standards. Today, as always, the name McBrine means really good baggage — the pride of discriminating travellers!
McBRINE BAGGAGE
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These dimes work their heads off

No doubt you've seen dimes worn so thin that you can't see the heads on them.

That's what happens when money is really passed around.

That's what happens every year to at least two and a half billion dimes that are put into circulation through the life insurance companies. These dimes really go to work.

They come in the form of premium payments from four million policyholders and if you prefer figuring in folding money, they amount to 250 million dollars.

In peacetime these dimes are not idle. They are kept busy through investment in a great variety of local and national undertakings. For the past five years they have been busy in a strictly military sense – backing up our fighting men with more than a billion dollars' worth of Victory Bonds.

These busy dimes are helping to buy security for you and yours – both in the present and in the future – both at home and abroad.

It is good citizenship to own

LIFE INSURANCE

A Message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

The Raging Fight at Salerno and the Lesson it Taught

THEY LEFT THE BACK DOOR OPEN, by L. S. B. Shapiro. (Ryerson, $3.00.)

HERE is the best account of the stiff business at Salerno beach when the Fifth Army of British and Americans under General Clark turned what seemed to be sure defeat into victory. Shapiro, representing the Montreal *Gazette* and *Maclean's Magazine*, is one of that happy dozen of Canadian correspondents whose names have become notable in any company; not only for their ability to see and judge accurately, but for their talent in turning multitudinous impressions into clear and well-wrought prose.

In this book he reveals something else; namely, the ability to co-ordinate his story around a theme, as an artist does. On the way to Africa a Canadian captain told him of his brother, a British private, who deserted in order to fight with the Republicans in Spain; not that he was weary of the Army, but that he was fed-up with the Government's policy of letting well-enough alone. He did exploits in Spain and died there, anti-fascist to the end. And now when the Spanish business had boiled over and set the world on fire the man's elder brother was on the march with ten million others resolved to see the end of this roaring flame. With the theme constantly in mind Mr. Shapiro persists in talking of co-operation among varied nationals for battle, and hinting that for peace-times the watchword is co-operate or die.

Taking People Apart

TAKE THEM UP TENDERLY, a Collection of Profiles, by Margaret Case Harriman. (Ryerson, $3.25.)

PROFILES, as developed by The *New Yorker* are essays in the biography of living people unfortunate enough to have come into public notice. Since all celebrities are a little ridiculous to the seeing eye and the cynical mind, some person, thus doubly qualified, is "sicked-on" a subject, generally with interesting results.

Margaret Case Harriman has gone far in this rather nosy profession, and here is a collection of her pieces about men and women in the "show-business." Her method is to be genially malicious, interrupting the slow skinning of the victim with occasional pats on the back, with all the devotion of the candid friend. And she does it with high humor and sparkling wit, knowing that such talent can get away with anything. The panting Libel Law would toil after her in vain.

Here are the first sentences in "The Candor Kid." "Once upon a time in a far country called Riverside Drive, a miracle child was born and her name was Clare Boothe. Over her cradle hovered so many good fairy godmothers that an S.R.O. sign was soon put up at the foot of the crib and a couple of witches who had drifted along just for the hell of it had to fly away and come back for the Wednesday matinee."

The subjects treated include (besides Mrs. Boothe Luce) Gilbert Miller, Max Gordon, Moss Hart, Lillian Hellman, Helen Hayes, Cole Porter, Mary Pickford and others, fifteen in all. This book is not merely amusing; it is hilarious.

In Case You're Down

IN SPITE OF ALL, by Archer Wallace. (Ryerson, $1.75.)

THE gentle business of encouraging people has been followed by this author for some years, and not without success. He is aware of the spiritual potential of the individual; the possibility of emotional gymnastics; and so he talks of faith and courage as revealed in the lives of notable men and women.

Here his theme is achievement by folk handicapped from the start. He begins with Beethoven, the deaf musician, and continues with William Cowper, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Francis Parkman, Madame Curie, Sir Walter Scott, Schiller, Spinoza, Grey of Falloden and Katherine Butler Hathaway—this last the author of *The Little Locksmith*. Admirable in its field.

Adventuress

FOREVER AMBER, a novel, by Kathleen Winsor. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

SILKEN-CLAD libertines and polite drabs in the Court society of Charles II did not differ materially from the thieves and trulls in the warrens of Clerkenwell. But the thieves had one advantage—that is, for the public. Some of them were hanged before large and approving audiences. The leading figure in this novel in the early part of her career was a highwayman's mistress and a lure for gentlemen of property planning journeys. She herself escaped the gallows and after a long procession of amatory adventures became the King's mistress and the rival of Lady Castlemaine. After reading the chronicle, with mounting distaste for a character without one sympathetic quality of spirit, the wonder grows that anybody would want to write about her.

It is true that the tale gives a convincing and spacious picture of 17th Century London. So do Pepys and Evelyn. So did John Bunyan in allegory. So did Congreve and Wycherley and Rochester, bawdy beyond reason. Yet there is a body of sentimentalists who drip a tear for "poor Nell Gwyn" and no doubt for other adventuresses of the period. So "Forever Amber" is already a best seller!

Feudalism

REVOLT IN PARADISE, by Alexander MacDonald. (Oxford, $3.75.)

FREE enterprise without restriction developed the sugar and pineapple production of Hawaii. Sons and grandsons of the early New England missionaries turned to business and built up a Family Compact of rather formidable influence. As the sugar acreage increased, Asiatic labor, chiefly Japanese, was imported until "foreigners" far outnumbered native Hawaiians.

But there was no organization of these laborers. The wages were what the Combine felt disposed to pay. And meantime shipping, public utilities and all necessary services had been financed by the same group. In everything there was a rake-off. For example, lumber which cost $30 a thousand in the States was priced to the Hawaiian consumer at $75. In a rate-war the Combine's Matson Shipping line all but bankrupted the Dollar line.

Then came the attack on Pearl Harbor. The Army and Navy took over, breaking the established monopolies to fragments. Defence projects demanded much labor from California and organizing agents came in the same ships. Independent operators faced the Combine with more confidence, mentioning the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. There is good hope that when the war is over consumers will benefit from a competitive, rather than a paternalistic, set-up.

The author presents a most interesting story.

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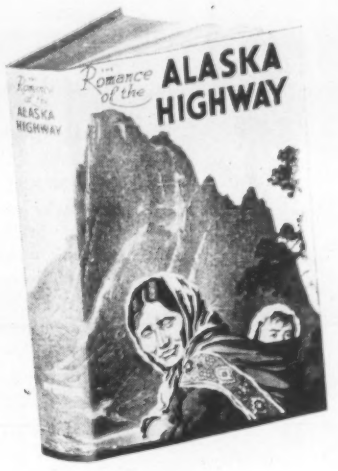

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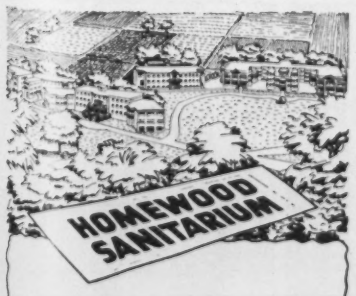

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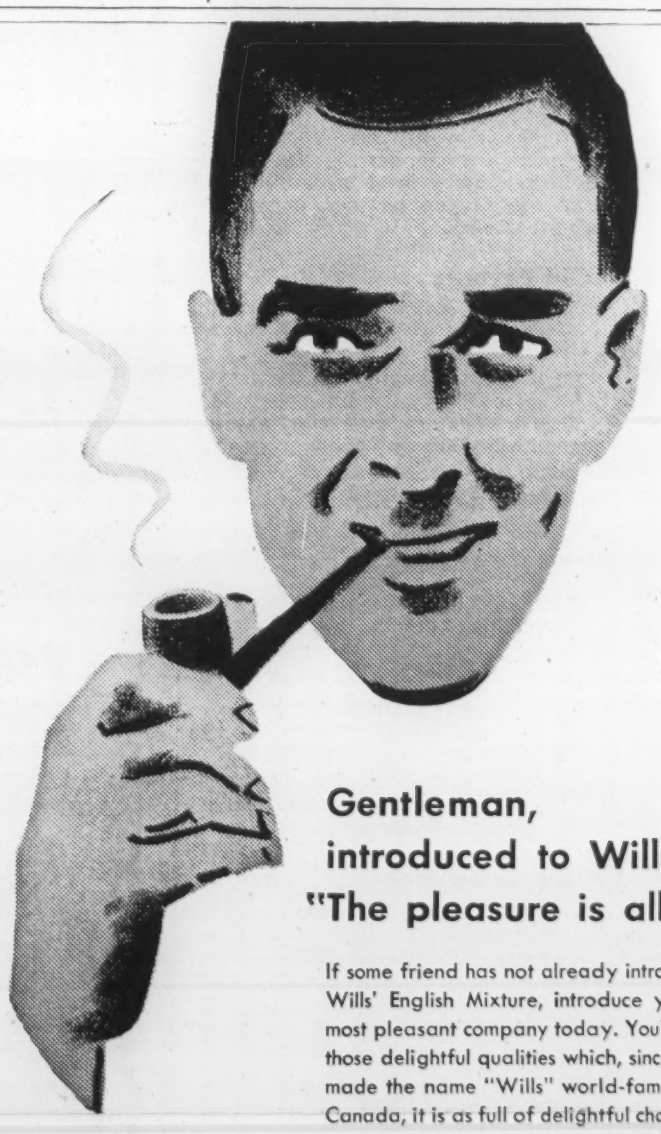

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MOTHER GOOSE
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the new and loveliest edition of this famous classic. 77 rhymes and 77 pages of illustrations, most of them in colour, by this famous children's illustrator.

or

POGO'S TRAIN RIDE
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the latest adventures of John and his beloved dog Pogo on a real freight train. Full of information and a story which will engross every little boy or girl.

or

STILTY THE DEER
by William Hall and Charlotte Steiner
$1.50

the story of a little deer who wouldn't eat what he should. The book is shaped like a bib and an added attraction is a little mirror in the back in which the child may see himself.

or

LET'S FIND SKIPPER
An Animated Book
by Jeffrey Victor and Dauber
$1.50

the story of Judy and Mike and seven of their animal friends on a picnic and their search for their missing dog, Skipper. There is a delightful surprise at the end.

or

HA! HA! FARM
An Animated Book
by Thirma and Carlyle Leech
$1.50

a laughing animal animated book sturdily constructed. Watch the duck "quack", see the donkey "hee-haw", make the cow "moo".

Won't you dry his tears?

OXFORD

More Widely Quoted

SATURDAY NIGHT is quoted or referred to by editors and newspapers and other periodicals in Canada on more occasions per issue than is any daily newspaper or any other periodical of general appeal in Canada.

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

All the Well-loved Fairy Tales and New Ones, with Pictures

"Read it to me!" demands the three-year-old, and then "Read it again!" Then let the reader beware, for if one word is changed, or one phrase omitted, the child will protest. "It's not that way. You didn't say 'the lovely princess,' you said, 'the princess.'"

To every child a book is a treasure, provided it has pictures. So far as the text is concerned, elder help is needed, but the pictures are his or her own. So at Christmas-time books are among the things most desirable, for they last from week to week, from month to month, when toys and gadgets have become old and commonplace.

Considering the war-scarcities of various kinds this season's books for children are in striking variety. As usual the artists have had a field day. The range and quality of their work are delightful.

Water Allergy

ANGELO THE NAUGHTY ONE, by Helen Garrett, illustrated by Leo Politi. (Macmillans, $2.50.)

THE Mexican boy Angelo wouldn't wash, even for his sister's wedding and caused all sorts of trouble when he ran away. Soldiers found him and couldn't tell at first that he was a white boy, but they washed him, and even got him to the wedding in time. The colored illustrations are gorgeous.

Dream Stuff

IN THE FOREST, by Marie Hall Ets. (Macmillans, $1.25.)

FANCIFUL tale of the little boy who went walking in the forest and was joined by all sorts of animals, to make a dream-parade. The story is told by very brief legends under full-page crayon pictures, humorous and charming.

Old Favorites

MOTHER GOOSE; Seventy-seven Verses illustrated, by Tasha Tudor. (Oxford, $2.50.)

THIS artist is supreme in the drawing of children whether in lead-pencil or in dainty watercolor. A wonderful collection.

Animal Tale

DROWSY DORMOUSE, by Elf Lewis Clarke, illustrated by Arnrid Johnston. (Oxford, 75c.)

FANCIFUL tale for eight-year olds of talking animals.

Calamity

KITTY COME DOWN, by Frances Atchinson Bacon, illustrated by Eloise Wilkin. (Oxford, $1.25.)

HOW a household was disrupted when the black kitten was chased up a tree by an enthusiastic dog.

Hungarian Story

THE CHRISTMAS ANNA ANGEL, by Ruth Sawyer; pictures by Kate Seredy. (Macmillans, $2.50.)

THE dream story about the good Saint Nicholas and a little girl's guardian angel. The colored illustrations are vivid and fantastic.

Fine Lithography

WING FOR PER, by Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00.)

THIS is the tale of the little boy who lived on a high farm and wanted to fly like the eagles he often saw. How he progressed from childhood pretences until he was the pilot of an aeroplane in war-time is explained with a flood of color-pictures in the best lighographic style.

These same artists were responsible for *Don't Count Your Chicks* a feature child's book of last year, now in a new edition, and for *George Washington* the only "Life" we have seen that is not violently anti-British. This one emphasizes the reception given to Washington by the British Admiral after the war ended. Each is priced at $3.00.

Outdoors Folk

ALL THE YEAR ROUND, by Alice Gall and Fleming Crew. (Oxford, $1.50.)

SIMPLE stories of birds and animals for bedtime reading. The illustrations in two colors are admirable.

Puzzled Bird

WHOSE LITTLE BIRD AM I? by Leonard Wiesgard. (Oxford, $1.00.)

THE tale of the fledgling who didn't know what kind of bird he was and made inquiries. A fascinating series of bird-pictures with a minimum of text.

Mischief

BELINDA THE MOUSE, by Helen Sewell. (Oxford, $1.50.)

TWO young children were a vexation to their sister Peggy, who was almost grown up and kept a diary marked "Very Private." Maybe these children should have been spanked, but there was nobody around to do it. The illustrations in the most delicate tints are delightful.

For Small People

LITTLE BO-PEEP, by Norma Jorgens. (Macmillans, 29c.)

A DESIGNER of unusual books for children is Norma Jorgens. She must have looked into a good many four-year-old minds in her time, and seen much. Here she takes one of the commonest nursery rhymes, illustrates it with high humor and extreme economy of line and color, and then on the back of each color-page brings in other familiar nursery personages drawn in outline for coloring. At the end of the book is a vacant square for "Picture of me playing hop-scotch, drawn by me." Five other gay little books are ready, all smart as mustard, and cheap at double the price.

Animal Folks

RABBIT HILL, by Robert Lawson. (Macmillans, $2.50.)

ALL the small people of the meadows and woods are excited at the rumor that new folks are coming to live in the big house, long deserted. Father Rabbit declares in weighty manner—as a Southern gentleman—"This news may promise the approach of a more felicitous and bountiful era. I must seek confirmation of this most auspicious rumor." So all the little animals gossip, each from his peculiar point of view. Stinky the skunk is particularly interested in garbage to come. Porky the woodchuck has a dream of clover in contrast to the straggly and sour weeds of the lawn. And so it goes; a whimsical, merry argument on live and let live, brilliantly illustrated. One of the best children's books of the season.

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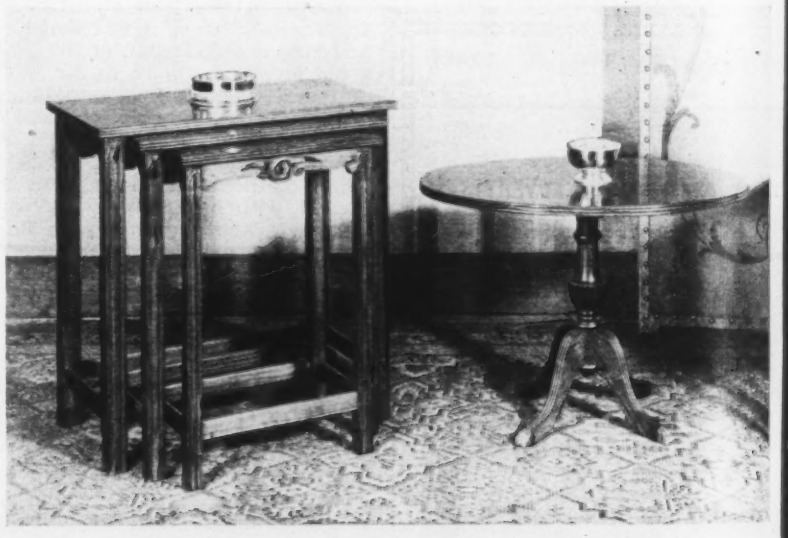

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ISN'T IT THE TRUTH? By Ti-Jos

HAVE A GOOD TIME ASHORE-MISTER?
UH, HUH!-PRICES IN CANADA ARE STILL PRETTY REASONABLE-WONDER HOW THEY DO IT?
PRICE CONTROL-OLD BOY!
HOW DOES IT WORK SPARKS?
WELL, THERE'S A LAW FREEZING PRICES-BUT...
...IF THE PEOPLE AND THE MERCHANTS WEREN'T BEHIND THE LAW...
...THERE'D BE THE SAME BLACK MARKETS AND RUINOUS PRICES WE FIND IN OTHER PLACES...
HATS OFF TO CANADA-EH!

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THE CHRISTMAS BOOKSHELF

Persistent Warning to Little Folks About Traffic Lights

RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT, by Golden MacDonald and Leonard Weisgard. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)

THE bravest of picture books all about the truck, the motor car, the jeep, the horse, the dog, the cat, the boy and the mouse, all saying "Red light, you can't go, Green light, you can." The illustrations, in sepia, white, red and green, are dashing and gay.

•

Canadian Paint Books

TREASURE ISLAND PAINT BOOK. R. L. Stevenson's Tale adapted by Rose Halperin and illustrated by Sid Barron. (Educational Projects, Montreal, 20c.)

THIS is one of a series of children's tales of Canadian production, each full of quarto drawings in outline for little folk to color and with a minimum of text. Various artists, all with talent and humor, are represented in this series, which includes, Tom Thumb, The Sleeping Beauty, Alice in Wonderland, The Three Musketeers and several fairy tales. Highly recommended for pre-school-age children.

•

In the Far North

YUKON RIVER, by Harriett Osgood, pictures by Lilian Neuner. (Oxford, $2.50.)

A SMALL quarto of 78 pages telling of the life of Poco an Indian boy of Alaska. Excellently told and brightened by admirable wash-drawings, some in color.

•

"Just Like Me"

THIS LITTLE BOY WENT TO KINDERGARTEN, by Ellen Paullin and Elizabeth Ripley. (Oxford, $1.50.)

FOR children just on the verge of the great adventure of going to school this little book is perfect, picturing gaily a little boy getting up, dressing, having breakfast, running to school, painting, building blocks, resting, singing, etc. The pictures are in color.

•

Sentimental Horse

REWARD FOR BROWNIE, by Dorothy Childs Hogner; pictures by Nils Hogner. (Oxford, $1.25.)

PATRICK the jolly policeman rode Brownie in the city streets until the horse was too old for duty and was sent to a farm to rest. But he was most uncomfortable without a parade to lead, and did something about it.

•

Animal Pictures

STILTY, The Deer Who Learned to Eat, by William Hall and Charlotte Steiner. (Oxford, $1.50.)

THIS is a bib-book; that is to say, each page when beyond interest as a story can be taken out and used temporarily as a bib. It tells the story of a young deer without appetite who was visited by various animals, each bringing what it liked best, until the deer got hungry and filled-up. The smallest children will regard this with grave interest.

•

The Trader

TIT FOR TAT TOMMY, by Gertrude Blumenthal, pictures by Charlotte Becker. (Oxford, $1.75.)

SMALL boys who enter trade early by swapping toys will be interested in Tommy's adventures which usually caused mildly unfavorable comment in the family. The crayon drawings are clever and amusing.

•

Inconvenient Halo

PEPE WAS THE SADDEST BIRD, by William Stone, illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff. (Ryerson, $2.25.)

BEING a cousin of the starling, the myna-bird of Australia and the South Pacific hasn't a good reputation. So when one came out of the egg wearing a saint's halo the parent birds were much concerned. As he grew other mynas pecked him and ridiculed him until he was in great trouble and tried in every way to get rid of that halo. At last he stole a bank-note and was at peace, for the halo blew up like a soap-bubble. This upside-down moral cleverly told and pictured appeals quite as much to parents as to children—if not more.

•

Cowboy Tale

RIDERS OF THE GABDILANS, by Graham McDean. (Macmillans. $2.50.)

By MARY DALE MUIR

THE rustlers enter into the first chapter and from then on there is action, danger and suspense enough to satisfy any boy's conception of a cowboy story.

The author is the editor of a newspaper in the cattle country. The illustrator, Wesley Dennis, has also lived in that country. Under his pen riders tumble off their horses with complete naturalness and cowboys strut in full regalia.

•

Youth Novel

WILDERNESS CLEARING, by Walter D. Edmonds. (Dodd, Mead, $3.00.)

THE romance of a sixteen-year-old of long ago in the Mohawk Valley. Excellently told.

•

Spanish Pride

THE BULLFIGHTER'S SON, by Maria Cristina Chambers. (Oxford, $1.75.)

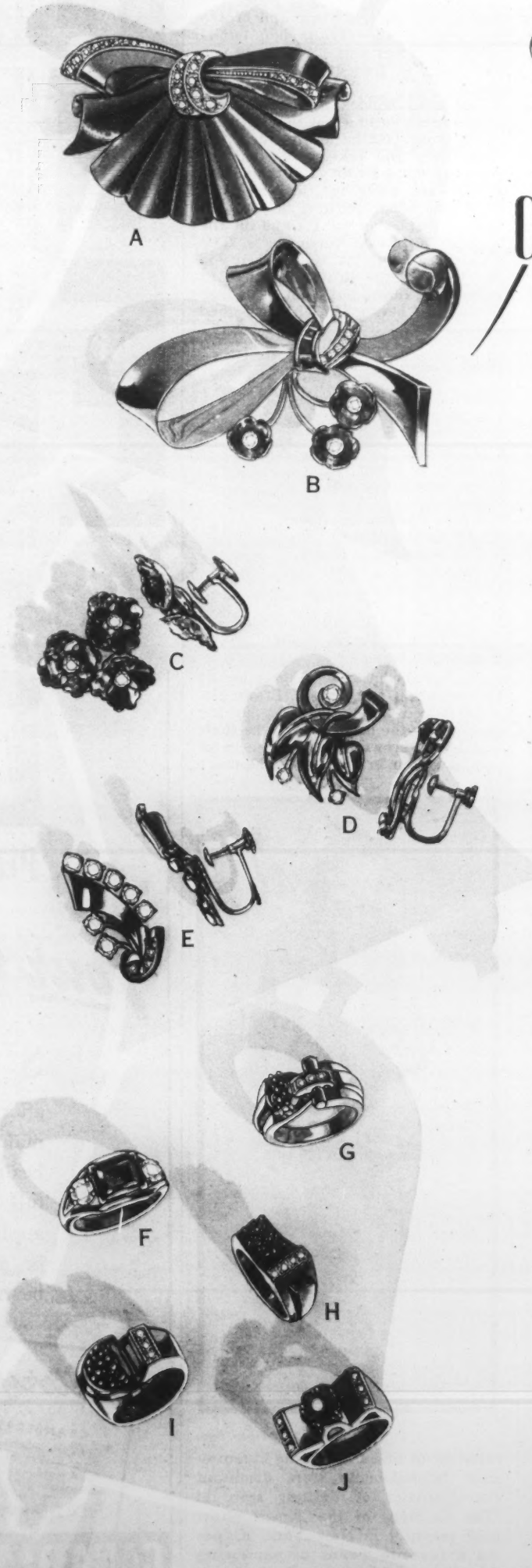
PACO, the son of a famous bullfighter of Madrid, is brought to America by his father's friend, Mr. Beddington, and though only 11 years old has already settled on a profession. He is to fight bulls—in a country where the bull-ring was unknown. Naturally he met with difficulties, even though the great dane dog was willing to be a bull-calf for practice purposes. A merry tale, admirably illustrated by Ignacio P. Ortega.

•

In Roman Times

THE COUNTERFEIT AFRICAN, by Jay Williams. (Oxford, $2.50.)

A LIVELY adventure story of the time of Caius Marius, interesting for itself alone but useful for introducing a modern boy to Roman history and practice.



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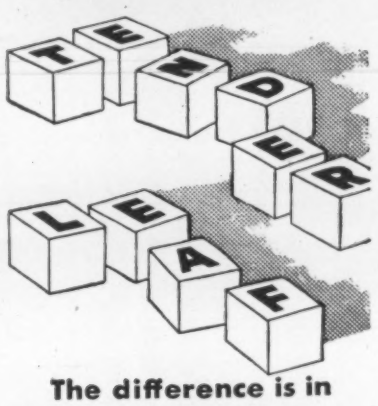

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CONCERNING FOOD

November Month of Street Bonfires and Hearty Flavorsome Stews

By JANET MARCH

NOVEMBER is not a popular month. This year we have had mild weather, and more than our usual share of sunshine, but even with these advantages there is a gloomy feeling of winter in the air. Harassed housewives search for putters-up of double windows and lay in stores of kindling for the open fire they will shortly be huddling round. There seems to be no sure way of going to sleep with the right number of bed-clothes on you, you either wake up smouldering under the eider-down or shivering under some blankets.

It's a month of girding oneself to face winter. Mr. R. Chambers in his "Book of Days" confirms this dark view of the month. "November is generally regarded as the gloomiest month of the year and it is popularly regarded as the month of blue devils and suicides. . . . Torrents of rain, combined frequently with heavy gusts of wind which shake down the last remaining leaves from the trees are . . . by no means conducive to buoyancy and cheerfulness of spirits." Seems to me a blue devil would be quite an inspiriting fellow to meet even if a suicide isn't so cheerful.

There is one nice thing you can do though and that is have a leaf bonfire. Nothing like a bonfire to resuscitate your buoyancy and lead you away from the notion of turning on the gas jets and lying down with your head in the oven. The dry weather in these parts has made it a banner bonfire year, unlike last when it was like trying to burn a wet compress. A finer way of spending an hour than in burning what you have raked off the front lawn can't be imagined.

It's true that all the residents of the street under five seek a fiery death, and the hot ashes lying near the curb are a menace to good tires, but the smell is fine, and who are you to worry about the film of smoke that settles on the neighbors' recently cleaned windows when your own cleaner seems to have put off his arrival for the duration. Of course there is something else you can do to protect your own family from November blues and that is by doing extra well for them in the kitchen. Nothing like a good stew to postpone depression.

No one knows why stew has such a black name, but it is probably because so many people think that a little dried up meat, a couple of carrots and potatoes and a hastily constructed gravy are all that's needed. You must do a bit of hovering and stirring and tasting with your stew if it's going to be good.

If you have bought raw stewing meat it will probably be tough unless you cook it for an hour and a half at least. Many cook books tell you to cut up the meat and brown the bits in the frying pan but I think the meat gets tenderer if you just cook it from the raw in the gravy.

The most tedious part of the job is this meat cutting. Sit down with a board, your best knife and the knife sharpener, and take your time or you may cut a bit of your thumb off. If you are using up the end of a roast it's much quicker as you just have to dispose of the fat and cut the rest up into nice sized pieces. The very best tasting fat to use when you are making the gravy is the beef fat refined down, but a lot of us lazy people use bacon fat which is good too.

Beef Stew

2 pounds of stewing beef
1 large onion
4 carrots
4 potatoes
2 stalks of celery
2 teaspoonfuls of salt
Pepper
1 cup of canned tomatoes
5 tablespoons of fat
3½ tablespoons of flour
1 teaspoon of vinegar
1 pinch of thyme
1 pinch of sage
½ teaspoon of Worcester Sauce
2 teaspoons of brown sugar
1 quart of water

Cut up the meat and sprinkle the bits with salt and pepper. Brown the onion sliced in the fat and put the pieces with the meat. Stir in the flour and let it brown till it is the color you like your gravy to be. The more you brown flour the less thickening powers it seems to have so you may have to use a little more if you like your stew gravy pretty thick. Add the water boiling and stir till the gravy thickens then pour it on the meat and onion. Cut up the potatoes, carrots and celery stalks and add them. Add the tomatoes and vinegar and sugar and other flavorings and let the stew just bubble—no more—for about an hour and a half. You must give it a stir now and then to avoid it sticking and be sure to cook it covered or it will all boil away. The gravy should cover the meat and vegetables. If it doesn't you will have to add more water. If that makes it too thin add some flour stirred to a smooth paste in a little cold water. You can't give completely hard and fast regulations for stew because it is a question of how big are the potatoes and how thick do you like your gravy.

Even now the job isn't finished for you must do some tasting to be sure it has the flavor you want. Mexican chili powder, cayenne or bouillon cubes are all possibilities which add flavors you may like. If you really put your mind on it, though, you will have a dish which will make you forget that

"November's sky is chill and drear
November's leaf is red and sear."

YOU'D THINK!

YOU'D think they'd do something about it!
You'd think they'd insist on a queue!
When the counter is crowded with shoppers
What can a *lady* do?

So I'm through with being a *lady*,
I'm through being patiently vexed:
I elbow my way to the counter
And simply announce "I'm next!"

LOIS KERR.

The New York Times

Freedom of line and feeling of movement in silhouette were dominant characteristics of designs seen at "The Fashions of the Times" show held recently in New York. Capes are a favorite means of expressing this theme. Above, a circular cape of American broadtail, hip-length, is worn with a Sorrento blue suit.

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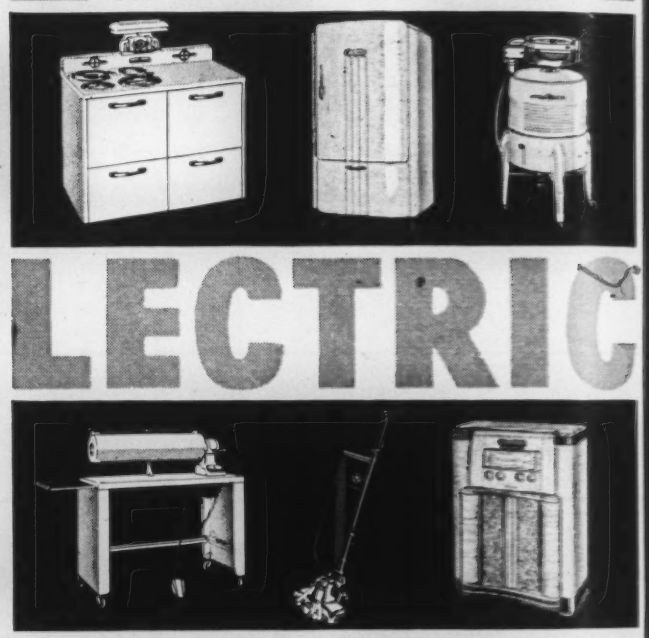

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Victory Recipe

CRANBERRY CUPCAKES

1 cupful cranberries cleaned and washed
½ cupful of sugar
2 cupfuls of flour
4 teaspoons of baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cupful milk
1 egg slightly beaten
3 tablespoons melted butter

Chop the prepared cranberries and sprinkle with half of the sugar. Sift the remaining sugar, flour, baking powder and salt together. Combine the egg, milk and melted butter and add to the dry ingredients, stirring only until the dry ingredients are nicely coated. Fold in the cranberries. Put into greased muffin tins and bake in a hot oven—425° F.—for about 25 minutes. Yield—12 medium-sized muffins. Serve hot with fresh or stewed fruit or use with a sauce as a dessert.

GE

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Cosmetics Have a Place Reserved Under the Christmas Tree

By ISABEL MORGAN

A MAN we know received a letter from a brother in the Navy stationed in England. In answer to an inquiry whether he wanted for anything the letter said, "I have everything I need. However, you might send along some silk stockings or lipsticks." Flowers and candies, the customary small tokens employed to further romance, apparently have been replaced by another and rarer kind of currency minted in the terms of scarcities in wartime England.

During the war years Canadians have come off very well so far as the cosmetic situation is concerned.

While keeping a firm clutch on materials regarded as essential to the war effort, and this encompassed a surprising number of things we've used on our faces, the Government seems to have had a fair comprehension of what cosmetics mean to a woman—even though she works on the night shift. But it is the manufacturers of cosmetics who have performed the miracles. When a material used in a formula suddenly became essential and was snatched away, they found another to take its place. They have encountered the usual scarcities of materials and labor that afflict other businesses. It has been difficult to get enough containers to put the preparations in, for instance. But the quality of all well-known brands of cosmetics has remained excellent.

Underground

A new powder base has just been launched in this country by Charles of the Ritz. The laboratory technicians of this house have been working to perfect a cream base that would give a very smooth finish to the skin, stay on for hours and still not dry out the essential oils. The result is Complexion Veil, a preparation which has been known to New Yorkers for some time, and now comes to Canada.

It's a thin creamy paste which seems to disappear into the skin and offers kindly concealment of minor blemishes or imperfections. Comes in three shades, a light tint, called "French Buff" for the fairest ivory skins; Amber Rose for the brunette; and Camellia for all skins of medium tone. It is to be applied sparingly over every exposed inch of face and neck both front and back, well up to the hair line, and then you are ready for your face powder.

On the Scent

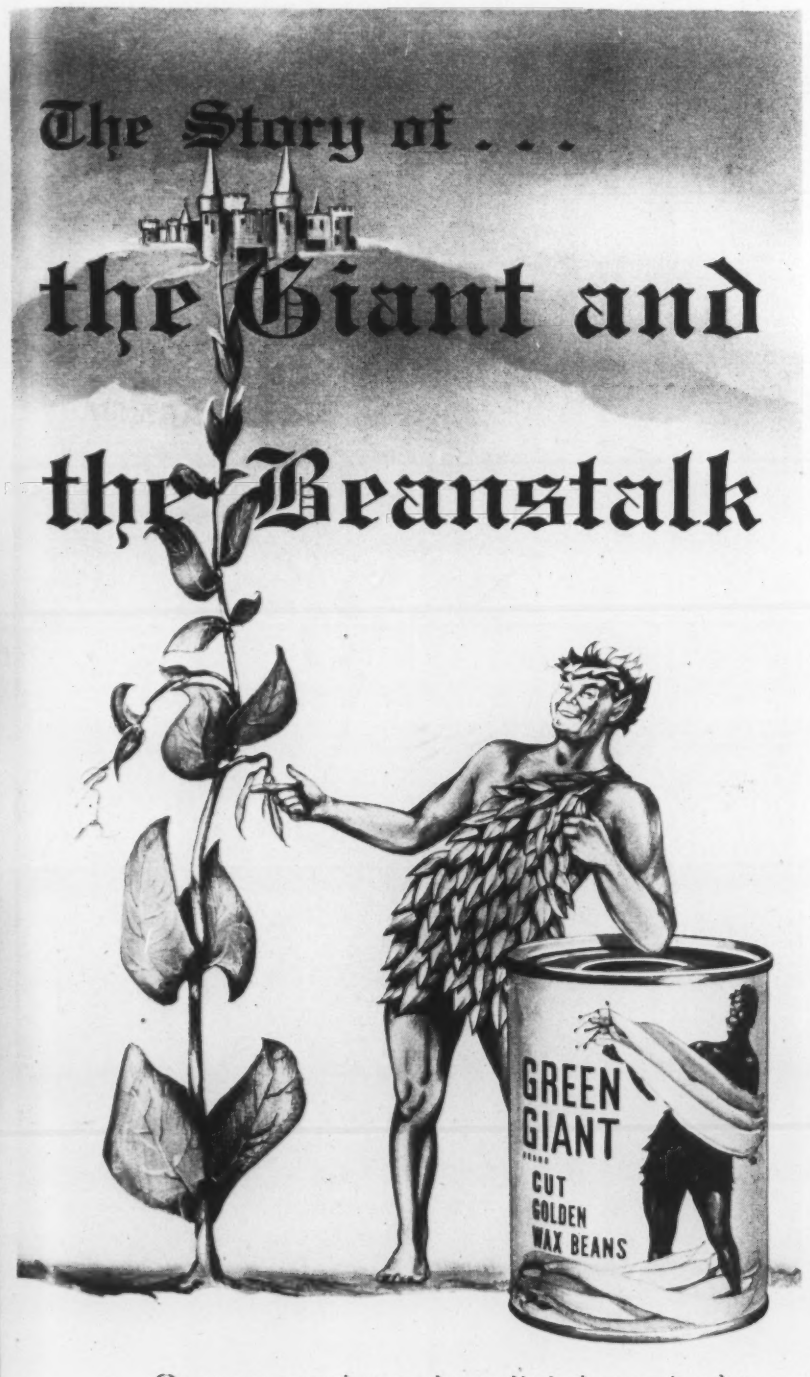
There are still good supplies of Chanel perfume in the country—enough, at any rate, for Christmas shoppers; and with the liberation of Paris the day of unlimited quantity is possibly not far off. The familiar Chanel Packages, labels and advertisement, with their employment of austere black and white simplicity, derive their inspiration from the fashionable black and white gowns which Chanel, the great Parisian dressmaker, originated and on which her fame as a couturiere was based. Number 5 perfume is an intriguing melange of scents, and Number 22 is almost as well known. Cuir de Russie, or Russian Leather, is inspired by the peculiar and fascinating odor given off by Russian leather, suitable especially for use with sports clothes and tweeds. Gardenia captures much of the charm of the luxurious corsage flower.

Of Handsome Appearance

Men like to dress up, too! If women doubt it they should consider the popularity of those regiments whose peacetime uniforms are so colorful. One of the most famous of these regiments—the Seaforth Highlanders, and its Canadian counterpart—inspired the creation of Seaforth Toiletries for Men. Seaforth is thoroughly masculine as to container and product, in appearance, fragrance and background. The name was chosen because for centuries the men of this famous British regiment have come to be looked upon as the ultimate in regard to appearance and dress. In fact, the ancient charter of the regiment required that all its members must be "of handsome appearance."

The fragrance of Seaforth is reminiscent of Scotch heather and fern and the containers are of unique design. The stone jugs are miniatures of old Scotch whisky jugs and the snug caps represent the ancient method of closing the top with wax to make an airtight seal. The little stone jug keeps the contents cool, much the same as water jugs used to do. The stone mug is a replica of the mediaeval sac cup which Scottish tavern keepers of olden times kept warm in rows before their great fireplaces, ready for travellers journeying across the moor.

These masculine toiletries include men's cologne, shaving-mug, after-shave talc and lotion, men's hair-dressing and men's deodorant, and they are arranged in gift sets for Christmas giving.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

International Jamboree: Dance in the Northern Ontario Backwoods

By MARION WOLFMAN

IF YOU should ever live in one of the remote little backwoods towns of northern Ontario, that has suddenly taken on a little prominence, and a little population, through the opening of a mine or a sawmill in its vicinity, and if you live there long enough to be accepted by the natives, on Saturday nights you will find yourself living a few decades back—right in "the good old days."

You are still accustomed to city manners, so you hustle into your best party gown, while you listen to your husband cursing as he scrapes at a beard toughened by the abandonment of shaving as a regular practice. Soon you are stumbling over the rough country road with the aid of a flashlight whose batteries have suddenly decided to weaken and dim. Then the welcome oil lamp in a nearby window tells you that you have reached your neighbor's, where the party is already in full swing.

Music and Revelry

You enter, and find yourself in a strange land. Every stick of furniture has been cleaned from the living-room. The bare, blue-calcimined walls greet you coldly, and the family dog shivers in the corner where the stove ought to be. But the heat is not needed, for all the young and old of the village quickly crowd the room till one must throw open the windows for a breath of air.

The "orchestra" is tuning up—a guitar gives the key to a fiddle with two strings, and a mouth-organ practises a few hillbilly airs, while off in another corner, an accordion does a one-man-band routine.

Looking for democracy-at-work, for a little international peace? Here they are before your eyes. The engineer's wife and the mucker, the machinist's wife and the lumberjack sit side by side. A Finn softly touches the accordion keys, lost in his reverie of stream and forest in the homeland. Beside him sits an old Italian, dreaming of the girl he left behind him in Italy. This week the dance is being held in the Larome home—they are half-breed Indians, and among the oldest inhabitants—so brown-skinned children roam about, crying, "Ma, can I have a piece of cake?" and are good-naturedly fed and scolded. A beautiful Italian girl, with the face of a madonna, and a figure hopelessly spread and shapeless with childbirth, dandles a fat, black-eyed *bambino* on her lap and gives us her recipe for his abundant health:

"He won't sleep before eleven o'clock," she cries proudly, "and eats everything we do. He loves the olives and the peppers!" Her boyish husband laughs loudly and slaps her thigh in rough affection.

Animals wander about unconcernedly—a puppy sits up and begs sadly—a cat aimlessly roves through the room, its one ear telling the tragic tale of a hard winter and a pussycat who forgot to come home one night, the mangled ear a sacrifice to Jack Frost.

The children approach you somewhat fearfully, and with awestruck fingers, touch the soft silk of your dress. When they grow up, they are going to have one just like it!

You are sitting beside a wiry, middle-aged woman, who addresses you as "Madame." She is a Frenchwoman who has lived here most of her life, and given the census-taker a bit of counting to do! She looks older than her age, but is still strong and healthy after bearing twenty-three children, most of whom are present at the dance.

And now the revelry begins.

Here comes the caller, and the couples take their places for the square dance. Soon there is a merry noise of feet stamping through the intricate steps, music with real "swing" to it, the shrill laughter of the girls, and above it all, the caller's voice shouting his "Swing your partner to the right—join hands—circle two—circle four—promenade—"

The dance whirls faster and faster and the dancers, breathless and perspiring, can "take it," no matter how madly the music tears on.

Satin Gowns, Drill Shirts

Then suddenly it is over, and the orchestra goes modern with a few city numbers only a couple of years old. Here the men are at a loss and drop out while the girls double up and dance the "rounds" without any masculine help. The only exception is that citified-looking couple who are the schoolteacher and the engineer's wife, trying hard to look dignified through it all.

A few more squares, and it is certainly time for an intermission. The men all wander out to the beer-parlor across the way—oh, yes, such a village can easily support a thirst-quenching emporium—and leave the ladies to their own resources for a while.

The girls seat themselves around a beautiful old piano of about the "Little Women" period, and somebody chords out a few notes on its tuneless keys, while the others sing in high, mournful voices from the hymn-book which seems to be the only available music, since the orchestra plays by ear.

Ah, but the men are back, and it's time for more dancing. Once more they take their places for the squares, and the happy tangle starts again. This dance is a little slower, and you are able to observe some of the individual dancers. Two of the young women are dressed in their bridal finery, purchased a few years back for the one great event of their lives, and treasured for social affairs. Satin gowns must be carefully lifted and held above gilded shoes stepping faster and faster in time with the high-top boots of their partners. Frizzy "permanents" disfigure the hair of every girl who has been able to scrape up the dollar to have one "in town" twenty miles away. Red-checkered jackets vie for supremacy with navy drill shirts and khaki breeches, fitting background for scrubbed, shiny faces and slicked-down masculine coiffures.

The host is much quieter than his guests. Alfonse wanders in and out, saying no word, taking no part, silent embodiment of the tragedy of the half-breed. His fine Indian features quarrel with the degenerate white man in him, and he doesn't quite fit anywhere, but he gets a deep and simple joy out of watching the pleasure of others, and he grins broadly at the company.

Dawn Departure

Above the sound of the music one can distinguish English spoken in the broken accents of many a tongue. That clear-eyed, golden-haired couple dancing together are a Finnish pair who live down at the lake. That little, fat, curly-haired man is jovially murdering the King's English in the language of a vaudeville Italian. And no race offends another—here everyone is your friend, at least while the party is on.

Now it's suppertime, and everybody is hungry after the strenuous exercise. Here come the steaming coffee pots and the unmatched china borrowed from all the neighbors. Everybody has brought a contribution, and on your plate will repose the sandwiches of your next-door neighbor and the cake that comes from somewhere over the hill. There is more than plenty for everybody, and greedy animals get titbits, while hungry-eyed youngsters watch, mouths watering, for a chance to get more than their share.

After the refreshments have been cleared away, and some of the women are washing up in the kitchen, the younger folk, more ambitious than the rest, do a little more dancing. But after a few numbers, everyone is tired. People start yawning, and babies begin to cry. The men move the stove back to its accustomed place, talking of tomorrow's work or tomorrow's hunt. Out come the coats, and you hear car-engines being warmed up by some of the guests who have come a good distance for the merry-making.

So, it's "goodnight," and "it was a grand party," back and forth for a few minutes, and the gay soirée is over. On your way home the first faint streaks of dawn are beginning to brighten the sky. And as you plod your way back over the muddy road the thought comes to you that you have had just as good a time, and the festivities have lasted just as late as at any "fast" city party.

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Shadow Emperor of Dual Monarchy Archduke Otto of Hapsburg

By MILDRED COULTON

A GOOD many pretenders to Europe's thrones have been flitting over the world's stage these past five years or so. One of the most active is the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, whose claim to the throne of the broken-up Dual Monarchy, has, perhaps, more foundation than most of the pleas put forward by European pretenders.

The Archduke, who declares that by right he should be Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has arrived in Lisbon to be nearer the scene of action as war rolls through Hungary and threatens Austria. His father was the late Emperor Charles.

In September he was in Quebec, where his mother, the ex-Empress Zita—who has never ceased her efforts to achieve the restoration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy—lives. His visit reminded diplomatic observers of the Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin promise at Teheran to restore Austria's independence after the war.

Nominally the Archduke was "visiting his mother" but, according to some commentators, he hoped to have talks with some of the statesmen meeting Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt.

When war broke out in September 1939 Archduke Otto declared his support of the Allied cause, and Hapsburg monarchists renewed their activities. Obviously no official support could be given to such propaganda. The Archduke, who is nearly 32, has been in the United States since March 1940, apart from visits to Canada, and one visit in June 1940, to Spain and Portugal.

Perilous Heritage

A clause in the Austrian 1919 Constitution forbids him ever to set foot in Austria, even as a private individual. As Austria is no longer an independent nation this clause can be no longer valid, but certainly Hitler does not want the Archduke back. In fact, after the Nazis overran the country Hitler issued a warrant for his arrest on the charge of high treason, and confiscated his estates.

The Archduke's position in the United States has caused something of a bother. He had to register in October, 1940, with a million other New Yorkers for selected service. As a citizen of Hungary he was technically an enemy alien, and after three years of confused controversy, in August 1943 the U. S. Army ruled that he was not "qualified" or "acceptable" to serve.

A couple of years back he is reported to have begun recruiting Austrians for an Austrian battalion within the American Army, but Austrian elements in the country protested, and his campaign was discouraged.

There are both strong monarchial and republican elements in the countries that once made up the Dual Monarchy, and quite apart from the political merits of the case, the recent fortunes of the Hapsburg Monarchy have been ill. When the aged Emperor Francis Joseph died in 1916, after a reign of 68 years, his grandnephew Charles took over a perilous heritage.

Never since the family emerged from obscurity as Swiss counts in the thirteenth century, had their power been so threatened. Indeed, the fall of the monarchy was imminent. Its military and economic resources were failing; the inexorable power of the blockade was growing; the food situation was desperate, and anti-dynastic feeling was growing.

Charles endeavored to get his country out of the war, but the grip of the Germans over their ally was too strong. On the day of the Armistice Charles had to renounce any participation in the government of the country, and he was compelled to retire to his castle. The Austrian Government demanded him to withdraw from the country and he went to Switzerland.

In October, 1921, he made a daring attempt to recover the throne of Hungary. He suddenly left Switzerland, and fled to the Austrian province of Burgenland. There he was met by a force of armed Royalists, at whose head he marched on Budapest. But he was defeated by troops of the Horthy Government, and Charles and the Empress Zita were arrested.

The Boy Otto

An English ship carried Charles to Funchal in Madeira, where he died in straitened circumstances only a few months later, April 1, 1922. On his deathbed he is said to have called the boy Otto to him and said: "Never forget that you are heir to the House of Hapsburg. Promise me that you will never be a vulgar plotter, the tool of a faction trying to force a king on an unwilling people."

In 1935 Otto's Austrian nationality was restored and he was allowed to draw income from the Hapsburg estates. Chancellor Schuschnigg is stated to have been amenable to the return of the Archduke and that negotiations were afoot to that end. The absorption of Austria into the Reich prevented anything maturing.

Archduke Otto was strictly educated and trained under the supervision of his mother in the history and traditions of the Hapsburgs to prepare him for his return to the throne. Perhaps there was too much insistence on tradition for a democratic king. Anyway, only time can tell what his future will be, and the final decision must be left to the Austrian and Hungarian peoples.

The New York Times.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

T.S.O. in All-Russian Program: New Two-Piano Combination

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LAST week Sir Ernest Macmillan gave an all-Russian program with the Ukrainian pianist, Alexander Brailowsky as guest artist. Of the four works performed only one was of the 19th century, Tchaikovsky's "Nut Cracker Suite", no doubt intended as relaxation after the music of Rachmaninoff, Shostakovich and Kabalevsky.

If one looks into the relations of Rachmaninoff and Shostakovich with the Soviet administration one discovers how the present conflict has broadened, (one might almost say "civilized"), the official Russian outlook on artistic matters. Rachmaninoff was, of course, many years older than Shostakovich, who was but 11 years old at the time of the Bolshevik revolution in 1917, whereas Rachmaninoff's rise to international celebrity occurred during the Czarist regime. Both, however, were victims of the ludicrous puerility of Soviet thinking during the decade prior to the Nazi assault on Russia in 1941.

Rachmaninoff's music had been officially banned as expressive of "the decadent attitude of the lower middle classes". Shostakovich's career had been temporarily checked by an official ukase that his music was "bourgeois" which, in the Moscow of ten years ago, was considerably worse than accusing him of being a horse thief or the type of man who would pollute a parish well. Shostakovich got back to favor by professing that his 5th symphony, produced in 1937 was a political document inspired by the twentieth anniversary of the Revolution. Rachmaninoff long an exile does not seem to have been disturbed by the charge of lower middle class ideology; but in 1942 he must have been greatly surprised when Stalin decreed that the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from the Moscow Conservatory be publicly honored with revivals of his works, and that his name should be inscribed in letters of gold on the wall of the institution. The change of view may have been due to the discovery that enlightened people in other countries regarded the Soviet attitude toward musical genius as a symptom of congenital idiocy.

Rachmaninoff's "No. 2"

The most stirring event at last week's concert was the rendering of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor with Mr. Brailowsky, as soloist. Save that he was born near Kiev, Russia has had little or nothing to do with Mr. Brailowsky's career. He was a pupil at Vienna of the great teacher, Leschetizky, instructor of Paderewski and many other celebrities. He made his debut in Paris, was a protege of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, and during a career of 30 years as a virtuoso has played in countless cities on every continent. Because of his name and the fact that he is a renowned devotee of Chopin, I had until lately thought he was a Pole. He is still surprisingly youthful in appearance, and youthful dash was apparent in every moment of his playing.

Though Rachmaninoff earned his living chiefly as a pianist he was orchestral in his symphonies and his second concerto is remarkable for its perfect balance of interest. The work resembles the concertos of Brahms in that the pianoforte seems an integral part of the instrumental whole. The quality of magnificence is at all times present, and, as played by Brailowsky and Sir Ernest Macmillan, it was a stupendous surge of passion. The pianist, who in his most sensational flights, seemed to possess unlimited reserves of power; his dazzling execution was unfailingly sure, and his tone beautiful. Orchestra and conductor also covered themselves with glory.

On each fresh hearing of the first symphony of Shostakovich, regret grows that he saw fit to divert his genius to political aims — though perhaps, since he is a born satirist, his submission to the aims was not so serious as some believe. Considered as the work of a 19-year-old boy it is a prodigious achievement, neo-classic in its graces, but overflowing with fresh, spontaneous inspiration. Though it has a few blasts such as radio composers specialize in, the main stream is lovely and constantly diverting. Sir Ernest's rendering was intimate in a rare degree, and full of the youthful energy which is the salient feature of the composition.

Another feature of the program was the overture to Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon" a comic opera on a French theme. In its buoyant inspiration and originality of devices it is more interesting than his symphony, of which one recently spoke disrespectfully.

New Two-Piano Team

A two-piano team of outstanding quality, Evelyn Eby and Reginald Bedford, made their first Toronto appearance at Eaton Auditorium. Mr. Bedford was lately appointed principal of the Hamilton Conservatory of Music, and Miss Eby is a member of that staff, but for six seasons they have been giving notable recitals in the Canadian and American west. They are natives of Saskatoon, but Miss Eby is a pupil of Lhevinne and Mr. Bedford of Percy Grainger. Their co-operation is nothing short of perfect. They have a broad and beautiful tone, superb execution; their interpretations are brilliant, thoughtful and imbued with musical feeling.

Their mastery of the bravura style was especially apparent in a dazzling rendering of the Saint-Saens Scherzo; and their interpretation of Brahms' Variations on a Haydn Theme was noble and impressive. Their profound rhythmical sense was revealed in a Barcarolle and Valse by Rachmaninoff.

The program was especially rich in vivacious numbers by modern French composers; Debussy, J. B. Duvernoy, Milhaud and Ravel. Especially fascinating was "Jeux de Plein Air" by Germaine Tailleferre, whose music, though unique in inspiration is unknown to our audiences. In this work of blithesome genius she described "La Tirelitenaire" a Breton game and "Cache-Cache mitoula" (hide-and-seek). In this type of music the sureness and piquancy of the two artists were captivating. Among their many offerings was a rollicking arrangement of the Scottish tune "Keel Row" by Thomas Austen of Saskatoon, dedicated to them, but also used widely by Bartlett and Robertson.

Lubka Kolessa

The charm which marked the Conservatory of Music's first twilight chamber music recital, a series which has won public favor, was continued last week in a recital by Lubka Kolessa, of precious works for the piano. She chose to keep the lid of the pianoforte down, a course which assisted the effect of gentleness and tenderness she desired to convey. At her best her technique is ravishingly crisp and gracious, and her interpretations pervaded by musical feeling. The chief number was "24 Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel"; most impressive of all Brahms' earlier works lovely in individual beauty. The changing moods and rhythms were exquisitely presented by the pianist. Her expression in a Schubert group was deliciously lyrical, particularly in the Liszt transcription of "Thou Art Repose"; and the Bach "Italian Concerto" flowed entrancingly.

T. S. O. Youth Concerts

The musical beginner in the Toronto of today lives in a musical atmosphere which is undoubtedly a stimulus to ambition. Evidence of this was to be found in the concerts by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, in co-operation with the musical council of the Secondary Schools, heard on a recent Tuesday and Friday at Massey Hall. Sir Ernest conducted the first and Ettore Mazzoleni the second, though the program was the same in both instances. The intentness of the young people was an inspiration to the orchestra itself.

THE FILM PARADE

A Dynamic of Russian Hatred: Light Musical in Contrast

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE story of one Nazi-invaded village appears to be the story of them all, whether the setting is Norway, Jugoslavia or the Ukraine. The plot, the mood and even the cast of characters have been imposed by history. The difference between a Soviet film which deals with this phase of the conflict and even the best of the Hollywood films (e.g. "North Star") is largely a matter of intensity. It is a notable difference, however, for the Soviet film have behind them a dynamic hatred to which every other element in the picture is subordinated.

The latest Soviet release to reach the local screen is the film dra-

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ization of "The Rainbow" by Wanda Wasilewska. "The Rainbow" won the Stalin literature prize but its primary intention, obviously, and perhaps inevitably, is political rather than literary. It breaks no new ground and is not in any sense a work of the imagination. Its characters—the Nazi commander, the local quisling, the female collaborationist, the school-teacher, the woman partisan—are already familiar symbols; brutality and arrogance on the one hand, and fortitude and hatred on the other. But because these symbols have been burned deep in the Russian heart and soul, "The Rainbow" has a brooding power and realism that no American-made film could possibly achieve.

It's a propagandist film and its propaganda is that of hatred. No one can contend either that the hatred is unjustified or that the facts have been distorted to a point of view. But unless the human race is to go on hating forever, the emotions the picture appeals to are current rather than universal. It is tremendous propaganda. But it lacks the fresh play of imagination and insight that go to make a great picture.

Ball Biography

The natural affinity between Twentieth Century Fox and Composer Ernest R. Ball has ripened into love in "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling", another big technicolor musical. "Irish Eyes" is a rich album of sentimental song, including the title piece and such favorites as "Love Me And The World Is Mine", "Turn Back the Universe", "Let The Rest of the World Go By" and "Mother Machree" with its excruciating octave leap on the final note.

All American popular song writers appear to lead the same kind of life. They have trouble with their girl and they learn the heartbreak and glory of Broadway and end-up rich, famous and happy. Or if things didn't quite happen that way a little screen treatment will bring them round. The Ball biography follows the usual pattern, with crisis leading to composition and composition leading to crisis. If that wasn't the way it happened it is obviously the way it should have.

Light and Cheerful

Ernest Ball is played here by Dick Haymes, a sensible looking young man whose baritone voice with its rich resonances is perfectly adapted to the Ball balladry. The ballads themselves fit the period without a wrinkle and have at the same time a good deal in common with the lush unreality of technicolor. Altogether "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" is perfect in its own way, a consummate production of pretty terrible material. I got a lot of pleasure out of it, though it isn't the sort of thing you want to see too often.

There is a good deal of enjoyment to be had too out of "The Impatient Years" which stars Jean Arthur and Lee Bowman, along with Charles Coburn. It's about a hasty war-time marriage and the peculiar difficulties of a bride when her hero returns from the wars to break up her domestic schedule. The complications here are rather whimsically elaborated and there are times when the comedy idea is stretched so thin that you could practically shoot peas through it. It is quite funny a good deal of the time however, thanks to Jean Arthur, one of the rare comediennes who can be comic, nit-witted and attractive all at the same time. Naturally no deep-dish thinking has gone into the solution of the war-time marriage problem. It is just pleasant light entertainment which sociologists themselves might enjoy in their more relaxed moments.

In "Barbara Coast Gent" Wallace Beery gets a new running-mate—Binnie Barnes this time—but that is about as far as the film goes by way of improvisation. The Beery role it would seem has as little chance of changing as the Beery face. They're both incorrigible, but a lot of people have learned to love them that way.

Gertrude Lawrence, starring in the comedy "Errand for Bernice," at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, for week beginning November 27.

THE THEATRE

Bringing to Life the Author Who Started the Civil War

By LUCY VAN GOGH

THE chronological drama is never likely to produce a masterpiece of playwrighting, for one reason because it does not allow sufficient freedom in the manipulation of the material, the audience being pretty sure to insist that history as it learned it shall not be too gravely departed from. But it frequently produces excellent entertainment and much public enlightenment. "Harriet," the piece about the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe in which Helen Hayes is displaying her dazzling talents at the Royal Alex. this week, does well in both respects. It enlightens by its depiction of the terrible moral crisis through which the United States had to pass before and in the Civil War; and it entertains by a large amount of amusing "period' stuff, by some material about the vanities of preachers and the puritanical state of public opinion in the mid-century, and much more importantly by the naturalness and ease and consistency of Miss Hayes's portrait of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a character which would probably have been "debunked" by any playwright working between the two wars, but which can now be treated as sympathetically as it deserves.

The *Harriet* of the playwrights, Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, is something of a biological 'sport' to have occurred in a family of such portentous seriousness, such facile vanity, and such nineteenth-century theology as these Beechers. As a matter of historical fact the seven Beecher brothers, all Congregational ministers, were among the most liberal preachers of their time, and had not the slightest resemblance to the pompous and insincere "stuffed shirts" of this performance, though they did frequently differ violently among themselves and carry on their debates in quite heated language. The stage however needs a contrasting background for its leading characters which life can do without, and has never been noted for kindness to the ministers of religion—who no doubt have usually reciprocated its hostility.

Miss Hayes's performance is not a deep one—the character-drawing is not deep for that matter,—but it is astonishingly perfect in its surfaces. Not a detail of movement, of intonation, of make-up and costume, but has been thought out with the most scrupulous care. The best acting is in the first act, where she succeeds in conveying the indomitable spirit and resilience of *Harriet* even when worn out by poverty, hard work and motherhood.

The playwrights have provided a lesson which will be valuable to contemporary audiences even if it is not very profound — the lesson that moral principles have to be fought for at times as well as merely believed in. Lest the audience should miss it, it is enunciated at some length in a balcony speech at the close which Miss Hayes delivers with much greater art than it deserves. Monday's audience applauded the prayer that we might be saved from despising our rulers and that they might be saved from acting so that we must despise them.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

International Jamboree: Dance in the Northern Ontario Backwoods

By MARION WOLFMAN

IF YOU should ever live in one of the remote little backwoods towns of northern Ontario, that has suddenly taken on a little prominence, and a little population, through the opening of a mine or a sawmill in its vicinity, and if you live there long enough to be accepted by the natives, on Saturday nights you will find yourself living a few decades back—right in "the good old days."

You are still accustomed to city manners, so you hustle into your best party gown, while you listen to your husband cursing as he scrapes at a beard toughened by the abandonment of shaving as a regular practice. Soon you are stumbling over the rough country road with the aid of a flashlight whose batteries have suddenly decided to weaken and dim. Then the welcome oil lamp in a nearby window tells you that you have reached your neighbor's, where the party is already in full swing.

Music and Revelry

You enter, and find yourself in a strange land. Every stick of furniture has been cleaned from the living-room. The bare, blue-calcimined walls greet you coldly, and the family dog shivers in the corner where the stove ought to be. But the heat is not needed, for all the young and old of the village quickly crowd the room till one must throw open the windows for a breath of air.

The "orchestra" is tuning up—a guitar gives the key to a fiddle with two strings, and a mouth-organ practises a few hillbilly airs, while off in another corner, an accordion does a one-man-band routine.

Looking for democracy-at-work, for a little international peace? Here they are before your eyes. The engineer's wife and the mucker, the machinist's wife and the lumberjack sit side by side. A Finn softly touches the accordion keys, lost in his reverie of stream and forest in the homeland. Beside him sits an old Italian, dreaming of the girl he left behind him in Italy. This week the dance is being held in the Larome home—they are half-breed Indians, and among the oldest inhabitants—so brown-skinned children roam about, crying, "Ma, can I have a piece of cake?" and are good-naturedly fed and scolded. A beautiful Italian girl, with the face of a madonna, and a figure hopelessly spread and shapeless with childbirth, dandles a fat, black-eyed *bambino* on her lap and gives us her recipe for his abundant health:

"He won't sleep before eleven o'clock," she cries proudly, "and eats everything we do. He loves the olives and the peppers!" Her boyish husband laughs loudly and slaps her thigh in rough affection.

Animals wander about unconcernedly—a puppy sits up and begs sadly—a cat aimlessly roves through the room, its one ear telling the tragic tale of a hard winter and a pussycat who forgot to come home one night, the mangled ear a sacrifice to Jack Frost.

The children approach you somewhat fearfully, and with awestruck fingers, touch the soft silk of your dress. When they grow up, they are going to have one just like it!

You are sitting beside a wiry, middle-aged woman, who addresses you as "Madame." She is a Frenchwoman who has lived here most of her life, and given the census-taker a bit of counting to do! She looks older than her age, but is still strong and healthy after bearing twenty-three children, most of whom are present at the dance.

And now the revelry begins.

Here comes the caller, and the couples take their places for the square dance. Soon there is a merry noise of feet stamping through the intricate steps, music with real "swing" to it, the shrill laughter of the girls, and above it all, the caller's voice shouting his "Swing your partner to the right—join hands—circle two—circle four—promenade—"

The dance whirls faster and faster and the dancers, breathless and perspiring, can "take it," no matter how madly the music tears on.

Satin Gowns, Drill Shirts

Then suddenly it is over, and the orchestra goes modern with a few city numbers only a couple of years old. Here the men are at a loss and drop out while the girls double up and dance the "rounds" without any masculine help. The only exception is that citified-looking couple who are the schoolteacher and the engineer's wife, trying hard to look dignified through it all.

A few more squares, and it is certainly time for an intermission. The men all wander out to the beer-parlor across the way—oh, yes, such a village can easily support a thirst-quenching emporium—and leave the ladies to their own resources for a while.

The girls seat themselves around a beautiful old piano of about the "Little Women" period, and somebody chords out a few notes on its tuneless keys, while the others sing in high, mournful voices from the hymn-book which seems to be the only available music, since the orchestra plays by ear.

Ah, but the men are back, and it's time for more dancing. Once more they take their places for the squares, and the happy tangle starts again. This dance is a little slower, and you are able to observe some of the individual dancers. Two of the young women are dressed in their bridal finery, purchased a few years back for the one great event of their lives, and treasured for social affairs. Satin gowns must be carefully lifted and held above gilded shoes stepping faster and faster in time with the high-top boots of their partners. Frizzy "permanents" disfigure the hair of every girl who has been able to scrape up the dollar to have one "in town" twenty miles away. Red-checkered jackets vie for supremacy with navy drill shirts and khaki breeches, fitting background for scrubbed, shiny faces and slicked-down masculine coiffures.

The host is much quieter than his guests. Alfonse wanders in and out, saying no word, taking no part, silent embodiment of the tragedy of the half-breed. His fine Indian features quarrel with the degenerate white man in him, and he doesn't quite fit anywhere, but he gets a deep and simple joy out of watching the pleasure of others, and he grins broadly at the company.

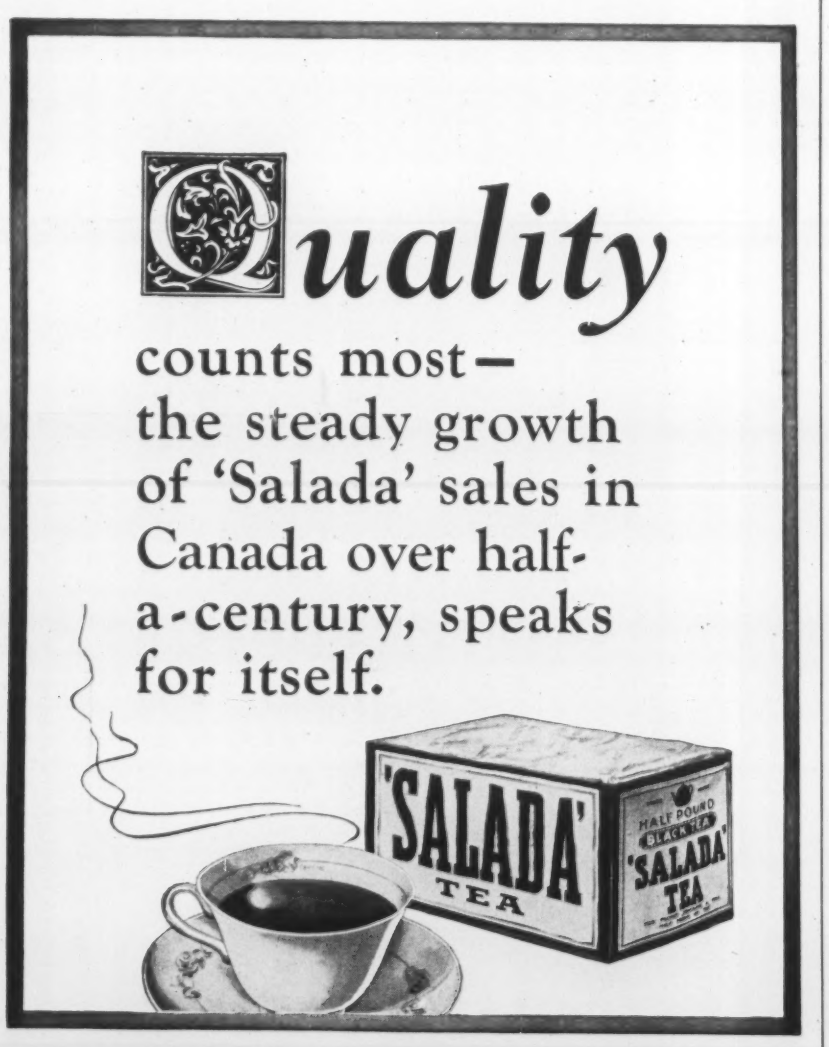
Dawn Departure

Above the sound of the music one can distinguish English spoken in the broken accents of many a tongue. That clear-eyed, golden-haired couple dancing together are a Finnish pair who live down at the lake. That little, fat, curly-haired man is jovially murdering the King's English in the language of a vaudeville Italian. And no race offends another—here everyone is your friend, at least while the party is on.

Now it's suppertime, and everybody is hungry after the strenuous exercise. Here come the steaming coffee pots and the unmatched china borrowed from all the neighbors. Everybody has brought a contribution, and on your plate will repose the sandwiches of your next-door neighbor and the cake that comes from somewhere over the hill. There is more than plenty for everybody, and greedy animals get titbits, while hungry-eyed youngsters watch, mouths watering, for a chance to get more than their share.

After the refreshments have been cleared away, and some of the women are washing up in the kitchen, the younger folk, more ambitious than the rest, do a little more dancing. But after a few numbers, everyone is tired. People start yawning, and babies begin to cry. The men move the stove back to its accustomed place, talking of tomorrow's work or tomorrow's hunt. Out come the coats, and you hear car-engines being warmed up by some of the guests who have come a good distance for the merry-making.

So, it's "goodnight," and "it was a grand party," back and forth for a few minutes, and the gay soirée is over. On your way home the first faint streaks of dawn are beginning to brighten the sky. And as you plod your way back over the muddy road the thought comes to you that you have had just as good a time, and the festivities have lasted just as late as at any "fast" city party.



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Shadow Emperor of Dual Monarchy Archduke Otto of Hapsburg

By MILDRED COULTON

A GOOD many pretenders to Europe's thrones have been flitting over the world's stage these past five years or so. One of the most active is the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, whose claim to the throne of the broken-up Dual Monarchy, has, perhaps, more foundation than most of the pleas put forward by European pretenders.

The Archduke, who declares that by right he should be Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has arrived in Lisbon to be nearer the scene of action as war rolls through Hungary and threatens Austria. His father was the late Emperor Charles.

In September he was in Quebec, where his mother, the ex-Empress Zita—who has never ceased her efforts to achieve the restoration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy—lives. His visit reminded diplomatic observers of the Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin promise at Teheran to restore Austria's independence after the war.

Nominally the Archduke was "visiting his mother" but, according to some commentators, he hoped to have talks with some of the statesmen meeting Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt.

When war broke out in September 1939 Archduke Otto declared his support of the Allied cause, and Hapsburg monarchists renewed their activities. Obviously no official support could be given to such propaganda. The Archduke, who is nearly 32, has been in the United States since March 1940, apart from visits to Canada, and one visit in June 1940, to Spain and Portugal.

Perilous Heritage

A clause in the Austrian 1919 Constitution forbids him ever to set foot in Austria, even as a private individual. As Austria is no longer an independent nation this clause can be no longer valid, but certainly Hitler does not want the Archduke back. In fact, after the Nazis overran the country Hitler issued a warrant for his arrest on the charge of high treason, and confiscated his estates.

The Archduke's position in the United States has caused something of a bother. He had to register in October, 1940, with a million other New Yorkers for selected service. As a citizen of Hungary he was technically an enemy alien, and after three years of confused controversy, in August 1943 the U. S. Army ruled that he was not "qualified" or "acceptable" to serve.

A couple of years back he is reported to have begun recruiting Austrians for an Austrian battalion within the American Army, but Austrian elements in the country protested, and his campaign was discouraged.

There are both strong monarchial and republican elements in the countries that once made up the Dual Monarchy, and quite apart from the political merits of the case, the recent fortunes of the Hapsburg Monarchy have been ill. When the aged Emperor Francis Joseph died in 1916, after a reign of 68 years, his grandnephew Charles took over a perilous heritage.

Never since the family emerged from obscurity as Swiss counts in the thirteenth century, had their power been so threatened. Indeed, the fall of the monarchy was imminent. Its military and economic resources were failing; the inexorable power of the blockade was growing; the food situation was desperate, and anti-dynastic feeling was growing.

Charles endeavored to get his country out of the war, but the grip of the Germans over their ally was too strong. On the day of the Armistice Charles had to renounce any participation in the government of the country, and he was compelled to retire to his castle. The Austrian Government demanded him to withdraw from the country and he went to Switzerland.

In October, 1921, he made a daring attempt to recover the throne of Hungary. He suddenly left Switzerland, and fled to the Austrian province of Burgenland. There he was met by a force of armed Royalists, at whose head he marched on Budapest. But he was defeated by troops of the Horthy Government, and Charles and the Empress Zita were arrested.

The Boy Otto

An English ship carried Charles to Funchal in Madeira, where he died in straitened circumstances only a few months later, April 1, 1922. On his deathbed he is said to have called the boy Otto to him and said: "Never forget that you are heir to the House of Hapsburg. Promise me that you will never be a vulgar plotter, the tool of a faction trying to force a king on an unwilling people."

In 1935 Otto's Austrian nationality was restored and he was allowed to draw income from the Hapsburg estates. Chancellor Schuschnigg is stated to have been amenable to the return of the Archduke and that negotiations were afoot to that end. The absorption of Austria into the Reich prevented anything maturing.

Archduke Otto was strictly educated and trained under the supervision of his mother in the history and traditions of the Hapsburgs to prepare him for his return to the throne. Perhaps there was too much insistence on tradition for a democratic king. Anyway, only time can tell what his future will be, and the final decision must be left to the Austrian and Hungarian peoples.

The New York Times.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

T.S.O. in All-Russian Program: New Two-Piano Combination

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LAST week Sir Ernest Macmillan gave an all-Russian program with the Ukrainian pianist, Alexander Brailowsky as guest artist. Of the four works performed only one was of the 19th century, Tchaikovsky's "Nut Cracker Suite", no doubt intended as relaxation after the music of Rachmaninoff, Shostakovich and Kabalevsky.

If one looks into the relations of Rachmaninoff and Shostakovich with the Soviet administration one discovers how the present conflict has broadened, (one might almost say "civilized"), the official Russian outlook on artistic matters. Rachmaninoff was, of course, many years older than Shostakovich, who was but 11 years old at the time of the Bolshevik revolution in 1917, whereas Rachmaninoff's rise to international celebrity occurred during the Czarist regime. Both, however, were victims of the ludicrous puerility of Soviet thinking during the decade prior to the Nazi assault on Russia in 1941.

Rachmaninoff's music had been officially banned as expressive of "the decadent attitude of the lower middle classes". Shostakovich's career had been temporarily checked by an official ukase that his music was "bourgeois" which, in the Moscow of ten years ago, was considerably worse than accusing him of being a horse thief or the type of man who would pollute a parish well. Shostakovich got back to favor by professing that his 5th symphony, produced in 1937 was a political document inspired by the twentieth anniversary of the Revolution. Rachmaninoff long an exile does not seem to have been disturbed by the charge of lower middle class ideology; but in 1942 he must have been greatly surprised when Stalin decreed that the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from the Moscow Conservatory be publicly honored with revivals of his works, and that his name should be inscribed in letters of gold on the wall of the institution. The change of view may have been due to the discovery that enlightened people in other countries regarded the Soviet attitude toward musical genius as a symptom of congenital idiocy.

Rachmaninoff's "No. 2"

The most stirring event at last week's concert was the rendering of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor with Mr. Brailowsky, as soloist. Save that he was born near Kiev, Russia has had little or nothing to do with Mr. Brailowsky's career. He was a pupil at Vienna of the great teacher, Leschetizky, instructor of Paderewski and many other celebrities. He made his debut in Paris, was a protege of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, and during a career of 30 years as a virtuoso has played in countless cities on every continent. Because of his name and the fact that he is a renowned devotee of Chopin, I had until lately thought he was a Pole. He is still surprisingly youthful in appearance, and youthful dash was apparent in every moment of his playing.

Though Rachmaninoff earned his living chiefly as a pianist he was orchestral in his symphonies and his second concerto is remarkable for its perfect balance of interest. The work resembles the concertos of Brahms in that the pianoforte seems an integral part of the instrumental whole. The quality of magnificence is at all times present, and, as played by Brailowsky and Sir Ernest Macmillan, it was a stupendous surge of passion. The pianist, who in his most sensational flights, seemed to possess unlimited reserves of power; his dazzling execution was unfailingly sure, and his tone beautiful. Orchestra and conductor also covered themselves with glory.

On each fresh hearing of the first symphony of Shostakovich, regret grows that he saw fit to divert his genius to political aims — though perhaps, since he is a born satirist, his submission to the aims was not so serious as some believe. Considered as the work of a 19-year-old boy it is a prodigious achievement, neo-classic in its graces, but overflowing with fresh, spontaneous inspiration. Though it has a few blasts such as radio composers specialize in, the main stream is lovely and constantly diverting. Sir Ernest's rendering was intimate in a rare degree, and full of the youthful energy which is the salient feature of the composition.

Another feature of the program was the overture to Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon" a comic opera on a French theme. In its buoyant inspiration and originality of devices it is more interesting than his symphony, of which one recently spoke disrespectfully.

New Two-Piano Team

A two-piano team of outstanding quality, Evelyn Eby and Reginald Bedford, made their first Toronto appearance at Eaton Auditorium. Mr. Bedford was lately appointed principal of the Hamilton Conservatory of Music, and Miss Eby is a member of that staff, but for six seasons they have been giving notable recitals in the Canadian and American west. They are natives of Saskatoon, but Miss Eby is a pupil of Lhevinne and Mr. Bedford of Percy Grainger. Their co-operation is nothing short of perfect. They have a broad and beautiful tone, superb execution; their interpretations are brilliant, thoughtful and imbued with musical feeling.

Their mastery of the bravura style was especially apparent in a dazzling rendering of the Saint-Saens Scherzo; and their interpretation of Brahms' Variations on a Haydn Theme was noble and impressive. Their profound rhythmical sense was revealed in a Barcarolle and Valse by Rachmaninoff.

The program was especially rich in vivacious numbers by modern French composers; Debussy, J. B. Duvernoy, Milhaud and Ravel. Especially fascinating was "Jeux de Plein Air" by Germaine Tailleferre, whose music, though unique in inspiration is unknown to our audiences. In this work of blithesome genius she described "La Tirelitenaire" a Breton game and "Cache-Cache mitoula" (hide-and-seek). In this type of music the sureness and piquancy of the two artists were captivating. Among their many offerings was a rollicking arrangement of the Scottish tune "Keel Row" by Thomas Austen of Saskatoon, dedicated to them, but also used widely by Bartlett and Robertson.

Lubka Kolessa

The charm which marked the Conservatory of Music's first twilight chamber music recital, a series which has won public favor, was continued last week in a recital by Lubka Kolessa, of precious works for the piano. She chose to keep the lid of the pianoforte down, a course which assisted the effect of gentleness and tenderness she desired to convey. At her best her technique is ravishingly crisp and gracious, and her interpretations pervaded by musical feeling. The chief number was "24 Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel"; most impressive of all Brahms' earlier works lovely in individual beauty. The changing moods and rhythms were exquisitely presented by the pianist. Her expression in a Schubert group was deliciously lyrical, particularly in the Liszt transcription of "Thou Art Repose"; and the Bach "Italian Concerto" flowed entrancingly.

T. S. O. Youth Concerts

The musical beginner in the Toronto of today lives in a musical atmosphere which is undoubtedly a stimulus to ambition. Evidence of this was to be found in the concerts by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, in co-operation with the musical council of the Secondary Schools, heard on a recent Tuesday and Friday at Massey Hall. Sir Ernest conducted the first and Ettore Mazzoleni the second, though the program was the same in both instances. The intentness of the young people was an inspiration to the orchestra itself.

THE FILM PARADE

A Dynamic of Russian Hatred: Light Musical in Contrast

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE story of one Nazi-invaded village appears to be the story of them all, whether the setting is Norway, Jugoslavia or the Ukraine. The plot, the mood and even the cast of characters have been imposed by history. The difference between a Soviet film which deals with this phase of the conflict and even the best of the Hollywood films (e.g. "North Star") is largely a matter of intensity. It is a notable difference, however, for the Soviet films have behind them a dynamic of hatred to which every other element in the picture is subordinated.

The latest Soviet release to reach the local screen is the film drama-

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tization of "The Rainbow" by Wanda Wasilewska. "The Rainbow" won the Stalin literature prize but its primary intention, obviously, and perhaps inevitably, is political rather than literary. It breaks no new ground and is not in any sense a work of the imagination. Its characters—the Nazi commander, the local quisling, the female collaborationist, the school-teacher, the woman partisan—are already familiar symbols; brutality and arrogance on the one hand, and fortitude and hatred on the other. But because these symbols have been burned deep in the Russian heart and soul, "The Rainbow" has a brooding power and realism that no American-made film could possibly achieve.

It's a propagandist film and its propaganda is that of hatred. No one can contend either that the hatred is unjustified or that the facts have been distorted to a point of view. But unless the human race is to go on hating forever, the emotions the picture appeals to are current rather than universal. It is tremendous propaganda. But it lacks the fresh play of imagination and insight that go to make a great picture.

Ball Biography

The natural affinity between Twentieth Century Fox and Composer Ernest R. Ball has ripened into love in "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling", another big technicolor musical. "Irish Eyes" is a rich album of sentimental song, including the title piece and such favorites as "Love Me And The World Is Mine", "Turn Back the Universe", "Let The Rest of the World Go By" and "Mother Machree" with its excruciating octave leap on the final note.

All American popular song writers appear to lead the same kind of life. They have trouble with their girl and they learn the heartbreak and glory of Broadway and end-up rich, famous and happy. Or if things didn't quite happen that way a little screen treatment will bring them round. The Ball biography follows the usual pattern, with crisis leading to composition and composition leading to crisis. If that wasn't the way it happened it is obviously the way it should have.

Light and Cheerful

Ernest Ball is played here by Dick Haymes, a sensible looking young man whose baritone voice with its rich resonances is perfectly adapted to the Ball balladry. The ballads themselves fit the period without a wrinkle and have at the same time a good deal in common with the lush unreality of technicolor. Altogether "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" is perfect in its own way, a consummate production of pretty terrible material. I got a lot of pleasure out of it, though it isn't the sort of thing you want to see too often.

There is a good deal of enjoyment to be had too out of "The Impatient Years" which stars Jean Arthur and Lee Bowman, along with Charles Coburn. It's about a hasty war-time marriage and the peculiar difficulties of a bride when her hero returns from the wars to break up her domestic schedule. The complications here are rather whimsically elaborated and there are times when the comedy idea is stretched so thin that you could practically shoot peas through it. It is quite funny a good deal of the time however, thanks to Jean Arthur, one of the rare comediennes who can be comic, nit-witted and attractive all at the same time. Naturally no deep-dish thinking has gone into the solution of the war-time marriage problem. It is just pleasant light entertainment which sociologists themselves might enjoy in their more relaxed moments.

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Bringing to Life the Author Who Started the Civil War

By LUCY VAN GOGH

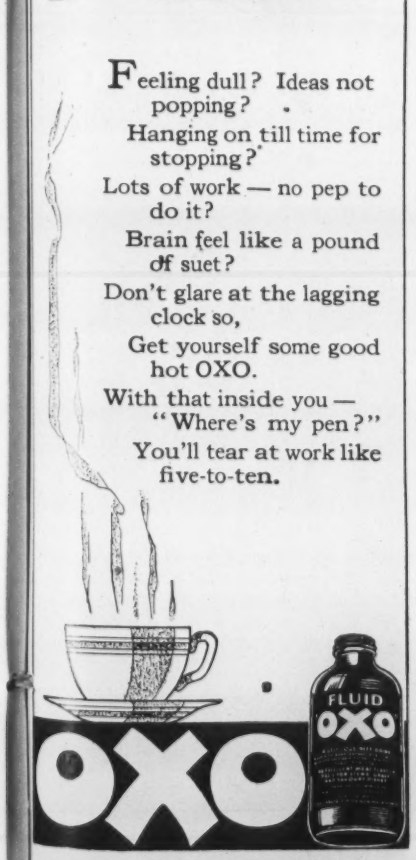
THE chronological drama is never likely to produce a masterpiece of playwrighting, for one reason because it does not allow sufficient freedom in the manipulation of the material, the audience being pretty sure to insist that history as it learned it shall not be too gravely departed from. But it frequently produces excellent entertainment and much public enlightenment. "Harriet," the piece about the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe in which Helen Hayes is displaying her dazzling talents at the Royal Alex. this week, does well in both respects. It enlightens by its depiction of the terrible moral crisis through which the United States had to pass before and in the Civil War; and it entertains by a large amount of amusing "period' stuff, by some material about the vanities of preachers and the puritanical state of public opinion in the mid-century, and much more importantly by the naturalness and ease and consistency of Miss Hayes's portrait of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a character which would probably have been "debunked" by any playwright working between the two wars, but which can now be treated as sympathetically as it deserves.

The *Harriet* of the playwrights, Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, is something of a biological 'sport' to have occurred in a family of such portentous seriousness, such facile vanity, and such nineteenth-century theology as these Beechers. As a matter of historical fact the seven Beecher brothers, all Congregational ministers, were among the most liberal preachers of their time, and had not the slightest resemblance to the pompous and insincere "stuffed shirts" of this performance, though they did frequently differ violently among themselves and carry on their debates in quite heated language. The stage however needs a contrasting background for its leading characters which life can do without, and has never been noted for kindness to the ministers of religion—who no doubt have usually reciprocated its hostility.

Miss Hayes's performance is not a deep one—the character-drawing is not deep for that matter,—but it is astonishingly perfect in its surfaces. Not a detail of movement, of intonation, of make-up and costume, but has been thought out with the most scrupulous care. The best acting is in the first act, where she succeeds in conveying the indomitable spirit and resilience of *Harriet* even when worn out by poverty, hard work and motherhood.

The playwrights have provided a lesson which will be valuable to contemporary audiences even if it is not very profound — the lesson that moral principles have to be fought for at times as well as merely believed in. Lest the audience should miss it, it is enunciated at some length in a balcony speech at the close which Miss Hayes delivers with much greater art than it deserves. Monday's audience applauded the prayer that we might be saved from despising our rulers and that they might be saved from acting so that we must despise them.

Feeling dull? Ideas not popping?
Hanging on till time for stopping?
Lots of work — no pep to do it?
Brain feel like a pound of suet?
Don't glare at the lagging clock so,
Get yourself some good hot OXO.
With that inside you — "Where's my pen?"
You'll tear at work like five-to-ten.



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Those wonderful sandwiches you make in a moment with delicious Paris Paté. Nothing nicer for luncheons, picnics, between-meals—any time.

GET IT AT YOUR GROCERS

Ski Togs

Now's the time to shop for colorful ski clothes in the exciting "ski train" atmosphere of the Sports Shop on the Third Floor.

Simpson's

WORLD OF WOMEN

Reconstruction and the Arts: Can We Have a National Theatre?

By FREDA WATSON

THAT blessed word, Reconstruction.

The time for it is getting closer every day. I certainly hope that there will be jobs for all the men and women in the services and the war industries, and decent homes for the third of the nation now ill-housed and conservation of our not-so-boundless natural resources and better education and all the other fine things we've been talking about ever since the war started.

And what's more, I'm willing to go on paying taxes and buying loans to help bring them about.

But, if it's a fair question, do I get anything out of Reconstruction myself or do I just pay?

Professionally I hope we are going to have better library service. Half of our population without access to books does make us a rather backward country and we're practically the only civilized country without a national library. And I would like some of the money for useful public works to be spent on the library I care most about.

But for myself, personally, all I want is a theatre.

Of course I'd also like a sunny apartment and a trip to England and a complete outfit of new clothes, but all I really need to make me satisfied with Reconstruction is a theatre.

Perhaps I am not entitled to any Reconstruction. My life has not been disrupted by the war beyond the usual troubles of anyone in an executive position and all I seem to have done for my country, apart from taxes and loans, is go to meetings and sit on committees.

But just supposing that I am to get something for myself out of Reconstruction, as I said, what I want is a theatre.

And I don't want it just for myself of course. After all, when gasoline and tires are plentiful once more I shall probably be able to run over to Toronto fairly often and may even manage the odd trip to New York again. But that isn't good enough.

Must Subsidize Talent

What I really want is to live in a civilized city and I don't believe that any city without a theatre is a civilized place. I don't want to have to go to Toronto or New York or London to see a play. I want to see plays in my own home town and know that my own townspeople are enjoying them with me.

The reason why I bring the matter up is that I am afraid that the theatre never will be revived on a purely commercial basis.

There was a time of course when Individual Enterprise did furnish us with not one theatre but several. Before the last war, in a city under 100,000 population, we had a legitimate theatre— with good stage and equipment too—where travelling companies played all winter long, two companies a week, three nights and a matinee each. There was another theatre with first-rate vaudeville and usually a second-string one as well, always summer stock and sometimes one in the winter too.

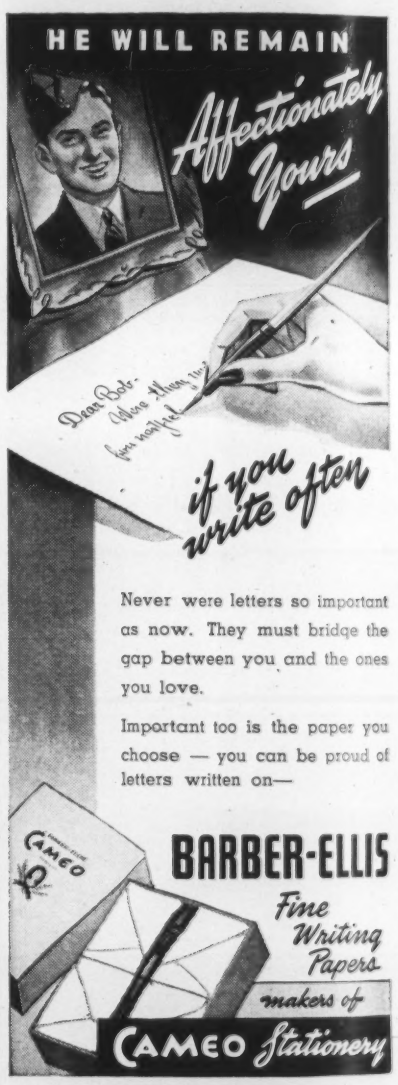
In the old days many towns even smaller than mine had their Grand Opera House with touring companies. Some of the companies were pretty bad and the plays were often poor, but there were Shakespeare companies too, and Martin Harvey in "The Only Way" and even occasionally Sheridan and Barrie.

But now it is possible for young men and women to graduate from our local university without ever having seen a professional performance. No one can convince me that they have had a liberal education. And think of growing up without having seen "Peter Pan" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the chariot race in "Ben-Hur"! (That dates me but I wouldn't trade my theatrical memories to be twenty again today.)

But the whole touring system broke down—no need to go into the complicated causes—and I for one am not hopeful that it will be built up again unless some central body takes some steps to organize it again. Nor do I think that we can ever have a Canadian drama unless we subsidize talent in some way.

As a matter of fact the theatre never has flourished unassisted except during the Victorian era when it did make money but contributed not one play worthy to be noticed in any account of the English drama.

I thought at one time that we might get touring companies again by guaranteeing an audience on a subscription basis, like the Community Concerts and the branches of the National Film Society. But suppose an enthusiastic local committee did succeed in selling the idea to our town, where would we go from there? We have a theatre, very inadequate it is true, but still a theatre which might be used. But we still are up against


HE WILL REMAIN
Affectionately Yours
Dear Bob: Now that you're really in the service
if you write often
Never were letters so important as now. They must bridge the gap between you and the ones you love.
Important too is the paper you choose — you can be proud of letters written on—
BARBER-ELLIS
Fine Writing Papers
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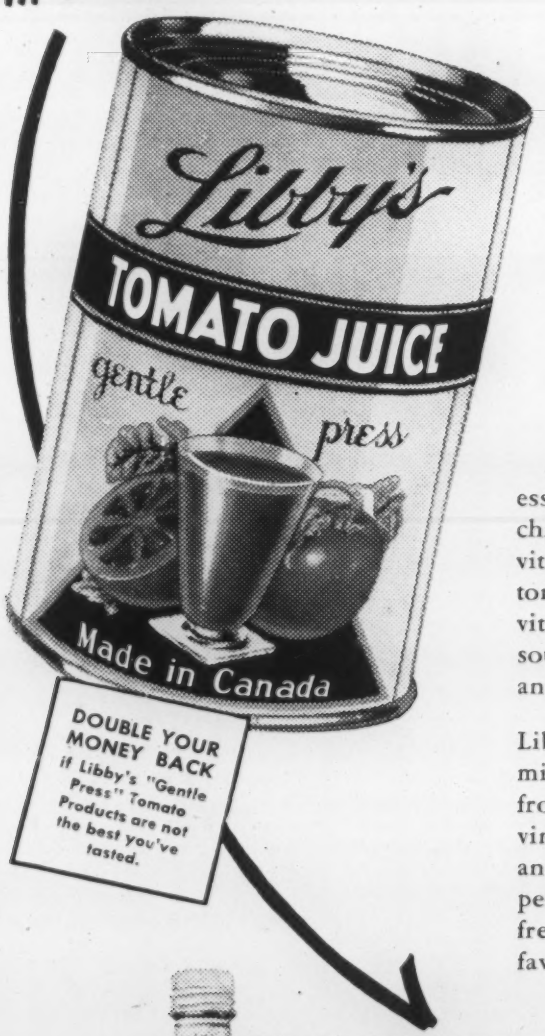
* *Vitamins must TASTE good!* *

Give your family Vitamins A and C the most delicious way... in Libby's "Gentle-Press" Tomato Juice!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TOMATO JUICE
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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Products are not the best you've tasted.

Vitamins are absolutely essential to perfect health. They help your children grow normally, and build up vitality. Libby's sparkling, taste-tempting tomato juice contains two *very* important vitamins—A and C—to help you have sound teeth, keen eyesight, good digestion and a clear skin.

Libby's Tomato Juice also contains valuable minerals, because it is "gentle pressed" from the very choicest tomatoes—luscious, vine-ripened fruit grown from special seed and picked at the very moment of flavour perfection. One glass of sparkling, garden-fresh Libby's will tell you *why* it is Canada's favourite tomato juice.

Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Catchup, Chili Sauce and Soup are equally good—try them.

TOMATO RAREBIT

1 can Libby's Tomato Soup
1 cup grated cheese
¼ teaspoon Libby's Prepared Mustard
1 beaten egg

Cook soup and cheese over boiling water until cheese is melted and sauce smooth. Pour over the beaten egg, return to saucepan and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Serve at once on toast or crisp crackers, garnishing with bacon strips.

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13-44

Libby's "GENTLE PRESS" TOMATO PRODUCTS

Today's "cover-up" fashion is exemplified in the draped, scarf-like neckline of this two-piece dress in green jersey by Nettie Rosenstein.

Two outstanding fashion notes are observed in this suit—peplum in the plum tone of the skirt, and hound's tooth check, no longer a country style, used here in plum shade.

Fine Leathers
MAKE
FINE GLOVES

To soft, flexible leathers add perfect design and masterful workmanship, and you have gloves of distinctive appearance and smart fit — ACME GLOVES.

On every pair there is the ACME tab that tells you, "Here is everything in a glove that's good."

LOOK FOR THE ACME TAB ON EVERY PAIR

Finished with War Rome Is Beset by Difficulties of Civilian Life

By JAMES COOPER

Rome (By Mail)

SIGNORINA IOLANDA SPECIALE did not eat breakfast today.

Like most Italians, she seldom does. That is a good thing for signorina, for the two million other people crowded into Rome, and for the Allied authorities whose daylong headache is trying to find two meals daily for 15,000,000 people in liberated, but disrupted, Italy.

Food is still No. 1 problem in Rome.

There may be 24 political parties, something like a score of daily newspapers, but they all discuss food first, politics second.

Expectant

The position is a little different than it was when the Germans were here. It is a little better because there is just a little more rationed food, principally more of the sodden cardboard that passes as bread.

Though it probably seems a little worse to the Romans who expected too much too soon. Remember, they forsook their jobs, hid in their homes to escape being drafted into the German labor armies. They sold first their jewellery, then their furniture, even their clothes, to meet the inflated cost of food due to the German "IB" occupation money.

There were always those rich enough and anxious enough to turn perishable money into goods once it became impossible to buy dollars or English pounds at seven times their original value.

Nine months of waiting exhausted the possessions of even the white-collared class, so that when we arrived the Romans were hungry. Despite the Vatican soup kitchen, despite increasing Allied supplies, most of them are still hungry and must remain hungry until the military position releases transport to bring grain from the Foggia plain or eventually from the Po Valley that was the capital's food store.

I took Iolanda tonight to what is said to be the best black market restaurant in Rome. It is in a back street in the former bar of what is otherwise an unoccupied theatre.

Dinner For Two

But even the black market is not organized as in Naples. We descended the dusty stairs, and ate first canaloni — macaroni and tomato—then what purported to be lobster mayonnaise with one fingernail of lobster, the rest carrots, and finally cake with ersatz cream that even Iolanda scraped away.

That meal, with two drinks, cost 1,340 lire, or $13.40.

Yet that restaurant is the only one I have been able to find open at nights. The others serve what they have left from lunch-time, then, when empty, shut up shop.

Even in a third-grade café, resembling a truck-drivers' highway restaurant, one pays $2 for bread and one piece of fish, inevitably tomatoes, and a bottle of rough wine that is only an alternative to chlorinated water.

Efficient Black Market

Iolanda earns 4,000 lire monthly. That was once a lot of money. Now it is $40 with something like $5 earmarked for income tax. What is left would buy one silk dress or pay the rent of a bed-sitting room in the world's most overcrowded city, or would buy one meal every four days.

Italians claim there is a quick answer to the food problem. Naples has not only had the chance to organize its food supplies with Allied help, but the shrewd Neapolitans claim their black market is the best run in the world—so well run that it is sometimes cheaper to buy food there.

For instance, a tin of American sliced meat is rationed there at $2. On the black market the same tin costs $1.70.

That is because there is not a big demand for meat in Italy, and the cost of stealing or buying from some soldier is less than the cost of production.

The Romans want permission to travel at will to Naples to bring foodstuffs. The Allied Commission, possibly wisely, says no. The commission does not want to encourage the black market and says the Romans must wait till supplies can be organized.

In the long run that will probably be the best. In the meantime dealers are paying $6,000 for broken-down trucks to try to sneak supplies privately, and they say there is no price high enough for a truck with a Vatican registration and independent of military authorities.

Beyond occasional queues at fruit and vegetable shops there is little to show that Rome is so hungry. In fact, little to show that Rome has suffered in the war.

Musical Comedy Beauties

There is practically no bomb damage, and the new Fascist buildings of chrome and glass dwarf the ancient ruins and give the impression of a new prosperity.

The women are still the best dressed I have seen in this war in a country where cotton is a luxury but where slum children sprawl in the gutters in dirty frocks of pure silk.

It is a queer city.

In the Corso d'Italia a gentleman's tailor known to all Savile-row wants $200 for a suit made from a few lengths of British cloth he hid from the Germans, just as he hid 300 British escaped prisoners.

Yet the Italian sergeants stroll along the Vittore Veneto, the Regent-street of Rome, dressed better than any matinée prince and usually with a musical-comedy beauty on their arms.

There are no leather shoes on sale, but the Italians have improved the old Roman sandals in cloth, wood and cork that sell at $12.

It is the clip-clop of those sandals one associates with Rome. One hears it everywhere.

The street cars are running again but when the Germans ran away they took all the buses and nearly all the private cars. So that the Romans walk, or crowd into trucks as many as 20 at a time to be pulled by panting two-stroke motor-cycles—men with monocles, women dressed as for Ascot, trying not to look self-conscious as they jolt alongside the newly rich shoeblack or ragged newspaper vendor.

Iolanda, like most Roman girls, usually rides on the handlebars of her brother's bicycle that has cracked tires but still shines with luminous aluminum paint and is complete with cable brakes and battery lighting.

The third problem of life in Rome today is that of lighting and cooking. In a country that is proud of its electrification German sabotage has hit the city hard. There is electric light once every fourth night. The alternative is 30 cent candles that gutter for two hours. There is no coal or spirit to augment the ornate electric cookers.

Yes, food, transport and light are the things that worry the war-spared Romans more than politics.

Even the vexed problem of the monarchy pales beside the question of what can we find for dinner. The question cannot be decided until all Italy is liberated. Many Romans are bitter against the House of Savoy because they left Rome when the Germans arrived. But, said a politician: "Offer them food and the monarchy together and the Romans would gladly swallow them both."

Here are some current prices:—

Quart saucepan, but only of aluminum, in which the country abounds, $2. . . . Loaf of bread, on the rations 5 cents, on the black market $1. . . . The most exotic woman's hat bought in the fashionable Via Condotti $20 to $28. The cheapest on the market stall $2, but Miss Rome goes hatless, anyway.

Leather handbag, only obtainable secondhand, $40, in cloth $4. . . . Rationed milk, sold only to invalids and babies, 7 cents a quart, black market 40 cents tin . . . Cotton stockings, unobtainable luxury, but rayon $3, sheer silk at $6.

An inferior Milanese lipstick costs $2 to $3. The coarsest powder, like flour, $2. The average restaurant lunch, British utility standard, costs $4.

A tailored man's suit $200, ready-made flannels $18, sports coat $32, white shirt up to $12.

Italians threw clothes rationing to the winds when the Allies arrived.

K is for "Know-how"

You won't need much know-how to make delicious bread with Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast

• If you bake at home, you can rely on FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast to help you bake sweet-tasting, crisp-crusted bread. For over 70 years this dependable Yeast with the familiar yellow label has been the favorite of Canadian women. Get some from your grocer today.

Get Extra Vitamins—More Pep by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This fresh Yeast is an excellent natural source of the B complex group of vitamins.

MADE IN CANADA

Biscuits that "Click" with the whole family

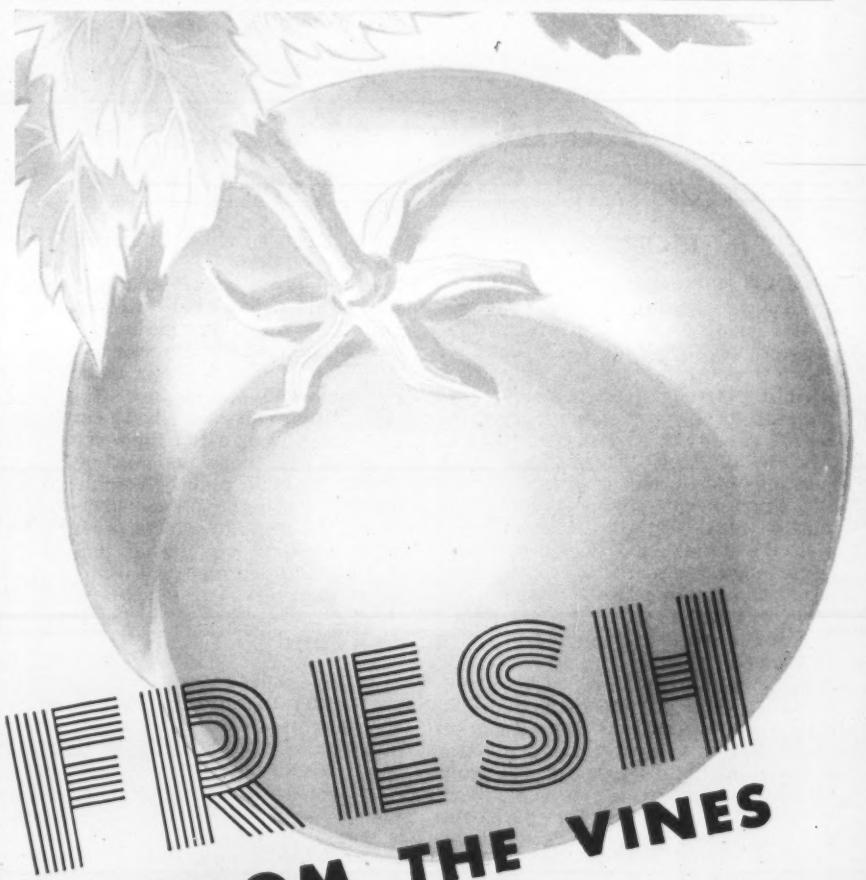
Made in Canada

Magic's Orange-Raisin Biscuits

2 *cups sifted flour*	4 *tbspns. shortening*
4 *teaspoons Magic Baking Powder*	½ *cup raisins*
	1 *tbspn. orange rind*
½ *tspn. salt*	1 *egg*
2 *tbspns. sugar*	½ *cup milk*

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening until well mixed. Add raisins and orange rind. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup and add milk to make ¾ cup. Add to first mixture. Roll out about ½-inch thick; cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place on greased pan. Bake in hot oven (475°F.) about 12 minutes. Makes 16.

Your guarantee of Successful Baking



...plus the magic of HEINZ

The good earth, the rain and the sun have again performed their miracle in the tomato fields around Leamington . . . and now, to Nature's bountiful harvest, the Heinz kitchens have added their magic. Heinz Tomato Products . . . picked, cooked and bottled within a few hours, as usual . . . are plentiful once more on grocers' shelves.

Heinz Tomato Ketchup
Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup
Heinz Tomato Juice
Heinz Chili Sauce
Heinz Tomato Chutney

HEINZ TOMATO PRODUCTS

Reconstruction and the Arts

(Continued from Page 38)

the reluctance of companies to break their journey for a split week. Most of the companies now stop off in Toronto for a week between engagements in American cities. We'd have to get one or two other towns to go in with us to share a week. Then there would be the negotiations with New York and how could we secure the best from London?

No, we'd have to have a central organization. One city couldn't do it alone. Even then there would be plenty of work for local committees but we need national direction first. And there would be nothing new or startling in the federal government giving us a lead. It's been done in the past and in many countries.

Which brings me to "Special Committee on Reconstruction and Re-Establishment—Minutes of Proceedings and Evidence, No. 10" (otherwise known as the Brief of the Cultural Societies), surely one of the most thrilling documents ever to leave the hands of the King's Printer.

That's what I personally want out of Reconstruction, Mr. King and Mr. Bracken and Mr. Coldwell, a country with a rich interesting cultural life, instead of a country from which all our most talented young people want to get away.

Don't be frightened by the Committee's suggestion that $10,000,000 will be needed to build Community Centres. It's going to take a long time to get around to all of that building. In the meantime let's make a start at some of the services they suggest. They've made a lot of practical proposals that could be put into action right here and now without tremendous expense. Increase the grant to the National Gallery, start the Orchestral Training Centre, subsidize orchestras and choirs and quartets to tour the country, be gathering up the lecturers and demonstrators and exhibitions and encourage the crafts as the Brief suggests.

And about my theatre. Let's make do with what we've got. There are a few theatres left, and there are high school auditoriums, armories, halls of various kinds, that will do for the time being. But let's get started! If the British government with bombs falling on London can vote $800,000 for the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, surely we could find a little money to take the graces of civilization into Darkest Canada.

Things to Be Done

If we had something like a Canadian CEMA I can think of a number of things it might do.

For instance, Toronto had an exceptionally fine production of Hamlet this summer. A critic on one of the Toronto papers suggested that it would be easy to replace the four or five Americans in the cast who could not spend the time for an extended tour and take it around the country. It was thrilling to see the Royal Alexandra filled and with young people. Why couldn't other towns have it too? It would take organization and enthusiasm, but not a colossal sum of money. A Canadian CEMA could arrange it.

The Dominion Drama Festivals kept the idea of the theatre alive during the long drought. The competitions raised the level of amateur productions all over the country. And what happened? Many of the most talented actors went professional but there was no Canadian theatre for them to be professional in, so they left the country.

The Festivals probably cannot be revived until after the war, but they should have much more financial support and there should be some way for the best artists the amateur theatre develops to contribute to a professional Canadian theatre.

What of the talent in the various army and navy and air force shows? Are they just going to be disbanded after the war? What of the boys and girls who have been entertaining the camps, often at considerable expense to themselves?

Why can't we build up a Canadian theatre? We'll never have dramatists until they have a chance to try out their talents on a stage. And no people ever has been a nation without a national drama. Next to religion, the theatre has always been the greatest corporate expression of a nation's culture. We have always fought against a state church in Canada—and always will—and I don't want a state-dominated propaganda theatre, but I don't believe we'll ever have a national theatre and a Canadian drama unless our national government takes some responsibility. We don't want a state-regimented culture in Canada, to regulate the creative impulse is to kill it, but neither can the arts flourish without encouragement— at least they never have. The age of royal patronage has passed and the age of patronage by millionaires is passing. We, the whole people, through our governments, will have to be the patrons if we are to have a satisfying cultural life.

Post-Office Limbo of Unclaimed Parcels and Disappointments

By LEONORA McNEILLY

COULD this unclaimed parcel be yours? One of the hundreds sent to the Dead Letter Office annually because of improper or insufficient address, insecure parceling? To the implied inefficiency a mighty chorus of protests arise, particularly from the distaff side. But 600 unclaimed parcels bear mute testimony. Each averages ten articles, some 6000 in all, *sans* direction, *sans* cord, and finally wrapping, the contents gone with the wind. Like victims of amnesia they have wandered across Canada, not knowing from whence they came, or whither they are bound until rounded up in the Dead Letter Office at Ottawa.

One shudders to think of the time, thought, money, sacrifice, perhaps even blood, sweat and tears spent on prized parcels destined to be indecorously bundled into a mausoleum for the legal period of one year, there to await the resurrection morn, the blowing of the official Gabriel's horn, that will enable them to come forth and pass into circulation once more. But — reincarnated, remember! Reincarnated as to purpose, content, identity, wholly unrecognizable.

For your parcel that went in singly, comes out polygamously, so to speak, having attached to it a conglomeration of widely differing specie. This multiple family of ten or twelve, housed as one unit in a neatly tied box, is presented, where? *On the auction block, ladies!* Your parcel! Mine! Our cherished possession, knocked down to the highest bidder!

What are these articles? Classifications include men's, women's, children's habiliments, accessories, jewellery, household effects, even false teeth seeking a suitable depository in which to demonstrate their admirable molars.

Fish Pond

Articles are not on display, however, other than descriptively; to wit, in the printed catalogue. The auction is a sort of fish-pond in which one fishes blindly, more or less. But rarely indeed does the angler who angles for caviar, get jelly-fish. The "catch" is consistently good.

The money realized goes into the coffers of the government. But they do not want it. They deplore the circumstance which makes them the exchequer for carelessness. They deplore too the loss in dollars and cents to the sender, the prospective recipient. But incalculable as this loss is, it is relatively unimportant when viewed in the light of the far-reaching consequences of the miscarriage of parcels.

In this light even the $165 diamond ring, sold for $85; the $360 fur coat for $85; the nylon stockings, that gift of the gods, two pairs for a dollar, fall into their proper scale of values. And the corselette, with *real elastic*, which created a near riot when immediately grabbed by an outsized male, became unimportant when viewed in relation to the psychological effect. The misunderstandings, the broken friendships, the possible re-routing of two lives in the failure of Tommy's diamond ring to reach Jane; the gorgon of suspicion that went to bat for the fur coat that was to have fitted to Sally's streamlined figure; the nylon stockings that were to enhance the glamor of Marge's slim legs, and on and on through the whole category of unclaimed parcels.

Chant of Auctioneer

But offsetting these disturbing factors, a salutary effect was noted in the whispered asides as the auction progressed.

"That's where my blanket went—the one I sent to evacuees in England!" "Yes," came the reply. "And maybe that's why Bill didn't get my box in France. But never again. Never again!"

To the resolutions of those present, let us add our own resolve to make careful parcelling a priority in future. Let us see that parcels that may, perhaps, stay insidious starvation on the battle-front, or on the home front, lighten the burden of one who is drinking the cup of sorrow, reach their destination and never again suffer the indignity of rising to the humiliating incantation: "Going—Going—Gone!"

I have blended a new nail polish shade to match the deep rich red of roses and called it Victorian Rose

Peggy Sage

Oriental Cream
GOURAUD
gives a flower-like complexion for this important occasion. Will not disappoint.
Wave, Plain, Marcel, Sun-Tan

PRELUDE TO *Happiness* . . .

"PRELUDE"... the new fragrance by Dorel... has won instant approval by its subtle delicacy of odour and lasting qualities. Like its three popular sisters . . . "Audace", "Horizon", and "Comete"... this latest creation of Dorel is an exquisite blending of rare ingredients imported from pre-war France, Italy and Spain. Dorel perfumes or cologne make a perfect Christmas and New Year gift.

Give DOREL
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AT MOST GOOD STORES

AUDACE—Light, daring, whimsical.
2¼ oz. - - - $18.00
½ oz. - - - - 6.00
Dram - - - - 1.25

HORIZON—Sweet and clear as early morning.
COMETE—Rich, warm, romantic.
2¼ oz. - - - $15.00
½ oz. - - - - 5.00
Dram - - - - 1.10

PRELUDE—a new, unique subtlety.
½ oz. - - - - $4.00
Dram - - - - 1.00

"TRIO" Assortment Box containing 1-dram bottle of each of Audace, Horizon, Comete perfumes: **$3.25**

COMBINATION BOX containing ½ oz. perfume and 2¼ oz. cologne, boxed separately for each of these four fragrances: Audace: **$6.75**; Horizon: **$5.75**: Comete: **$5.75**; Prelude: **$4.75**

Eau de Cologne in all four odours, 2¼ oz.: **$1.50** each

44-2R

THE OTHER PAGE

"No Story," Said the Bangor C.O.; Just What Happens to All of Us

By JOSEPH SCHULL

HIS name is Ernest Stanley Nelson Pleasance and his home is in Collingwood, Ont. He is Commanding Officer of a Bangor Minesweeper. As I came aboard for passage he was having a hasty cup of coffee in the gangway outside the galley. The vessel was just about ready to slip and he had time only for a handshake and a word of welcome before going up to the bridge.

A little while later I followed him. It was a glorious winter day and the North Atlantic was incredibly calm.

There was the usual wait for the convoy outside the gate; the usual signals passed. Pleasance didn't seem particularly interested. Probably he was not—any more than you are with the morning routine of opening mail, passing files and reading casual letters in your office.

Bangors are hardy, useful but not particularly "pusser" ships. The Captain needed a shave. The young officer on watch sipped a cup of cocoa and issued steering orders with only an occasional reference to the C.O.

It was like that for most of the routine, uneventful trip. The Captain was there, leaning casually on the bridge rail or standing with his hands in his pockets behind the glass windscreen. Sometimes he walked up and down with the intense, pained look of a man taking exercise which he needs but doesn't enjoy. Pleasance wasn't very purposeful. Six return trips from port to starboard wing were the most I ever counted.

Evenings he sprawled on the wardroom settee with a detective story, or combed through a magazine. He struck me as being rather shy. He didn't talk readily. When he did so he was interesting. Curious bits of farm lore came out of his Collingwood background. He was interested in engineering. He had sailed the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence for years before the war; there seemed to be no lock and no foot of of the waterway from Halifax to Toronto that he didn't know. He was entirely casual; the wardroom was an easy-talking, companionable place.

I woke up one night hearing a curious bumping along the ship's side. When I went up on the bridge the sea was weirdly beautiful. It was about three in the morning and there was a waning moon. An ice field stretched for miles about us—"sludge" ice—wafers six inches to a foot in thickness. They did not harm the ship but they slowed her a bit; there was a chance of encountering a larger block; some danger of losing the convoy.

Pleasance was standing on the bridge beside the officer of the watch. There seemed to be a certain snap in his bearing that had not been present before. His voice was as quiet as ever; anything he said to the watch officer seemed merely a casual suggestion; but he gave the impression on the dark bridge of a man whose eyes might have been sparkling.

THERE were one or two little incidents on the trip that registered. A lookout reported a plane. "You should have spotted that two minutes ago," said Pleasance from his leaning position on the bridge. Another time he joggled a lookout's shoulder. "Barrel out there."

My eyes followed the direction of his pointing finger and made out a small cask bobbing up and down among the waves. "Might have been a mine," said the Captain, who hadn't seemed to be looking at anything.

By the time we got into port I realized that we were sailing under a seaman. The trip had been absolutely uneventful; but there is something not to be mistaken about a man who has his ship in his hand. I shaved, got my gear together and went into the wardroom to thank him for the passage. He was alone, pawing through some mail. We sat down for a drink and a smoke.

During the trip I had looked up his mention in dispatches—a long, not very informative citation for three years of work in escort service on the North Atlantic convoy routes. I mentioned the citation and there was a momentary, embarrassed halt in the conversation.

Then—rather surprisingly—he began to talk. There was no rush of words; simply a quiet flow of thoughts that had been turned over in his mind through long, uneventful hours on the bridge. He had been in eight big convoy actions. In one of them he had seen twenty-three ships stagger from the impact of torpedoes.

In July of '41 his ship, "Orillia" (he was Navigating Officer then) had eased alongside a torpedoed tanker. She was on fire and "Orillia" took off ninety-five of the crew. Then they saw that the fire on the tanker appeared to be dying down. Pleasance, with seven volunteers, went aboard her. There seemed, of course, an excellent chance of their being blown sky-high at any moment. Instead they discovered that, by one of those weird accidents of the sea, the torpedo had smashed into the bulkhead separating diesel and fuel oil compartments. The heavy fuel, pouring in upon the blazing diesel, had almost completely smothered the fire and what little remained was put out with comparative ease. After being aboard the tanker for seven hours, Pleasance went back to "Orillia" and the tanker crew returned to their ship. "Orillia" towed till the big vessel's engines started and then escorted her into an Iceland port.

PLEASANCE had many memories of survivors. There was the one who made life miserable with requests to break wireless silence and send a message to his wife. She was a confidential employee of a shipping company and would see the news of his ship's torpedoing before he could reassure her.

He recalled an ancient Greek, dragged up the scramble net more dead than alive after some sixteen hours in the water. It was a while before the old man could speak; but when he could he brushed aside all queries as to his condition and all expressions of sympathy. He had been a 45% owner of the torpedoed ship,—would Lloyds pay for a new one?

He recalled a retired Rear-Admiral, sixty-five years old, Commodore of a convoy—fished out of the icy waters in his underclothes. "I'll have another convoy in a month."

Pleasance saw one ship torpedoed with two thousand tons of TNT aboard. So long as he lives he will not forget that sight. There was no tremendous explosion. Aboard "Orillia" they heard only a giant "whoosh" and saw the flames shooting mile-high into the heavens. Half an hour later the clouds above that spot of ocean were still red from the flames that had climbed into them. Strangely there were six survivors from that ship. The after part of the vessel had been snapped off and the crew closed up around the gun had gone with it, practically unscathed. The seventh man had been leaning on the rail, a little farther forward. The last glimpse of him was a figure whirling upward like a piece of paper from a wind-blown fire.

There were the fifty nurses aboard a ship torpedoed somewhere near Iceland. They spent hours in the water. They were brought into Reykjavik suffering from exposure and shock, burns, oil and other injuries. They were treated; and then officers went among them asking each girl individually if she wanted to go back home. The answer varied only in the degree of indignation with which it was uttered. It was "no."

Pleasance is a professional seaman. I asked him about the early days of the war when they went to sea with perhaps two experienced officers and the rest land-green youngsters fresh from training. He did not smile. "They learned fast. A night on the bridge seeing ships go down and men in the water teaches you a lot."

He spoke of looking down from the bridge and seeing a fo'c'sle crowded with the shivering survivors of many vessels—Englishmen, Irish, Canadian, New Zealanders, turbaned East Indians, dark-skinned, moustached Lascars. "You realized we were an Empire, then."

He was standing with another officer waiting for a street car one chilly November night in Halifax. Beside them were three turbaned East Indians shivering in the raw wind. Pleasance's friend was ironically curious. "What are you boys doing here?"

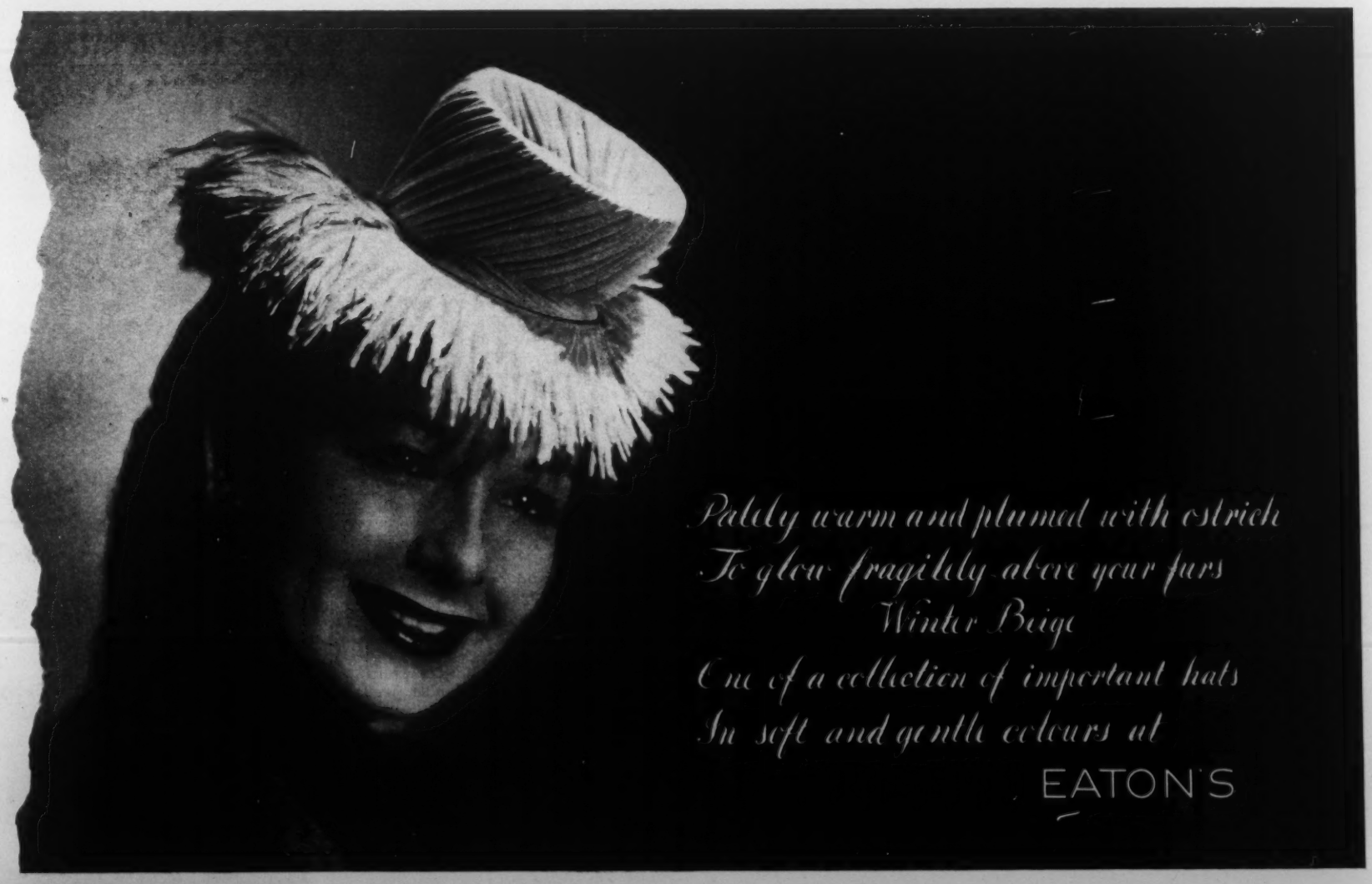
"Been torpedoed. Waiting for another ship."

"Now that you're out of the mess why the hell don't you stay out?"

"We British too."

Pleasance paused, stubbed a cigarette and looked across the wardroom table at me, a little embarrassed. "I talk too much when I get started."

He got to his feet, toying with an ash tray. "You see," he said, "just the same old things that happened to all of us. I wouldn't have missed those years for anything in the world. They're something for me—enough to think about all my life. But no story."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EATON'S

Britain Fumbling On Vital Export Needs

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Although the need for the rapid restoration of exports is recognized in Britain the official attitude so far is that no important change-over from war production can be made until after the Armistice.

Mr. Layton points out that resumption of non-war production now in certain fields is just as practical for Britain as the United States, and that it is even possible to hold that such a step is in the highest postwar interests of the United Nations.

London

BRITISH industry is tired of the lip service paid to the cause of exports by the Government. During five long years of war it was only possible to guess at the totals of goods leaving Britain for oversea markets, but after the pro-export phase of 1940, which lasted only a few months, it was obvious that a strong declining trend had set in.

In October 1944 some figures were released. They did not tell the whole story, but they spoke volumes. The Government had become accustomed to decorating economic debate in the House of Commons with the warning that its "White Paper" programs were feasible only if exports were rapidly restored, and official spokesmen went beyond the stage of mere restoration and told of the need for a "50 per cent advance on prewar levels." The Board of Trade actually said that that advance was necessary even to maintain, let alone improve, the standard of living.

This was chilly news to a country whose living had been depressed to not much more than a sustenance level by the rigors of war. And the Board of Trade said this as accompaniment to its tale of woe about exports. In 1938 exports were £470 millions (in round figures), and they declined to £232 millions (excluding munitions) in 1943. They have since fallen further.

In 1938 they represented more than 10 per cent of the national income; in 1943 they represented less than 3 per cent of it. It is not necessary to look closer to perceive the reason for the profound dissatisfaction of industry at the lack of any policy for reviving exports.

What is the official case? It is that so long as war endures no important export program can be put into operation. One is promised for the post-armistice, but nothing is considered possible before then.

It is an argument that remains unmoved by comparisons with the United States. In that country provision has been made for the immediate turning over to peacetime production of productive resources (labor, plant and raw materials) not required for the war effort.

Industrialists Worried

But British industrialists are deeply moved by the comparison. It is no secret that adjustments in the incidence and in the overall level of purely war demand have occurred that would make it possible for a not-unimportant part of industry to direct its operations to peacetime ends. In some industries all three components are available — labor, plant and raw material. In others (as in cotton) the plant and materials are ready, and a word from the Government would provide the labor.

It is in the knowledge of these facts that industry is pressing for permission to go ahead making

(Continued on Next Page)

You Can Help by Sending Your Waste Paper to War

By plane, ship and rail, thousands of cartons like these, holding food, medical supplies, ammunition and equipment of all kinds must go forward to our troops fighting on all fronts. This is the way your waste paper goes to war. Collected by salvage agencies, it is processed at the mills into cartons, like those seen below being unloaded from a landing craft.

Right now paper is needed in vast quantities; for some months paper mills have been working on a 4,000-ton a month shortage. To make up this serious shortage, an Emergency One-Day Paper Drive has been set for Wednesday, Nov. 29, in Ontario. Will you make it a success by seeing that every bit of paper in your home is turned over to collectors on that day?

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Making $15,000,000 in 4 Years

By P. M. RICHARDS

A YOUNG New Yorker has made $15,000,000 in four years by buying and selling real estate. He started with only $4,000 when he was twenty-six years old, and was an amateur, meaning not a professional real estate operator. Fortunate Mr. Jacob Freidus's operations and millions were the subject of warm debate at my luncheon club the other day, the main question being whether or not it was socially desirable and ethically sound that any man should be allowed to make so much money. Almost everyone thought not, strongly. It shouldn't be permitted, and if it did happen, the Government should take it away and use it for the common good. How, specifically, it should be prevented, and how much money, if any, should be left to him, no one was prepared to say.

The story of $4,000 to $15,000,000 in four years was told last week by the New York *Herald Tribune*. In 1935 Mr. Freidus came out of City College, New York, graduating *cum laude* with special honors in chemistry and wanting to do nothing but research. However, he decided instead to help his stepfather, Samuel Aaron, reorganize his medium-size machine business. Mr. Aaron had been a clerk in a machine business owned by Mr. Freidus's father, who died when the lad was five, and later Mr. Aaron married the widow. As orders came in faster when war broke out in Europe, the Freidus-Aaron jobbing business in new and used lathes and drill presses mushroomed, and soon there was need for room for expansion. Young Jacob Freidus looked around for a place, finally picked a building at 45 Crosby Street and bought it for $4,000 cash with a mortgage of $10,500, at 3 per cent, from the Central Hanover Bank. With plenty of business offering, the family machine shop did well in its new location.

Then Freidus Really Went to Work

With his new experience, Jacob decided that real estate values were low in view of the indicated wartime uptrend of business. "I decided to put my two cents on it, because the market, with depression rentals everywhere in commercial property, had nowhere to go but up," he says. So he started buying more real estate. He has bought more than forty commercial buildings during the last four years, all of them from banks and insurance companies, who thought the rising market an opportunity to dispose of mortgages they had been stuck with since the depression thirties.

Four months ago he started selling some of them. The first he sold was a six-story loft building bought two years earlier for $15,000 cash and a $25,000 mortgage at 3 per cent, which brought him $52,000 in cash and a $23,000 mortgage, the price being $75,000. Since then he has sold about ten lofts and started buying retail store sites and tenements, brownstones and other sites for postwar construction projects, plans for five of which he has already filed with building authorities. "It's got to the point where I can't afford to buy a building for income," Freidus says. "There's the tax angle. But the more important reason is that I found that my portfolio—isn't that what the big shots say, portfolio?—called for diversification."

All the time he's been building his $15,000,000 fortune, Mr. Freidus has continued to live in the same six-room upper floor flat of a two-family red brick house in Brooklyn. He married the daughter of an insurance salesman in 1938 and has three children. Aside from a sailboat which he keeps in Sheepshead Bay and a twice-a-week swim in a hotel pool, he has no recreation. He says that of course he plays with the children, but then often he is in his office at 7.30 a.m. and he goes home and works after supper until midnight.

Was It Unsocial and If So, Why?

Well, my luncheon group considered Mr. Freidus thoroughly and wistfully, and decided that though he might be quite a nice fellow—the *Herald Tribune* account emphasized his modesty and boyishness—the whole thing was wrong and definitely unsocial. Just what was unsocial? Answer, making $15,000,000 in four years. Why? Would it still be unsocial if the amount was $10,000,000 instead of $15,000,000, or only $1,000,000 or $100,000 and the period of making it extended to five, ten or twenty years? At what point did money-making become unsocial? Was it unsocial for one man to have $15,000,000, or to have made it in only four years, or perhaps merely to have more money than the next man? $15,000,000 was too much, the group insisted, and the Government should take it away from him.

Well, what about the income tax? Couldn't that be relied upon to remove the excess? (Incidentally, Mr. Freidus said his rents brought in "more than $2,000,000" annually!) The group seemed to think that some special amputation or severance process should be invented for Mr. Freidus. Should the Government then make individual decisions in individual cases? Who would make them, and on what basis? Since Mr. Freidus made his $15,000,000 by buying and selling individual parcels of real estate, should he be prohibited from buying and selling any real estate? Perhaps from buying and selling anything? If so, should not all others be likewise prohibited from buying and selling real estate or anything else, lest they too make $15,000,000 or some excessive sum? And perhaps not only prohibited from dealing in real estate but from engaging in any commercial or industrial enterprise, since to do so might produce a profit as ethically unsound, if not as large, as Mr. Freidus's $15,000,000?

The luncheon group broke up unshaken in its conviction that $15,000,000 was wrong, especially in only four years. But they still seemed wistful.

(*Continued from Page* 42)

goods for export; and it is in this knowledge that it compares the policy of the British Government unfavorably with that of the U.S. administration. The authorities answer that America, with its giant resources, has, over and above war-dedicated capacity, a substantial margin of industrial strength that Great Britain has not got.

But if it can be shown on the industrial facts—as it can be and has been—that there is anyway some margin in Britain too, then it surely must require a sublime blindness to reality not to see that every single possible restoration of production for export is vital at the very earliest possible moment to Britain, where need of overseas markets is vastly greater than America's is, or can ever be, and whose present inferiority in civilian production *vis-a-vis* an America who will inevitably be a great competitor in the international sphere is so great and growing so much greater.

Of World Concern

It is even possible to argue, at this stage of the war, that the highest postwar interests of the United Nations, and indeed of the world in general, would be served by, not only a diversion of "war-redundant" British industrial capacity to export uses, but also some redirection of labor, plant and materials now devoted to the war. Throughout this war the British self-dedication to war has been so utter that it would be foolish to expect that the advantages of such a policy to Britain herself would influence a Government decision in the slightest degree. But here we are dealing with affairs at a world level, and the facts must be faced.

If Britain continues to fall heavily behind America in preparation for postwar international trade, it is possible that her ability to increase her income from overseas to the point required to sustain and improve the standard of living, and to make possible the programs of full employment and social insurance, will be destroyed. In such a case Britain would inevitably suffer a reduction in her status and influence in world affairs.

Such a prospect, posing so plain a threat to the future world structure, cannot be acceptable to the civilized world, and in particular must be abhorrent to the other members of the United Nations. One would like to be sure that all the implications of this subject have been studied in the high places where fundamental decisions are possible. But the evidence is otherwise.

C. C. CALVIN, K.C.

who has been elected to the Board of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. Mr. Calvin, a member of the legal firm of Fasken, Robertson, Aitchison, Pickup & Calvin, is a Director of the Excelsior Life Insurance Company and a Governor of the Toronto Western Hospital.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Giant Yellowknife is Planning Big Development in Postwar

By JOHN M. GRANT

BIG things are expected from the Yellowknife area when the war ends. While early development was confined to comparatively small-tonnage, gold-bearing veins, Giant Yellowknife Gold Mines, which provided the spark to ignite as extensive an exploration boom has been seen in Canada since the early days of the now famous Porcupine and Kirkland Lake camps, has opened up a vista of big-tonnage possibilities. Today large-scale development plans are being studied for Giant Yellowknife with every promise of it being in the forefront of the widespread underground attack slated to follow the greatest diamond-drilling boom in the Dominion's history, once manpower becomes more plentiful and government restrictions are removed.

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A program involving the expenditure of $1,800,000 is to be considered by shareholders at a meeting on December 7. This substantial sum is to be expended on plant, equipment, sinking of two shafts, and surface and underground drilling in anticipation of commencing production in the fall of 1947. Extensive drilling (upwards of 30,000 feet) has indicated sufficient ore in four shear zones over a length of 8,000 feet to fully justify the aggressive initial campaign. The shafts are to be sunk to 600 feet and considerable lateral development is planned as well as a large footage of underground drilling. While consideration of mill tonnages will await results of underground work initial capacity may be between 1,500 and 2,000 tons per day.

•

It is proposed to increase the authorized capital to 4,000,000 by the issue of 1,000,000 shares of $1 par value. Shareholders of record January 15, will be offered 300,000 shares at $5 a share on the basis of one share for each 10 held. Payment for these shares is to be made in full before April 15, and shareholders exercising their rights will receive options pro rata to purchase a further 60,000 shares at $5, within a year from April 15. A. K. Muir has been appointed general manager, Dr. A. S. Dadson, consulting geologist and E. V Neelands, consulting engineer.

•

While iron mines do not as a rule continue operations during the winter months, directors of Steep Rock Iron Mines have decided to proceed this winter with actual mining operations in order to facilitate production of the largest practical tonnage during 1945 and a considerable ore tonnage will be stockpiled for shipment after break-up. The directors have approved a three-year production program which calls for iron ore output of 5,000,000 tons during the shipping seasons of 1945 to 1947 inclusive. Steep Rock has been advised by its sales representatives that token shipments of ore this fall measured up to expectations, were well received by the users, and that "the sale, at favorable prices, of all ore which can be produced in 1945 is assured."

•

Upper Canada Mines in the eastern Kirkland Lake district had production of $100,355 in October from the treatment of 7,478 tons, an average of $13.42 per ton. The quantity of ore treated and value of output were above the monthly average so far this year. Third quarter production was $252,143 as against $270,856 in the second quarter. Average per ton in the third quarter was $12.96 and in the previous three months $14.11.

•

Interests in several new properties have been acquired by Central Manitoba Mines which has been active in prospecting during the past year. A large group of claims has been secured by staking and option about three miles west of Rice Lake, Manitoba, and a diamond drilling campaign has commenced. During the year $7,876 was expended on exploration.

•

Net profits of the International Nickel Co. of Canada for the third quarter of the current year were equivalent to 40 cents per common share, after providing for the preferred dividend, as compared with 43 cents in the preceding three months

(*Continued on Page* 47)

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

C. D., Calgary, Alta.—I look upon McKENZIE RED LAKE shares as holding speculative attraction and think you are quite safe in anticipating appreciation of capital and continuation of present dividends, although income may be restricted for a time in order to provide working capital for the expected expansion when the war is over. Labor troubles have been handicapping operations but there appears every likelihood of an increase in the milling rate of around 400 daily when conditions warrant as against present capacity of 250 tons. The development of the northeast mine has opened decidedly interesting possibilities and substantially improved the general ore position. Tonnage and value of ore reserves are not reported, but the annual statements indicate that the position has been maintained or improved each year since production commenced. As a result of favorable developments on the 1,250-foot horizon in the northeast mine an inclined winze is to be put down, and this will open four new levels.

W.N.S., Saskatoon, Sask. — Presumably the recent declaration of an extra dividend of $1 per share on the stock of CANADIAN FOREIGN INVESTMENT, raising the total payment on 1944 account to $3 a share, means that the current year's earnings will more than cover the dividend payment, and will reach a new high peak in the history of the company. Just what earnings of over $3 per share indicate by way of comparison will be seen by reference to the fact that earnings in 1943 were $2.72 per share and in the three previous years $2.03, $2.00 and $2.03 respectively. The volume of production of the entire source of revenue for Canadian Foreign Investment, namely, the operations of its fully-owned subsidiary, Brazilian Portland Cement Company, has been well maintained during the current year, in spite of a scarcity of oil which is largely used as the fuel at the kilns, with wood, instead of coal, for the operation of the railway running into the quarries. Fixed charges, in the form of preferred dividends, have been eliminated since April 1 when the balance of preferred stock was redeemed.

A.M.B., Belleville, Ont.—Little can be said at present as to the speculative possibilities of GOODROCK GOLD MINES. Its Yellowknife property has locational interest, adjoining the Ptarmigan Mine and surface work, consisting of stripping and trenching, has been carried out in preparation for diamond drilling. A block of 500,000 shares are held in Argonaut Yellowknife, to which it sold a property, and this company is also active. An inactive gold prospect is held in the Kirkland Lake area, as well as a block of shares of Vic-Ore Molybdenite Mines. Cash of between $10,000 and $12,000 was recently reported on hand and 1,000,000 treasury shares are optioned.

J. S. B., Quebec, Que.—For the first nine months of the year ended Sept.

Stedman Bros., Limited

WHOLESALE and retail distributors of smallwares, such as Stedman Bros., Limited, handle many lines of staple merchandise in regular demand, and this company through its chain of outlets and its ability to buy in quantity is able to operate economically. During the war years the supply of merchandise has been limited and labor in short supply and the company has not received the full benefit of the increased public purchasing power. However, earnings have been maintained at a level well above dividend distributions and the company's liquid position has been strengthened considerably so that inventories can be replenished when additional merchandise is available. Much of the merchandise in short supply at the present time will be in greater demand after the war, or when restrictions on production are removed, and the public purchasing power is expected to continue at a high level.

Net profit for 1943 (including $70,450 refundable portion of the excess profits tax) of $332,305 was equal to $3.38 per share of common stock. The retained net profit was equal to $2.60 per share, or well in excess of dividends and extras paid. Net for 1942 of $353,309, (including $36,823 refundable tax) was equal to $3.62 a share, and the retained portion equal to $3.32 a share. Profits for years have been running well in excess of conservative dividend distributions to permit of substantial additions to surplus and net working capital. Surplus of $1,579,382 at December 31, 1943, was more than double that of $741,488 at December 31, 1938. Net working capital of $1,742,566 at the end of 1943 was an increase from $1,582,286 at the end of the previous year, and from $920,233 at December 31, 1938. Current assets at December 31, 1943, of $1,957,694 had a ratio of better than 9 to 1 to current liabilities of $215,128. Current assets included cash of $602,764 and Dominion bonds of $198,000.

The company has no funded debt and the outstanding capital consists of 6,000 shares of 6% preferred stock of $50 par and 90,000 common shares of no par value. The preferred shares are entitled to cumulative dividends at the annual rate of 6%, callable at $55 in whole or part on 30 days notice, and each share is convertible into 2 common shares.

Dividends have been paid without interruption on the preferred stock since issued in 1937. Dividends were initiated on the present common stock at the quarterly rate of 15c per share in 1937 and continued on this basis until increased to 25c in July of this year. Extras aggregating 60c a share were paid in the years 1940-1944, inclusive, and for lesser amounts in 1938 and 1939.

Stedman Bros., Limited, was incorporated with a Dominion Charter in 1912 to succeed an organization incorporated in Ontario in 1908. The company operates a chain of smallwares stores, also a wholesale department which supplies its own retail stores as well as independent merchants. At the end of 1943 there were 68 retail stores in operation in the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Ontario and Western Canada. In addition franchises had been extended to 156 stores which buy their stock from Stedman, and are operated under the direction of the company.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1938-1943, inclusive follows:

	Price Ratio High	Price Ratio Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low	Dividends Per Share-b
1943	22½	17	$3.38-a	6.7	5.0	$1.20
1942	20	13¾	3.62	5.5	3.8	1.20
1941	25	18	3.17	7.9	5.7	1.20
1940	28¼	17	2.85	9.9	6.0	1.20
1939	24	16¼	3.59	6.7	4.5	1.00
1938	17¾	16	2.93	6.0	5.4	0.80
Average 1938-1943, inclusive				7.0	5.0	
Approximate current ratio				9.1		
Approximate current yield				4.8%		

a—Includes 78c. per share refundable tax 1943 and 30c. a share 1942.
b—Including extras.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939	1938
Net Profit	$ 322,305-x	$ 353,309-x	$ 285,559	$ 256,664	$ 323,625	$ 281,769
Surplus	1,579,382	1,494,465	1,267,171	1,103,522	959,058	741,488
Current Assets	1,957,694	1,783,189	1,590,535	1,347,959	1,201,008	1,005,339
Current Liabilities	215,128	200,903	207,477	112,835	70,922	85,115
Net Working Capital	1,742,566	1,582,286	1,383,058	1,235,124	1,130,086	920,223
Cash	602,764	511,869	333,728	356,158	319,370	388,262
Dominion Bonds	198,000	151,080	74,750	—	—	—

x—Includes $70,450 refundable tax 1943 and $36,823 1942.

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.

CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $61,000,000

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 68

The Board of Directors has declared a cash dividend of twenty-five cents ($.25) per share on all of the outstanding shares of the company payable on Dec. 16, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business Nov. 25, 1944.

G. G. KEW,
Secretary.

Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 13, 1944.

PRESTON EAST DOME MINES, LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)
DIVIDEND NO. 21

NOTICE is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of five cents per share has been declared on the issued Capital Stock of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, January 15th, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of December, 1944.

By Order of the Board,
L. I. HALL,
Secretary.

Toronto, November 15th, 1944.

INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 8

NEGUS MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

A dividend of two and one-half cents per share in Canadian funds has been declared on the capital stock of this Company, payable December 20th, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 1st, 1944, subject to the approval of the Foreign Exchange Control Board.

W. M. McINTYRE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

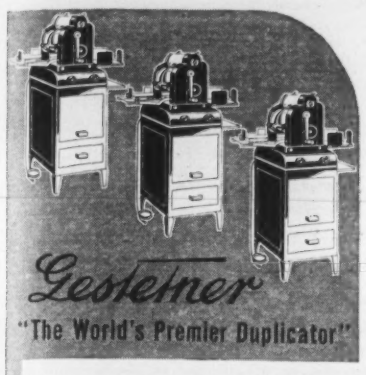
410 Royal Bank Bldg.,
Toronto, November 17, 1944.

KERR-ADDISON
GOLD MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)
INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 27

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of five cents per share has been declared on the issued capital stock of the company, payable in Canadian funds on Thursday, December 28th, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Thursday, November 30th, 1944.

By Order of the Board,
G. A. CAVIN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ontario,
November 20th, 1944.



Druggist Wm. E. Burgis, Phm.B., of Oil Springs, Ont., gets increased business, a reputation, and the biggest "little" publication in these parts — all from one Gestetner!

"Chatterbox", he says, "first came off our Gestetner in December/41. Store traffic doubled in 2 months, and business has increased ever since. Oil Spring's population is 373 souls, but "Chatterbox" has 3000 or more readers. If we are late with an issue, folks come in and ask for it.

"This advertising gets 100% attention, and costs us only 0.88% on sales. I believe it the most efficient advertising for retailers — the link between national advertisers and the consumer."

★ ★ ★ ★

There isn't much we can add to the above! Big results at little cost tell the whole story. The combination of a good machine, put to good use, is hard to beat. And Gestetner is always "a good machine".

D. GESTETNER (CANADA) LIMITED
117 KING ST. W., TORONTO
Branches in all principal cities

TEXTILE DOMINION CO. LTD.

Dominion Textile Co.
Limited

Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three-Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st December, 1944, payable 15th January, 1945, to shareholders of record 15th December, 1944.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, November 15th, 1944.

TEXTILE DOMINION CO. LTD.

Dominion Textile Co.
Limited

Notice of Common Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents ($1.25) per share, has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st December, 1944, payable 2nd January, 1945, to shareholders of record 4th December, 1944.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, November 15th, 1944.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

German Collapse Deflationary

BY HARUSPEX

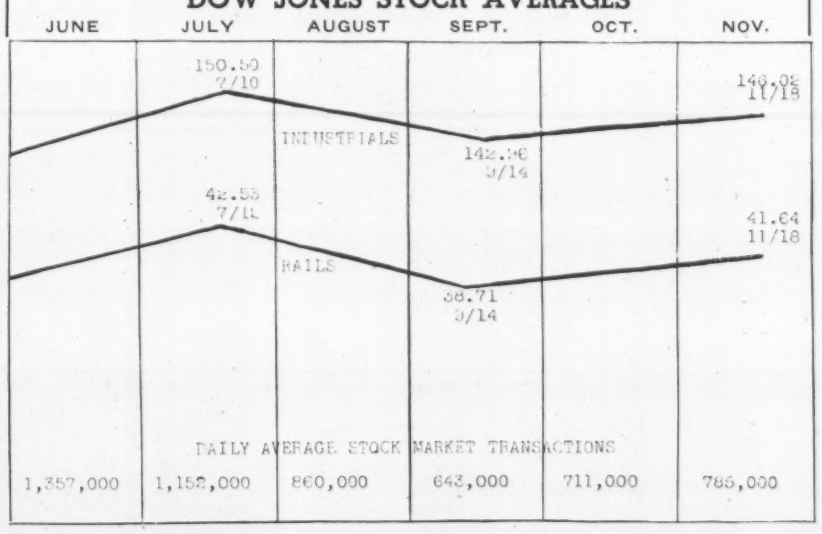
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND of the New York Stock Market, from which the Canadian market takes its cue. Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SHORT TERM OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as downward from the late July 1944 high points of 150.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 42.53 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Prices, during the past four months, have fluctuated in a relatively narrow range, or line formation. The upper limits of this line were established in July at 42.53 and 150.50 on the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages, respectively. The lower limits of the line were established in September at 142.96 and 38.71. During the progress of a line stocks are slowly passing from the hands of weak holders to strong holders, which represents accumulation; or from strong holders to weak holders, which represents distribution. The one or the other of these results is disclosed when the line is finally broken, as eventually it must be. In the current instance a close in both the rail and industrial averages at or above 151.51 and 43.54 would represent decisive upside penetration of the line. This would indicate accumulation of stocks as having been under way with possible further advance to the 160/165 level on the industrial average. To the contrary, closes in both averages at or under 37.70 and 141.95 would represent decisive downside penetration of the line, indicating distribution as having been under way since July and suggesting that the market advance of the past two or more years was finally in process of correction.

With the American elections now past and devoid of surprise news, the war reverts to the main short-term as well as long-term influence affecting share prices. It is probable that the main drive by the Allies is now commencing to determine, as high military opinion has held, (1) if Germany is a hollow shell whose outer rim of defenses, only, need penetrating to bring about collapse of the whole Reich before the year-end, or (2) if the European struggle is to be carried over into next spring. The answer should be apparent over the two to three weeks ahead. Early collapse of Germany would, rather immediately, usher in the deflationary period incident to partial demobilization within the United States. Under such circumstances a weaker market would be in order. If, however, the war is to run into the spring, the market will be given two or three months leeway to further exploit favorable war earnings.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



30, 1944, operating revenue of SAGUENAY POWER CO. showed a further reduction at $4,098,954 against $4,398,500 the previous year and $4,899,042 two years ago. This was largely offset by a reduction in tax provision from $909,094 to $653,066, so that net income was only slightly lower at $820,662 or $2.93 per share preferred as compared with net income of $859,514 or $3.11 per share common for the like period a year ago.

A. W. M., New Westminster, B.C.—I would hesitate to suggest the sale of DONALDA MINES' shares until the picture has become more clarified. A geophysicist's study of the property indicates that there is a good tonnage of ore in a flat-lying sheet, 10 by 15 feet thick, and which has shown values in spots over a strike length of 800 feet and across a width of 400 feet. It is reasonable to expect values to extend over a greater area, in fact, recent diamond drilling has somewhat increased the dimensions of the flat-lying sheet and new possibilities have been opened through finding of gold values at greater depth. Considerable more drilling may be necessary before fairly comprehensive information is available regarding the possibilities of the property. I understand cash for more drilling is available and further funds are likely to be forthcoming as required.

W. P. F., Regina, Sask.—In connection with the proposal for elimination of dividend arrears on the preferred stock of WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., shareholders have been furnished with a record of earnings and net working capital 1927-1944, inclusive. The earnings are after all charges including income taxes and exclusive of the refundable portion of the tax for the last two years. Profits in the fiscal period ended Aug. 31, 1927, amounted to $388,797 and reached the peak of $556,352 for the period ended Aug. 31, 1929. In the year ended Aug. 31, 1938, there was a loss of $315,305 which was the low point for the years under review. In between 1929 and 1938 losses were reported in two years and profits in varying amounts in six. From 1939 to 1944 the company operated at a profit ranging from over $50,000 in 1938-1939 to $227,280 in 1940-1941. Including the refundable portion of the excess profits taxes, profits from 1940 to 1944 have run from over $200,000 to $300,000, or well in excess of the initial annual dividend requirement of $120,000 at $2.50 per share on the new $40 par value preferred stock and in excess of the increased rate of $3.50 per share—requiring $168,000 — accruing from August 1, 1948. In the 17-year period 1927-1944 the dividend requirement of $120,000 at the initial rate on the preferred stock was earned in 8 years, and including refundable tax in 9 years, the increased rate effective Aug. 1948 was also earned in the same number of years. Net working capital shows an increase from $1,687,897 at August 31, 1927 to $2,244,226 (the peak) at Aug. 31, 1928, dropping to $305,390 at July 31, 1938. From then on there was an improvement to increase net working capital to $1,337,052 at July 31, 1944.

R. J. D., Winnipeg, Man.—NICOLA MINES & METALS disposed of its property to Consolidated Nicola Goldfields, which company is inactive at present. The plant is being maintained in good condition and for some time efforts have been underway to finance resumption of operations. The property has a 100-ton mill which was improved three years ago to produce concentrates. The latest financial statement of the new company showed over $79,000 due ordinary creditors, $117,479 due preferred creditors, including first and second mortgages, and close to $83,000 due shareholders and directors who had agreed to accept shares in payment.

B. A. W., Orillia, Ont.,—As far as I know RICE LAKE GOLD MINES still holds two properties in Manitoba, in the Rice Lake and Herb Lake areas, but has reported no recent activity. The former group has had some diamond drilling but not much work has been done on the latter. It is possible the Rice Lake claims will be drilled to greater depth when conditions warrant, and further exploration of the Herb Lake property is likely.

Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds

In matters relating to investment or the underwriting and distribution of securities, the facilities of our organization are always at your disposal.

Bond offerings furnished upon request.

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15 King Street West, Toronto

Re-invest Investment Funds Maturing in December

Vast amounts of Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds will mature in December; and millions of dollars in interest and dividends will also be payable.

Since money, like man, was meant to be kept profitably employed, those who anticipate having funds to invest should consider the most desirable securities now available.

An inquiry will bring you a list of such securities

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Metropolitan Building, Toronto
Telephone: ELgin 0161
Offices at Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London,
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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of two per cent. (fifty cents per share) on the Ordinary Capital Stock in respect of, and out of earnings for, the year 1944, was declared payable in Canadian funds, on December 1, 1944, to Shareholders of record at 3 p.m. on November 1, 1944.

By order of the Board,
FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, October 10, 1944.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Greatly Enlarged Market for Sale of Insurance in the Postwar Period

By GEORGE GILBERT

Provided a sound commercial policy is adopted for the trading nations of the world along with satisfactory measures for international currency stabilization, there will undoubtedly be a greatly enlarged market after the war for the sale of insurance in many foreign countries.

In South America the existing domestic facilities are not sufficient to meet prospective postwar needs, while in the occupied countries in Europe where the Germans confiscated the insurance business, they are hated and distrusted and will be out of the insurance picture abroad for a long time.

IT IS expected that the early postwar period will see an extensive development of insurance business throughout the world and an increased demand for British, Canadian and United States insurance facilities in many foreign countries where a serious shortage now exists as a result of the war.

In Europe, where Germany has overrun almost the whole continent and has systematically plundered and ravished each occupied territory, confiscating machinery, cattle and other livestock, minerals, oil, grain, works of art and everything else that was regarded as of any use to the Herrenvolk, she did not overlook the insurance or banking business. Many bank deposits were appropriated, especially those belonging to Jews, while all insurance business of British companies in the occupied countries was, so far as is known, transferred to German companies.

In the case of France, while the native companies were allowed to carry on business, they were forced to reinsure with the Munich Reinsurance Pool, and thus German interests secured at once a valuable portfolio of business which previously went to British companies. British companies also wrote large lines on the bigger industrial risks, and this business was lost, along with a large volume of marine insurance and life insurance taken over by German companies.

German Inflation

As the Germans flooded each occupied country with paper money at rates of exchange greatly in favor of Germany, and as the German insurance companies were compelled to invest their funds in war loans and other German Government securities, all German insurance policies may eventually become worthless if the process of inflation, already far advanced, is carried to still greater extremes, as it was after the last war.

Early in 1914 the German mark stood at 20.4 to the pound sterling, while by 1923 the rate of exchange was several thousand million marks to the £. At the close of 1923 the German currency was reconstituted on a gold basis, with the gold mark at about the same rate of exchange as in 1914. All assets were revalued, and many Germans and others were ruined or impoverished, including the holders of German insurance policies.

In Belgium, as soon as they occupied the country in the present war the Germans took over all insurance business of non-Belgian companies, most of which were British or French companies. A number of German companies opened branch offices in Brussels and Antwerp to take over the direct business, while all the reinsurance business which previously went to Lloyd's underwriters in London was transferred to the Munich Reinsurance Pool. The British companies operating in Belgium wrote a very large part of the available business, and on account of their financial and underwriting strength were able to accept large lines on individual risks. With the liberation of Belgium this market is open to them again.

Business Taken Over

In Luxemberg, which was closely linked to Belgium in many ways and which was annexed to Germany in 1940, the entire insurance business of this prosperous little state was taken over from the native companies by German institutions. Most of this business was later consolidated into two new German companies, one for the transaction of life business and the other for fire and general business.

In Holland, as in France and Belgium, the country has been looted and stripped of goods and machinery, and the Dutch people have been treated brutally. In the case of the diamond-cutting industry, which was a source of profit to the country and brought in a considerable amount of foreign currency, the Germans confiscated the best of the diamond-cutting machinery and destroyed the rest. The British companies had a large share of the Dutch insurance business, not many of the native companies being able to write large lines on the big industrial risks. With the invasion of Dutch territory by the Nazis, the British companies were eliminated and German companies came in and took over the bulk of the business.

In Denmark up to a short time ago the people had not been treated with such utter brutality as in other occupied countries, although the bulk of their foodstuffs had been ruthlessly taken and shipped to Germany to feed the Nazis without any regard for the preservation of the means of production for the future. Apparently the Danish insurance business was allowed to function without very much interference, although the Germans did try to get hold of the reinsurance business, but, according to a recent report, their efforts were so strongly opposed by the entire insurance market that they desisted and allowed the Danish companies to continue as before.

Economic Domination

Little definite information is available about the insurance situation in Norway, Poland, the Balkans or other German-occupied countries, though it is well known that in every territory into which the Nazi armies have penetrated, including the territories of their so-called allies, German domination in the economic field has been established, and the business and financial resources of the country have been utilized for the sole benefit of Germany. A stranglehold has been fastened on the insurance business of the native companies as well as on that of any outside institutions which may have been operating in the territory, so that the Germans themselves would get the lion's share of all revenues produced by the business.

As the Germans and their institutions are now hated and distrusted by much the greater proportion of the population of Europe and, in fact, of the world, it is not likely that they will soon, if ever, be able to re-establish themselves in the insurance business abroad, particularly the reinsurance branch of the business, as they were successful in doing in a comparatively short period after the close of the last war.

It is now pretty generally realized by the people of many countries that they have had a narrow escape from a condition of permanent enslavement by Nazi Germany. This has made a more lasting impression than it did in 1914-1918, though the German objective was the same in both wars—world domination. They do not feel like being taken for another ride on any German "wave of the

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How Sure Are You?

TWO out of three Canadians who have syphilis don't know it.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND!

In town and countryside, in every part of Canada, two hundred thousand men and women go about their daily tasks unaware of the danger that threatens them. If it could honestly be said of them "what they don't know won't hurt them" there would be no problem. But that's not so.

For syphilis is deadly . . . and a sneak.

The germs cunningly hide their activity, usually with no outward sign for many years. Suddenly, the body's defences crumble completely . . . disastrously.

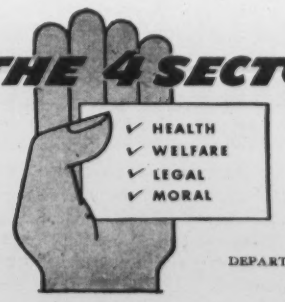
But there *is* a brighter side. Modern science can cure early syphilis. Even for those whose infections have reached the eleventh hour, the clock can be put back many years.

BUT syphilis must be *found* before it can be treated. For those who may have syphilis there is a simple first step to the road to recovery—a blood test.

This can be done very easily through the family doctor, plant physician or free government clinic.

It is wise to KNOW FOR SURE.

FIGHT VD ON THE 4 SECTOR FRONT



For *all* the facts about VD write your Provincial Department of Health for the new, free booklet "VICTORY OVER DISEASE".

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DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL HEALTH AND WELFARE
to further Canada's fight against VD.

4VS

future." They will not be inclined to contribute to the rise of German power again by the purchase of insurance from German institutions, under whatever camouflage it may be presented when the war is over. Thus the market for the sound insurance organizations of the Allied Nations will be greatly enlarged.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Several times you have helped me with insurance problems, and once again I come to you. An agent of a life insurance company has approached me to take out an endowment policy for my 5-month old son. While the insurance is on my life, this agent assures me that should I die the policy would not be subject to Death Duties. This is certainly news to me, and I can't help feeling he is wrong. The policy comes due 18 years from starting date. Should I die, premiums cease and the money is paid when due after the 18th year. Should the boy die, premiums are returned plus 3 per cent interest. Is the agent correct in saying there would be no Death Duties on this?

—B. L. T., Arvida, Que.

No special exemptions are accorded to the proceeds of life insurance policies under the Dominion Succession Duty Act or the Quebec Succession Duty Act. They are included with other property as part of the estate for succession duty purposes. Under the Dominion Act, estates having an aggregate net value of $5,000 or less are exempt from duty, and the first $20,000 of the aggregate net value passing to or for the benefit of the widow is exempt, and so is any amount up to $5,000 passing to or for the benefit of the widow for each child under 18 years of age or dependent upon the deceased for support because of mental or physical infirmity, provided they do not benefit in property passing at the time of death. If any child so benefits, the exemption in his case is $5,000, less the amount of the benefit. In addition, there is an exemption up to $15,000 passing to an orphan child or children of the deceased under 18 years of age at the time of death of deceased or who were dependent upon him because of mental or physical infirmity. Where more than one child benefits, the exemption is divided among them in proportion to the amount or benefit passing to each of them.

Under the Quebec Act, where the estate passes in whole or in part to the surviving consort or to the child or to any or all of the children of the deceased, there is an exemption of $10,000 if there is a surviving consort, and, in addition, if there be any surviving child or children, $1,000 for each child, provided that if there be no surviving consort, the amount of the exemption shall be left at $1,000, but in either case the total amount of the exemption shall not exceed $15,000. Life insurance proceeds form part of the estate to which these exemptions apply. The word "child" in this connection includes any other successor in the direct line, ascending or descending, in-laws and step-children, provided they be dependent upon the deceased and were living with him at the time of his death.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 43)

and 44 cents in the March quarter. This was the lowest quarterly profit in many years but was sufficient to cover the quarterly dividend of 40 cents a share. Earnings for the first nine months of the current year were $1.27 per common share, as compared with $1.49 in the corresponding period last year and the decline was attributable to the lowered production due to the manpower situation.

•

No dividend will be paid by McKenzie Red Lake Gold Mines for the final quarter of this year, the directors considering it in the best interests of the shareholders to pass the payment. Seven cents has been distributed this year as against 11 cents last year. Bullion production in the third quarter amounted to $165,103 as compared with $180,928 in the previous three months. Average per ton in the third quarter was $9.22 against $9.03 in the previous period. Labor shortage continues very acute and tended to reduce mill tonnage during the third period and in addition 10 days' milling was lost owing to failure of a tube mill foundation.

•

A decline of $227,850 in the operating profit of San Antonio Gold Mines for the 40 weeks ending October 6, 1944, was due to the labor situation which has seriously curtailed milling and development. Operating profits this year was $664,485, or $6.11 per ton, before provision for income taxes and depreciation, as compared with $892,335, or $6.79 per ton in the corresponding period of 1943. As at October 6 last, net working capital stood at $1,207,820 as against $1,206,989 on October 7, 1943.

•

A new company, Slate Bay Gold Mines, has been incorporated to take over the properties formerly held by the Paul Martin Syndicate, in the Red Lake district. Thirteen claims comprise the main property located on Slate Bay at the eastern end of Red Lake, and about 4½ miles north of the McKenzie and Cochenour-Willans. A 22½% interest is also secured in five claims held by the Syndicate, known as the Kelly group, in the Pipestone area. The company is capitalized at 3,000,000 shares of which 1,000,000 were issued for the properties. W. M. Cochenour, president of Cochenour-Willans Mine is interested in the financing of the company.

•

Another group of mining claims in the Yellowknife area has been taken over by Smelter Gold Mines. The property which is in the Pensive Lake section was purchased outright. Work so far done on the claims is said to have revealed good gold values. Smelter Gold also owns 500,000 shares of the recently-incorporated Oracle Yellowknife, which lies adjacent to the Thompson-Lundmark Mines. The company still retains a large acreage in the God's Lake gold area as well as considerable ground in the Rowan Lake district.

Britain's blackout has become a dimout, but this floodlit artificial tunnel, which permitted quick examination of railroad engines during the blackout is still in use. It is of great value when engines arrive after darkness and are required again for traffic before daylight.

Contributed by

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

DISTILLERS CORPORATION-SEAGRAMS LIMITED

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACT, DOMINION OF CANADA) AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

REPORT OF DIRECTORS

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS:

This is the sixteenth Annual Report of the operations of your Company and its subsidiaries, submitted by your Directors for the fiscal year ended July 31, 1944, together with the Consolidated Statement of Profit and Loss and Earned Surplus and Consolidated Balance Sheet, all expressed in United States currency as at July 31, 1944 as certified by your Auditors.

PROFITS—The Consolidated Net Profits for the fiscal year amounted to $11,436,782 after absorbing all advertising and administrative expenses and making provision for all accrued taxes, equal, after deducting Preferred Stock dividends, to $6.12 per share on the outstanding Common Stock. This compares with Consolidated Net Profits of $10,039,503 in the preceding fiscal year and $5.28 per share on the Common Stock outstanding.

DIVIDENDS—The regular quarterly dividends totalling $5.00 per share United States currency, on the Preferred Stock and four dividends totalling $2.22 per share Canadian currency, on the Common Stock, were paid during the fiscal year.

SURPLUS—Consolidated Earned Surplus amounted to $37,835,829, an increase over the corresponding date last year of $1,689,605, after providing $5,998,947 for dividends and Sinking Fund appropriations and $3,748,230, the amount assigned to Goodwill, etc., in the purchase of Frankfort Distilleries, Inc. by two United States subsidiaries.

Capital Surplus was increased by $1,824,100, reflecting the purchase and cancellation of 18,241 shares of Preferred Stock of the par value of $1,824,100, and now amounts to $4,925,300.

INVENTORIES—During the fiscal year, while distilling facilities were being devoted to the production of alcohol for war purposes, your United States subsidiaries endeavoured to maintain their inventories relative to their position in the industry by purchase or acquisition of over 20,000,000 original United States proof gallons of whisky. Nevertheless at the end of the year there was a reduction of 3% in the number of original United States proof gallons on hand at the beginning of the year. Your subsidiaries have released the maximum quantities of whisky to the public as is consistent with sound management. The one month beverage production period released to the United States distillers during August 1944 enabled the subsidiaries to partly offset inventory withdrawals.

The products shipped by all your subsidiaries were maintained at pre-war quality standards. At no time did they resort to substitutes for grain neutral spirits. This insistence upon quality maintenance, however, necessitated the adoption of costly production practices during the year.

SALES—Consolidated Net Sales of your subsidiary companies amounted to $321,230,764. All selling and advertising expenses incurred during the year have been charged to cost of operations. During the fiscal year the sale of war alcohol by your subsidiaries to the United States and Canadian Governments, or at their direction, amounted to 102,600,000 proof gallons, the largest of any Group. All such sales are subject to review by the Governments under renegotiation or equivalent statutes, and it is reasonably believed that the results will not be materially affected thereby.

FINANCE—Consolidated current assets, including unexpired insurance and other items chargeable to future operations, exceeded all liabilities by $53,486,314, a decrease of $5,552,519 from last year. This decrease was more than offset by the increase in Land, Buildings, Machinery and Equipment of $5,778,905 together with the increase of $3,748,230 in Goodwill and Trade Marks. Both amounts were largely accounted for through the acquisition during the year of Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.

ACQUISITIONS AND CAPITAL EXPENDITURES—As pointed out in the last Annual Report to the Stockholders, two of the Company's United States subsidiaries acquired Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., at a cost of approximately $43,000,000. This acquisition added 20,000,000 gallons of whisky to the inventories of your subsidiaries and accounted to a great extent for the increase in Land, Buildings, Machinery and Equipment of $5,778,905.

CAPITAL STRUCTURE—18,241 shares of Cumulative Preferred Stock 5% Series were purchased and cancelled for Sinking Fund requirements during the year at a cost of $1,796,693, which amount was charged to Earned Surplus. 133,247 shares of our Preferred Stock were outstanding at July 31, 1944.

PENSION PLAN—As of August 1, 1943, your United States subsidiaries adopted, subject to the approval of the United States Treasury Department, a Pension Plan that grants to all United States employees, upon reaching age 65 with fifteen years of continuous service, a pension which with Federal Old Age benefits, equals 40% of their average salary during the preceding ten year period, with lesser benefits at prior retirement. This Plan is funded by payments to Bankers Trust Company, New York, Trustee. The subsidiary companies may, at any time, reduce or discontinue payments thereunder.

The Canadian subsidiaries likewise have adopted a Pension Plan in principle, as of August 1, 1943. Although details have not been finally determined, it is expected that, in broad outline, the Canadian Plan will not vary materially from that adopted by the United States subsidiaries.

Under both Plans, all employees who are members, regardless of position, are treated exactly alike proportionate to their salaries. All employees who have been in the employ of the subsidiaries for two years automatically become members.

All the payments for the first year under both plans have been made and the respective costs included in the accounts submitted herewith.

APPRECIATION—Your Directors are pleased to express their appreciation of the loyal and faithful manner in which all officials and employees of the Company and its subsidiaries have performed their duties.

ON BEHALF OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
S. BRONFMAN,
President.

Montreal, November 15, 1944.

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF PROFIT AND LOSS AND EARNED SURPLUS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JULY 31, 1944

(EXPRESSED IN UNITED STATES CURRENCY)

Sales, less freight and allowances		$321,230,764
Less: Cost of goods sold		263,893,109
		$ 57,337,655
Discounts, profit on grain contracts and miscellaneous income		592,143
Profit on sales of investments		559,764
		$ 58,489,562
Selling, general and administrative expenses	$25,791,889	
Directors' remuneration	22,000	
Remuneration of executives, including those of subsidiary companies	744,187	
Provision for contingencies—contingent liabilities under contracts with certain officers	160,000	
Payments to Trustees in connection with employees' pension plans, including $555,194 for past service credits:		
Executives	134,138	
Others	1,166,648	
Legal fees	396,873	
Interest (net)	958,284	
Provision for depreciation (see footnote)	295,189	
Loss on disposal of capital assets	128,996	
		29,798,204
		$ 28,691,358
Provision for income and profits taxes:		
Income taxes	$ 6,200,803	
Excess profits taxes (less credits arising from debt retirement—$97,500)	12,231,430	
	$18,432,233	
Deduct: Post-war credits	1,195,820	
		17,236,413
		$ 11,454,945
Provision for exchange adjustments		18,163
Profit transferred to earned surplus		$ 11,436,782
Earned surplus at July 31, 1943		36,146,224
		$ 47,583,006
Deduct:		
Dividends on Cumulative Preferred Stock	$ 694,541	
Dividends on Common Stock (Canadian $3,893,565)	3,507,713	
Appropriated for the purchase and cancellation of Preferred Stock	1,796,693	
Appropriation to write off "Trade-marks, bottling and blending rights, contracts and goodwill" in respect of acquisitions during the year	3,748,230	
		9,747,177
Earned surplus at July 31, 1944, per balance sheet		$ 37,835,829

NOTE: Depreciation provided during the year amounted to $2,204,727, of which $1,909,538 has been charged to cost of production and $295,189 as above.

Consolidated Balance Sheet, July 31, 1944

(EXPRESSED IN UNITED STATES CURRENCY)

ASSETS

Current Assets:		
Cash in banks and on hand		$ 11,600,587
Accounts receivable:		
Canadian and United States Governments	$ 2,067,043	
Other accounts receivable, after providing reserves of $2,500,000 for doubtful accounts and allowances	26,536,064	
		28,603,107
Canadian and United States Government obligations, at cost which is approximately market value		228,604
Inventories of whiskies and spirits, other products, raw materials and supplies, at cost		77,378,370
		$117,810,668
Unexpired Insurance and Other Items Chargeable to Future Operations		1,907,171
Post-War Excess Profits Tax Credits (estimated)		1,412,080
Sundry Investments and Advances		963,498
Land, Buildings, Machinery and Equipment	$40,693,564	
Less: Reserves for depreciation and amortization	15,564,724	
		25,128,840
Trade-Marks, Bottling and Blending Rights, Contracts and Goodwill, at nominal amount		1
		$147,222,258

LIABILITIES

Current Liabilities:		
Notes payable under bank credit agreement		$ 29,000,000
Accounts payable and accrued liabilities		7,311,928
Dividend on Cumulative Preferred Stock, payable August 1, 1944		166,934
Provision for Federal, Provincial, State and Municipal taxes in Canada and the United States		29,752,663
		$ 66,231,525
Reserve for Possible Future Inventory Price Decline		3,000,000
Reserve for Contingencies		2,480,000
Capital Stock:		
Cumulative Preferred Stock:		
Authorized—200,000 shares of the par value of $100 each United States currency	$20,000,000	
Issued—5% Series, redeemable at the option of the Board of Directors at $105 per share United States currency.		
182,500 shares issued	$18,250,000	
49,253 shares purchased and cancelled (including 18,241 shares during the year ending July 31, 1944)	4,925,300	
133,247 shares outstanding.		13,324,700
Common Stock, without nominal or par value:		
Authorized—2,300,000 shares		
Issued and outstanding—1,753,870 shares		19,424,904
Surplus:		
Capital surplus arising from the purchase and cancellation of Cumulative Preferred Stock, 5% Series	$ 4,925,300	
Earned surplus, per statement attached	37,835,829	
		42,761,129
		$147,222,258

Approved on Behalf of the Board:
S. BRONFMAN, Director.
H. F. WILLKIE, Director.

The above consolidated balance sheet and related statement of profit and loss and earned surplus, supplemented by the explanatory notes appended hereto, are submitted with our report to the shareholders, dated November 1, 1944.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., Auditors.

Notes to Financial Statements, July 31, 1944

(1) **BASIS OF CONVERSION TO UNITED STATES CURRENCY**: To express the accompanying financial statements in United States currency, the following general principles of exchange conversion have been applied to the accounts of the Canadian companies—inventories on hand and inventory items included in cost of goods sold have been stated at the rates of exchange prevailing at time of production or acquisition; other current assets, prepaid expenses and other deferred items, current liabilities and items of profit and loss, other than inventory items included in cost of goods sold, have been stated at the official rate of exchange of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, Ottawa, Canada; fixed assets, fixed investments and capital stock have been stated at rates of exchange prevailing at time of acquisition or issue.

(2) **INVENTORIES**: The quantities of whiskies and spirits in bond were obtained from stock records and were compared with Canadian and United States Government records. Physical inventories were taken of whiskies and spirits on which duty and taxes had been paid and of other products, raw materials and supplies on hand. Quantities of merchandise held by others were obtained from stock records and compared with quantities reported by outside warehouse companies. Whiskies and spirits have been priced at cost of production or purchase, including duty, taxes and freight where such have been paid, as determined in the case of the United States subsidiary companies by using the "last-in first-out" inventory method.

Distillation facilities of the subsidiary companies having been devoted to the production of alcohol for war purposes since 1942, it has been necessary to make purchases of whiskies from outside sources, including the acquisition on November 6, 1943, of substantial inventories through the purchase of Frankfort Distilleries, Inc. These acquisitions were made at prices in excess of the companies' normal production costs. The total quantity of maturing inventories at July 31, 1944, showed a decrease of approximately 3% from the quantities owned at July 31, 1943. The United States Government released the distilling industry from the production of alcohol for war purposes during the month of August 1944. Production by the companies during that month has provided substantial additional inventories.

(3) **SUNDRY INVESTMENTS AND ADVANCES**: Included in sundry investments and advances are investments of $70,960 in the capital stock of two small liquor companies, each of which is 51% owned, and an advance of $50,000 to one of these companies. The equity in the net assets of these unconsolidated subsidiary companies exceeded the amount of the investment at July 31, 1944 by approximately $50,000. This excess is not reflected in the accompanying statements.

(4) **LAND, BUILDINGS, MACHINERY AND EQUIPMENT**: Land, buildings, machinery and equipment are generally carried at cost. The cost of certain properties acquired on November 6, 1943 from Frankfort Distilleries, Inc. is based upon depreciated reproductive appraisal value of $5,653,595, as indicated by an appraisal made by the American Appraisal Company for insurance purposes at November 30, 1942. Certain other properties are carried at depreciated reproductive appraisal value of $888,192 as determined by the Canadian Appraisal Company Limited at November 1, 1926.

(5) **NOTES PAYABLE UNDER BANK CREDIT AGREEMENT**: A new bank credit agreement expiring on January 24, 1949 was entered into as of January 24, 1944. This agreement establishes for a period of five years from the date of the agreement (a) a Term Credit in the principal amount of $50,000,000, decreasing at the rate of $2,500,000 per annum to an amount of $40,000,000 during the fifth year and (b) a Temporary Credit of $25,000,000 available between September 1st of each year and April 1st of the succeeding year.

The terms of this agreement, among other provisions, obligate the companies to maintain consolidated "net quick assets" of $45,000,000 of which $32,500,000 shall be within the United States and include restrictions on the amounts of liabilities which may be incurred, on the disposal of investments in subsidiary companies, on the pledging or mortgaging of assets, on borrowing money other than borrowings in accordance with the agreement, on purchasing stocks of other companies or lending money or credit to others and on entering into transactions other than in the ordinary course of business.

(6) **PROVISION FOR FEDERAL, PROVINCIAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXES IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES**: Income tax returns of the Corporation and its subsidiary companies in Canada for various fiscal periods ending with July 31, 1936, to July 31, 1944, and of its subsidiary companies in the United States for various fiscal periods ending with July 31, 1940 to July 31, 1944 have not been finally reviewed and settled by the respective tax authorities. Also, the use of the "last-in first-out" inventory method for the United States income and excess profits taxes is subject to review by the United States Treasury Department. In the opinion of the management, adequate provision has been made in the accounts for income and profits taxes which have not been finally settled.

(7) **RESERVE FOR CONTINGENCIES**: Included in the reserve for contingencies is an amount of $480,000 representing a provision for contingent liability under contracts with certain officers. The remaining $2,000,000 was provided during the years ending July 31, 1941 and 1942, as stated by the Board of Directors, for possible abnormal prior years' tax adjustments, possible abnormal credit losses arising from war conditions and disruption of industries, possible claims under the various statutes, rules and regulations and other contractual obligations under which the companies carry on their operations and other matters of that kind which might arise.

(8) **BY-LAW RESTRICTIONS**: Special By-Law No. 23 (as amended by By-Laws No. 32 and No. 34) of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams Limited, authorizing the issuance of the Cumulative Preferred Stock, imposes certain restrictions on the incurring, creating or assuming of indebtedness, the payment of dividends on or the purchase or redemption of any stock junior to the Cumulative Preferred Stock and the issuance of additional Cumulative Preferred Stock.

(9) **SURPLUS**: No provision has been made in the financial statements for possible taxes that may ultimately be payable in connection with the distribution to the Parent Company of dividends out of the undistributed surpluses of the United States subsidiary companies. The necessity for a complete distribution of these surpluses may never arise and the policy will be continued of providing for such taxes as may arise in the fiscal year in which dividends are paid to the Parent Company.

Any distribution of assets is presently subject to governmental approval under wartime regulations.

(10) **RENEGOTIATION OF GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS**: During the fiscal year, sales of alcohol for war purposes by subsidiary companies to the United States and Canadian governments amounted to 102,600,000 proof gallons, which were sold for approximately $47,000,000. Although all such sales are subject to review by the Government under renegotiation or equivalent statutes, it is reasonably believed that the results shown in the accompanying statements will not be materially affected thereby.

(11) **EMPLOYEES' PENSION PLANS**: The employees' pension plans which were adopted effective August 1, 1943 are explained in the accompanying Report of Directors. The amount necessary to fund past service benefits is estimated at $5,551,940, of which $555,194 was funded during the current year.

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

We have examined the consolidated balance sheet of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams Limited and its subsidiary companies as at July 31, 1944, and the consolidated statement of profit and loss and earned surplus for the fiscal year ending on that date, and we have obtained all the information and explanations which we required. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards applicable in the circumstances and included such tests of the accounting records and other supporting evidence and such other procedures as we considered necessary.

We report that, in our opinion, the accompanying consolidated balance sheet and the related statement of consolidated profit and loss and earned surplus, as supplemented by the explanatory notes appended thereto, are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the combined affairs of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams Limited and its subsidiary companies as at July 31, 1944, and set forth the results of operations for the year ending on that date, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the companies and in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a basis consistent with that of the preceding year.

Montreal, Canada, November 1, 1944.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., Auditors.